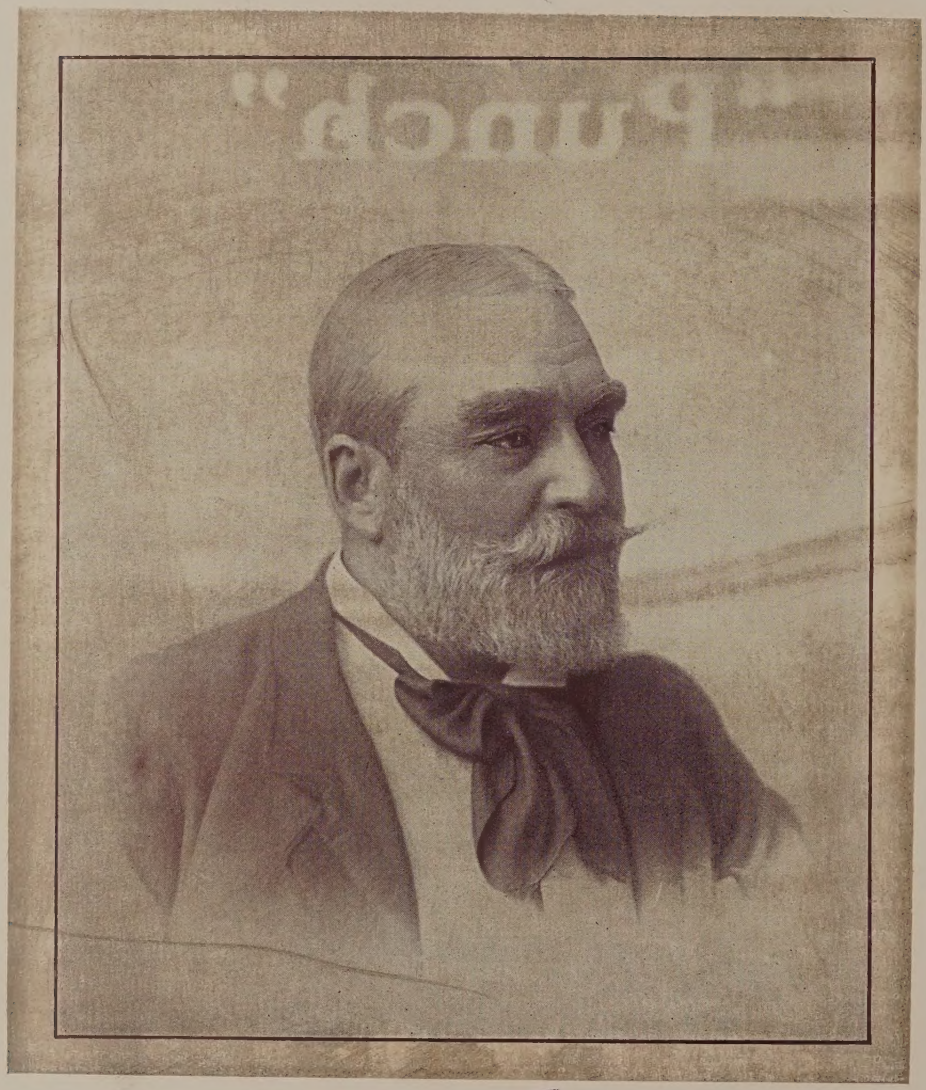
Pictures from "Punch"



F. C. Barnard

Pictures from "Punch"

Vol. I.

LONDON
BRADBURY, AGNEW & CO. LD., 10, BOUVERIE STREET, E.C.
1904

Bradbury, Agnew, & Co. Ld.,
Printers,
London and Tonbridge.

"A FEW WORDS"

To the Laughter-loving, Art-appreciative, and Generously Critical Public,

Greeting.

FRIENDS, ONE AND ALL,

On the re-issue of PICTURES FROM PUNCH, brought up to date, it will not be deemed superfluous to preface the re-publication of "the set" with "a few words," not of "introduction," whence it might be erroneously inferred that MR. PUNCH'S gifted artists and the public, the wide world over, were "strangers yet," but of such "appreciation" as, I think it may be fairly assumed, is warranted by certain special features that distinguish MR. PUNCH'S pictures from all others, just as the features of MR. PUNCH'S own unique physiognomy mark him out, in any assembly of notabilities, for unerring and warmly affectionate recognition. The curiosity experienced at the opening of *Portia's* caskets, one by one, is as nothing to that which must be aroused by the opening of each separate volume, nay, by the turning over of any new leaf among these cunningly illustrated pages of MR. PUNCH'S picture-books. Behold, *hic et nunc*, in this "so-called twentieth century" what caught the fancy of our fathers, mothers, cousins, uncles and aunts, and set our grandfathers and grandmothers a-laughing heartily in the earliest years of the blameless reign of Good Queen Victoria.

Take, for example, the adventures of *Mr. Briggs*. Dress him as you please, place him where you will, JOHN LEECH'S short, rubicund, simple, typical upper-middle-class hero is immortal. He is own brother to *Jorrocks*, another of John Leech's creations. Then look at Charles Keene's sober-minded, business-like, self-satisfied citizens; at Keene's and Leech's buxom matrons, prim housekeepers, grumpy four-wheeler 'cabbies,' chaffy drivers of hansoms, and humorous 'bus men. As *hoc genus omne* was then, so it is now, with little variety in the *species*. Are not Leech's and Keene's butlers and coachmen, and their comfortable type of the old family servant, with us now-a-days? We are grateful for their survival. It will be a bad day for England when the ancient servitor who has been "in the family" or on the estate "man and boy," shall have disappeared. The type, including the gamekeeper, survives in Mr. Raven-Hill's pictures, as also in those of Mr. Armour, who, as MR. PUNCH'S "Master of the Horse," gives us the latest type of jockey, *more Americano*. Is there any one of these volumes we could

not linger over? Is there a page we would willingly allow to escape us? You will give expression to a note of heartiest admiration as you pause awhile before the splendid, dashing work of that great black-and-white knight, Sir John Gilbert, powerful illustrator, master alike of brush and pencil. What artistic power, what broad humour does he not display in his *Knight before the Battle!*

To the new volume, that is, the fourth, which in this re-issue brings the set up to the most recent date, I had proposed to write a special preface, but this delightful lingering, in the company of an appreciative public, among the dear old familiar scenes ever revealing fresh attractions, has diverted me from my original purpose. Yet, after all, is any apology needed for not fulfilling a promise I had never made, even to myself? I trow not. The three volumes that have been already received with universal favour may certainly be accepted as trustworthy sponsors for the excellence of the fourth, of which it may be safely predicated that, with its specimens of the work of those whose names have been most recently added to MR. PUNCH'S scroll of artistic fame, it maintains the same high standard of Art and humour that distinguishes its illustrious predecessors.

I must no longer detain you over the first volume, which is headed with a delightful idea of John Leech's, representing "MR. PUNCH at home." Happy dedication of the entire series! Is not MR. PUNCH at home everywhere? Whatever may be the mystery of his origin,—and he can trace his family back to a time when the earliest Ptolemy was neither born nor thought of,—"*Our* MR. PUNCH" is British born, the genuine article; his wit is racy of the soil, a light soil, rich, fertile, fruitful; while as a laughing philosopher, knowing when to be merry, but always wise, and when to be serious, he beams upon the whole world, his eyes twinkling with mirth, while his sympathies are cosmopolitan. His rule of life is contained in the first two lines of the old familiar *quatrain*:

> "'Tis good to be merry and wise,
> 'Tis good to be honest and true."

But to "return to our muttons," or, rather, to our "pictures."

For quaintness of humour commend me to Mr. E. L. Sambourne's "dressed crab" as served up on the ninety-eighth page of the first volume, in such guise that, merriment being the sworn foe of indigestion, you may surfeit on this Sambournian crustaceous invention and be all the better for the meal. "Dicky Doyle's" inimitable work, a laugh to every line of it, crops up now and again throughout the collection. Sir John Tenniel, knight of the crayon, and chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*, gives us such grotesque "Shakespearian Illustrations" as, when once seen, will always recur to the memory whenever you may come across the passages he has selected from the immortal Bard.

What rich veins of humour, fun, and, mind you, moral teaching into the bargain, if you only dig deep enough! Du Maurier in the park and the drawing-

room; Keene in the street and in the kitchen. Phil May, with his marvellously life-like gutter-snipes, his real 'Arriets and 'Arries, is incomparable. Note how smartly Corbould turns out some specimens of Mr. Punch's stud. Then there is the fun and "go" of Jalland's scenes in the hunting-field. Examine the work by Bernard Partridge; what rare humour inspires the pencil of this veritable magician, skilled beyond compare in the black (and white) art. Irresistibly absurd is the quaint work of Edward T. Reed, the exceptionally gifted catcher of likenesses in the Houses of Parliament, all taken on the spot "while he waits." Then we have Tom Browne, in a line and style peculiar to himself; Brock, with his light comedy manner, and Ralph Cleaver, with delicate touch and refined humour. Besides the above, there is a first-rate display of work by Messrs. Ralston, Howard, Everard and Arthur Hopkins, *cum multis aliis*, the pick of the profession, whose names to enumerate might occupy as much space as did Homer's list of ships, and whose works, in goodly company, speak for themselves.

Everyone has his limitations. If I have already exceeded mine, I crave your pardon. Yet "a few words" more.

In this collection, as may have been already gathered from the foregoing observations, no chronological order has been followed, and so the eye is never wearied by such an absolutely strict observance of unities as would have tended to monotony. Besides, is there not a zest added to the entertainment here provided, in being afforded opportunities of guessing dates from costumes, and, where the initials, or name, of the draughtsman have been omitted, of making a shot at the artist's identity? On such occasions all sporting bets can be settled by the Index, which "refers to drawer."

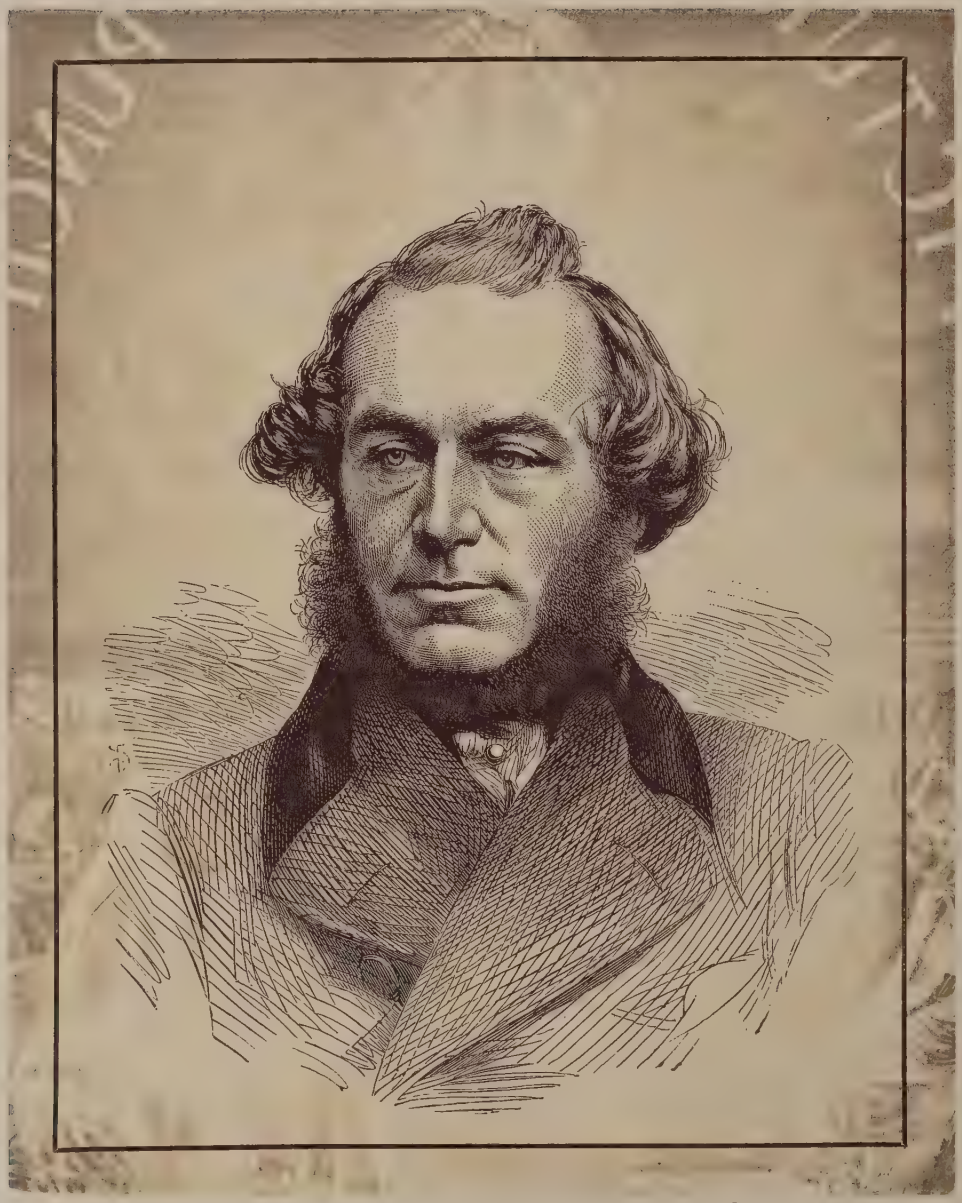
The "spear side" no longer represents "the vast majority" as it did when Miss Georgina Bowers was the only artist "on the spindle side," drawing pictures, chiefly sporting, for Mr. Punch. Now we have a ladies' school of art, where the distinguished professors are Miss Florence Holms, Miss Marion Wallace-Dunlop, Miss Upton, Miss H. Cowham, Miss A. L. Codrington. And, be it here clearly set forth, Mr. Punch will always heartily welcome and encourage every aspirant who can satisfy his appointed examiners at "the preliminary."

That being so, my present pleasant task, as Chamberlain at Mr. Punch's Court, is ended. Confident that your anticipations of enjoyment will be more than fulfilled, I beg to announce the opening in state of the first part of the First Volume.

To which declaration I beg to affix the warranty of my signature, subscribing myself Mr. Punch's and the public's obedient servant,

F. C. BURNAND.

"Punch" Office,
London.



Yours Faithfully
Blanchard

PICTURES FROM "PUNCH"

MR. PUNCH AT HOME.

MUSIC AT HOME.

Mrs. Smith (FORTISSIMO, *to Mrs. Brown, in one of those sudden and unexpected pauses with which Herr Signor Hammerantonga is fond of surprising his Audience*). "AND SO I GAVE HER A MONTH'S WARNING ON THE SPOT!"

"MOST UNFORTUNATE!"

Bailie McScrew (to Smith, who is on a short visit to the North). "AN' WHAT ARE YE DAEN' TO-MORROW NICHT, MESTER SMETH?"

Smith. "TO-MORROW? OH, NOTHING PARTICULAR. I'VE NO ENGAGEMENT."

Bailie. "AN' THE NEXT NICHT?"

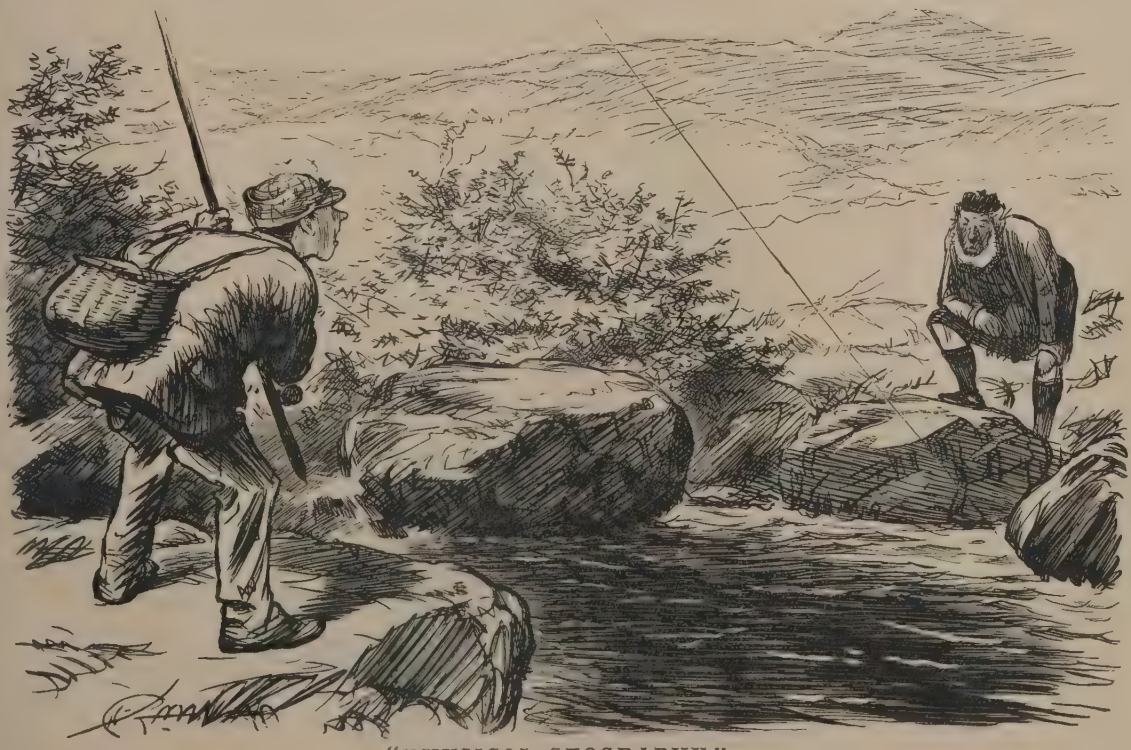
Smith. "AH! ON FRIDAY I'VE PROMISED TO DINE WITH THE BROWNS——"

Bailie. "MAN, THAT'S A PETTY! AW WAS GAUN T' AUSK YE TO TAK' YER DENNER WI' US O' FRIDAY!!"

"IN FLAGRANTE."

Keeper (coming on him unawares). "DO YOU CALL THIS FISHING WITH A FLY, SIR?"

Brigson. "EH?—I AH—WELL, I—LOOK HERE—HAVE A—*(Diving for his flask)*—TAKE A NIP?—DO!!" [*Tableau I*



"PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY."

English Angler (on this side of the Tweed). "HI, DONALD! COME OVER AND HELP ME TO LAND HIM—A 20-POUNDER I'LL SWEAR——"

Highlander (on the other). "IT WULL TAK' YE A LANG TIME TO LAN' THAT FUSH TOO, D'YE KEN, SIR, WHATEVER!—YE HAE HEUKET THE KINGDOM O' AULD SCOTLAND!"

AN IRREVERENT SAXON.

"MY CARD, MON? I HANNA GOT ONE! BUT I'D HAE YOU TO KEN THAT I'M A *MACKINTOSH!*"

"YOU MAY BE A *HUMBERELLER*, FOR ALL I KNOWS, BUT MY FARE'S HEIGHTENPENCE!"

ZINGS VON VOOT RAHZER HAF LEFT OONZET.

He. "ACH! HOW BRETTY ARE ZOSE CREEN LEAFS ON YOUR COWN!"

She. "SO GLAD YOU ADMIRE THEM. IT'S AN IDEA OF MY OWN."

He. "KVITE SCHÂRRMING! ZEY REMIND VON OF IFY CLINGING ROUNT AN OLT RUIN!"

SHOOTING PUZZLE.

GIVEN A MAN WHO HAS NEVER USED A GUN BEFORE—WHAT WILL BE HIS BAG? N.B.—SEVERAL OF THE PARTY ARE ALREADY BEHIND THE HEDGE.

THE RIVAL SPORTS.

Huntsman (exercising Hounds, to non-Fox-Preserving Keeper). "UM! YOU CALL PHEASANT-SHOOTING SPORT, DO YOU? WHY, WHAT IS IT? UP GETS A GUINEA,—OFF GOES A PENNY-FARTHING,—AND, IF YOU'RE LUCKY, DOWN COMES TWO-AND-SIX! BAH!"

GROUNDLESS ALARM.

Equestrian. "NOW, BOY, DON'T YOU BE TAKING OFF YOUR HAT TO MAKE ME A BOW—YOU'LL FRIGHTEN MY HORSE."

Boy. "A—A—A WARN'T A-GOING TO!"

"UNCO CANNY."

Noble Sportsman. "MISSED, EH?"

Cautious Keeper. "WEEL, A' WADNA GANG QUITE SAE FAUR AS TO SAY THAT; BUT A' DOOT YE HAV'NA *EXACTLY* HIT."

AN ALARMING MESSAGE.

"IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MOTHER'S TOOK THE LOTION, AND RUBBED HER LEG WITH THE MIXTURE!"

A LUSUS MACHINER-Æ.

Chatty Passenger. "PORTER! THAT'S ONE OF THOSE CURIOUS TAILLESS MANX CATS, IS IT NOT?"
Crusty Porter (shortly). "NO, 'TAINT. MORN'G 'XPRESS!"
Passenger (puzzled). "E-H-I DON'T UNDERSTAND——"
Porter. "DON'T YER? WELL, YOU COME AND PUT YOUR TOE ON THESE 'ERE DOWN METALS ABOUT 9.14 A.M. TO-MORROW, AND——"
Passenger (enlightened). "AH!—I SEE—JUS' SO——" *[Retires under cover of Newspaper.*

THE HONEYMOON.

FULL MOON.

FIRST QUARTER.

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

Young Shaver. "BET YER TUPPENCE, I'M HOME FIRST!"

THIRD QUARTER.

NO MOON.

A PATHETIC APPEAL.

"MAMMA, SHALL YOU LET ME GO TO THE WILKINSONS' BALL, IF THEY GIVE ONE, THIS WINTER?"
"NO, DARLING!"

(A pause.)

"*YOU*'VE BEEN TO A GREAT MANY BALLS, HAVEN'T YOU, MAMMA?"
"YES, DARLING,—AND I'VE SEEN THE *FOLLY* OF THEM ALL."

(Another pause.)

"MIGHTN'T I JUST SEE THE FOLLY OF *ONE*, MAMMA?" *[A very long pause.*

"WINKLES!"

Philanthropic Coster (*who has been crying "Perry-wink—wink—wink!" till he's hoarse —and no buyers*). "I WONDER WHAT THE P'OR UNFORT'NATE CREETERS IN THESE 'ERE LOW NEIGHB'R'OODS DO LIVE ON!!"

"BETWEEN TWO SHOEBLACKS WE FALL," &c.

First Shoeblack. "I COTCHED 'OLD ON HIM FUST!"

Second Ditto. "YOU'RE A——" [*Old Gentleman is flung heavily.*

HINT TO DEER-STALKERS.

AFTER THE BATTUE—AN AUTUMN IDYL.

"THE SHERIFF, WITH A MOST MONSTROUS WATCH, IS AT THE DOOR."
Henry IV., Part I., Act ii., Scene 4.

"POOR TOM'S A-COLD."
King Lear, Act iii., Scene 4.

"AN EYE LIKE *MARS* (MA'S) TO THREATEN AND COMMAND."
Hamlet, Act iii., Scene 4.

RATHER A LARGE ORDER.

The Herr Professor. "ACH—BEST MISS ROSY, VILL YOU KINDLY TURN ME OVER!"

PRETTY INNOCENT!

Little Jessie. "MAMMA! WHY DO ALL THE TUNNELS SMELL SO STRONG OF BRANDY?"

[*The Lady in the middle never* WAS *fond of Children, and thinks she never met a Child she disliked more than this one.*

THE ROYAL BLANKSHIRE HUSSARS (YEOMANRY). "INSPECTION PARADE."

Sergeant-Major. "WHEN I D' SAYE DRAA-A—, MIND THEE *BE-ANT* TO DRAA-A—; BUT WHEN I D' SAYE SQUARDS,—WHIP 'EM OUT SMEART AND 'DRESS UP' T'GUTTER."

THE ENEMY.

Horrid Boy (to newly-appointed Volunteer Major, who finds the military seat very awkward). "SIT FURTHER BACK, GENERAL! YOU'LL MAKE HIS 'EAD ACHE!"

THE RIDING LESSON.

Riding Master (to Sub, who is qualifying himself for the Punjaub Cavalry). "IF YER 'EAD WAS ONLY TURNED THE OTHER WAY, WHAT A SPLENDID CHEST YOU'D 'AVE, MR. BOWDRIB!"

DISAGREEABLE TRUTH.

Soldier. "NOW, THEN! YOU MUST MOVE AWAY FROM HERE."

Rude Boy. "AH, BUT *YOU* MUSN'T, OLD FELLER!"

A STREET FIGHT.

Wife of his Buzzum (to Vanquished Hero). "TERENCE, YE GREAT UMMADAWN, WHAT DO YER GIT INTO THIS THRUBBLE FOR?"

Vanquished Hero (to Wife of his Buzzum). "D'YE CALL IT THRUBBLE, NOW? WHY, IT'S ENGYEMENT!"

A POLITE REQUEST!

Drover. "HI!—MARM!—STOP HER, TURN HER!"

WHO WOULD BELIEVE IT?

"WHY DON'T YER STAND BY 'IS 'EAD? CAN'T YER SEE THAT THE MISSUS IS NARVOUS?"

THE KNIGHT AND THE FLEA—AN UNRECORDED TRIAL OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

MR. BRIGGS' ADVENTURES IN THE HIGHLANDS.

MR. BRIGGS, FEELING THAT HIS HEART IS IN THE HIGHLANDS, A-CHASING THE DEER, STARTS FOR THE NORTH.

MR. BRIGGS, PREVIOUS TO GOING THROUGH HIS COURSE OF DEER-STALKING, ASSISTS THE FORESTER IN GETTING A HART OR TWO FOR THE HOUSE. DONALD IS REQUESTING OUR FRIEND TO HOLD THE ANIMAL DOWN BY THE HORNS.

[N.B. The said animal is as strong as a bull, and uses his legs like a race-horse.

MR. BRIGGS AND HIS FRIENDS HAVE A QUIET CHAT ABOUT DEER-STALKING GENERALLY; HE LISTENS WITH MUCH INTEREST TO SOME PLEASING ANECDOTES ABOUT THE LITTLE INCIDENTS FREQUENTLY MET WITH — SUCH AS BALLS GOING THROUGH CAPS — TOES BEING SHOT OFF!— OCCASIONALLY BEING GORED BY THE ANTLERS OF INFURIATE STAGS, &c., &c., &c.

TO-DAY HE GOES OUT FOR A STALK, AND DONALD SHOWS MR. BRIGGS THE WAY.

WITH EXTRAORDINARY PERSEVERANCE THEY COME WITHIN SHOT OF "THE FINEST HART." MR. B. IS OUT OF BREATH, AFRAID OF SLIPPING, AND WANTS TO BLOW HIS NOSE (QUITE OUT OF THE QUESTION). OTHERWISE HE IS TOLERABLY COMFORTABLE.

AFTER AIMING FOR A QUARTER OF AN HOUR, MR. B. FIRES BOTH HIS BARRELS—AND—MISSES ! ! ! ! TABLEAU—THE FORESTER'S ANGUISH.

THE ROYAL HART MR. BRIGGS DID *NOT* HIT.

(To be continued.)

RELIEF.

Piscator (about the end of a very bad day). "DONALD, HANG THE BOAT HERE A BIT, WE MAY GET A RISE."

Donald. "HANG!"—*(Giving way)*—"I SHALL TAMMM THE BOAT IF YOU WILL, AND THE TROUTS—AND THE LOCH TOOO!" *[Feels better!*

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT!

"Mother (at South Kensington). "EXECUTED IN—— TUT-T-T-T! LAUK A MUSSY, 'LIZA! WHAT DID THEM FOREIGNERS WANT TO 'ANG THAT POOR INNOCENT-LOOKIN' YOUNG CREETUR' FOR!!?"

"LISTEN TO MY TALE OF WOA!"

A SENSIBLE CHILD.

Mother. "WILL YOU STAY AND LISTEN TO DR. GROWLER'S IMPROVING CONVERSATION, OR GO TO BED?

Boy. "IF YOU PLEASE, MAMMA, I WOULD MUCH RATHER GO TO BED!"

CHOICE SPECIMENS OF EARLY ENGLISH.

"MAMMA DEAR, GIVE ME A APPLE!"
"DON'T SAY 'A APPLE': SAY 'AN APPLE.'"
"O! WELLY WELL! THEN GIVE ME TWO NAPPLES, MAMMA DEAR."

"O MASTER GEORGE! NOW, DIDN'T I TELL YOU BE CAREFUL, AND NOT DROP MISS WILHELMINA?"
"WELL, AND SO I DIDN'T! SHE FALLDED OFF ON HER OWN ACCORD!"

"IT'S MY DONKEY! ISN'T IT, GEORGE?"
"NO, IT'S MY! HISN'T IT, DORGE?"
"DON'T BE SELFISH! IT'S BOTH OF YOUR DONKEY! IN FACT, IT'S ALL OF OUR DONKEY!!"

AGRICULTOORAL-LOORALS.

(By Dumb-Crambo Junior.)

THE CAT'LL SHOW.

LIVE STOCK.

JERSEYS.

A TUBER.

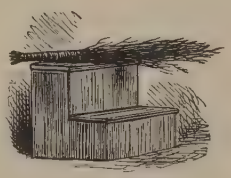
PA'S-NIPS.

CAB-AGE.

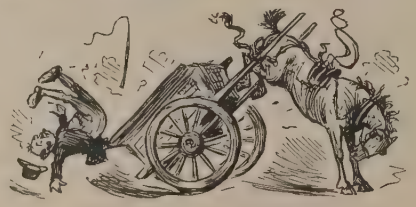
SILO (SIGH LOW).

JUDGING STOCK.

HURRY FOR'DS (HEREFORDS).



THRESHING MACHINE.



BEST TURN OUT OF HORSE AND CART.

STREET DIALOGUE.

First Boy. "I'LL PUNCH YER ED, IF YER SAY MUCH."
Second Boy. "WHO'LL PUNCH MY ED?"—*First Boy.* "I WILL."
Second Boy. "*YOU* WILL?"—*First Boy.* "YES, *I* WILL."
Second Boy. "WELL!—DO IT."—*First Boy.* "AH!"
Second Boy. "YES!—*First Boy.* "OH!" *[Boys evaporate.*

PROPRIETY.

PERSONS REPRESENTED: SARAH-JANE. MATILDA.

Scene—Camblin Town.

Sarah-Jane. "OH! YOU 'ORRID DREADFUL STORY! I DIDN'T."

Matilda. "YOU DID NOW, FOR I SEE HIM. I SEE HIM KISS YER. AND HERE HAVE I BIN ENGAGED TO TOMMY PRICE FOR YEARS, AND NEVER SO MUCH AS WALKED ARM-IN-ARM WITH HIM!"

FILLING AT THE PRICE.

THIS IS THE OLD LADY THAT GOES EVERY DAY TO OUR PASTRYCOOK'S, BUYS A HALFPENNY BUN, AND KEEPS THE "TIMES" FOR THREE HOURS.

THE HIGHBURY 'BUS.

Gentleman. "OH! CONDUCTOR, I AM AFRAID I HAVE MADE A MISTAKE: CAN YOU CHANGE ME INTO A 'POST OFFICE' AT HIGHBURY?"

Conductor. "LOR BLESS YOU, YES, SIR, VE'LL CHANGE YOU INTO A 'POST OFFICE,' OR VE'LL CHANGE YOU INTO A 'HANGEL' IF YOU VISHES IT."

UNFAIR SATIRE.

Street Arab. "UM, WHAT'S THE USE O' WACC'NATIN' THEM? THEY NEVER CATCHES NUFFIN!"

NOT TO BE PLAYED WITH.

Groom. "THAT'S ANOTHER FAVOURITE OSS OF MASTER'S, SIR, AND A GOOD UN HE IS TOO, SIR, ONLY HE AIN'T VERY QUIET."
Mr. Green. "OH, HOW DO YOU MEAN—'NOT VERY QUIET?'"
Groom. "WHY, SIR, HE'D GET YOU UP IN A CORNER, AND KICK YER BRAINS OUT IN NO TIME. HE'S A'MOST KILLED TWO MEN ALREADY."

"COMMINATORY."

Scotch Field Preacher. "AH SEE YE AHINT THE STANES THEERE, LADDIES! SMOCKEN,—E-H! BUT YE MAY SMOCK,—AN' YE MAY SMOCK"—(*crescendo*)—"AN' YE MAY SMOCK—BUT YE'LL SMOCK GEY AN' SAIRER WHAUR YE'RE GAUN TAE!!"

A FINAL APPEAL.

"NOW, GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, I THROW MYSELF UPON YOUR IMPARTIAL JUDGMENT AS HUSBANDS AND FATHERS, AND I CONFIDENTLY ASK, DOES THE PRISONER LOOK LIKE A MAN WHO WOULD KNOCK DOWN AND TRAMPLE UPON THE WIFE OF HIS BOSOM? GENTLEMEN, I HAVE DONE!"

STATE O' TRADE.

Small Girl. "PLEASE, MRS. GREENSTOUGH, MOTHER SAYS WILL YOU GIVE HER A LETTUCE?"

Mrs. G. "GIVE?! TELL THEE MOTHER GIV'UM'S DEAD, AND LENDUM'S VERY BAD. NOTHINK FOR NOTHINK 'ERE, AND PRECIOUS LITTLE FOR SIXPENCE!!"

NEVER JUDGE PEOPLE BY EXTERNALS.

Boy (with Game). "IS THIS SQUIRE BROWN'S?"
Boy. "ARE YOU SQUIRE BROWN'S BUTLER?"
Boy. "WHOSE BUTLER ARE YOU?"

Squire Brown. "IT IS!"
Squire Brown. "I AM NOT!"

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Jones. "I WILL!"

"WHEN A MAN DOES NOT LOOK HIS BEST."

WHEN THE ROAD-CAR STOPS SUDDENLY JUST AS HE IS CAUTIOUSLY DESCENDING THE STAIRCASE!

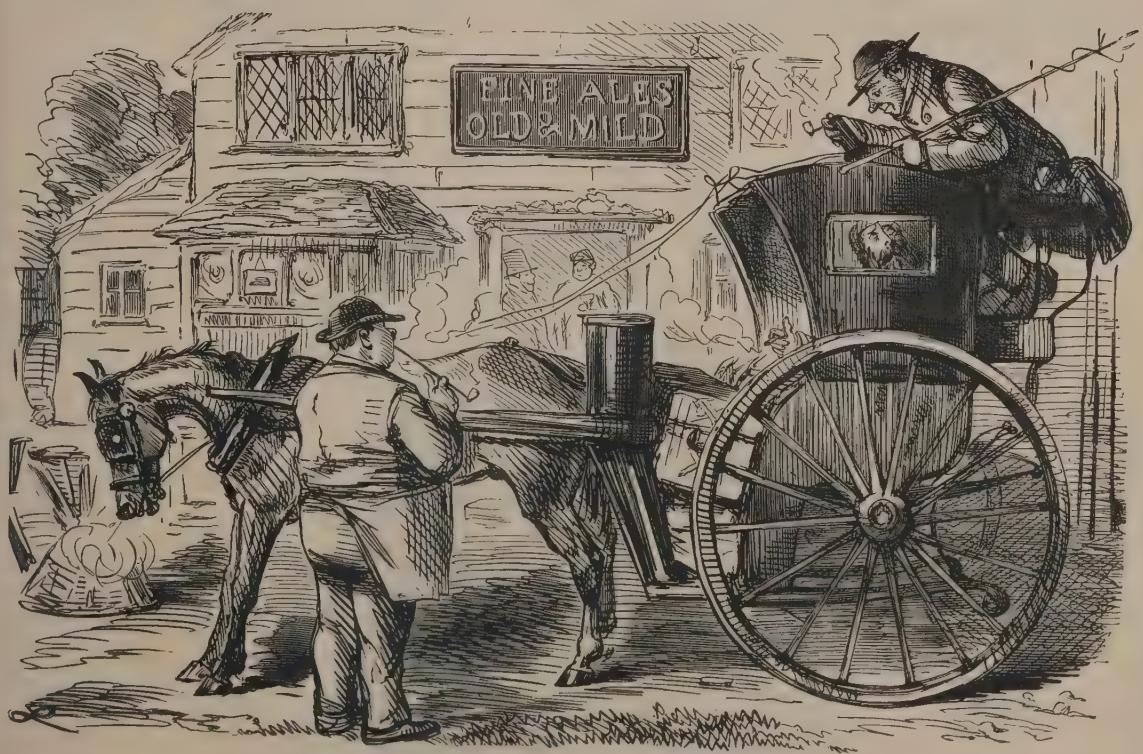
THE FIRST OF OCTOBER.

SPORT —OR, HOW WE KILL PHEASANTS NOW.

THE NEW GROOM.

Gentleman. "DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT YOU UNDERSTAND THE CARE OF HORSES?"

Boy. "WELL SIR, I HAD OUGHT TO—FOR I'VE BEEN AMONGST 'EM ALL MY LIFE."



A TOLERABLY BROAD HINT.

Cabby (after driving a couple of miles, suddenly stops opposite a roadside Public House). "OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT YOU DIDN'T SAY AS WE WAS TO PULL UP ANYWHERES, DID YOU, SIR?"

"WHERE CAN THAT CONFOUNDED FELLOW HAVE GOT TO WITH THE LUNCH-BASKET?"

HERE HE IS, REMARKING, CONFIDENTIALLY, THAT "THAT GINGER-PEER IS APOUT THE PEST HE EVER TASTED."

ON THE MOORS.

A DILEMMA.

Station-Master. "NOW THEN! LOOK ALIVE WITH THEY DOUGS! WHERE ARE YOU——"

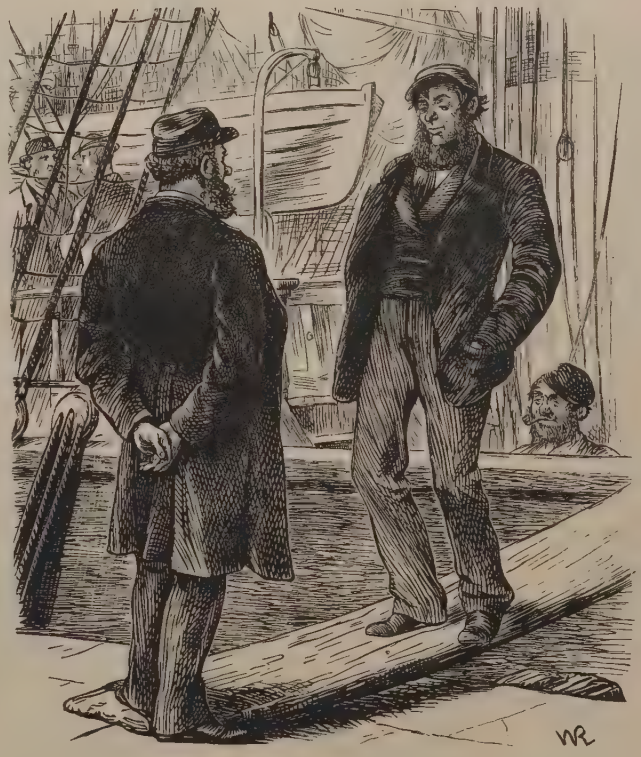
Over-driven Porter. "HOOTS! THEY'VE A' EATEN THEIR TUCK'TS, AN' DINNA KEN FA THE'RE GAEN TAE!"

Old Lady (emerging wrathfully from Cabmen's Shelter). "I SAY, CONDUCTOR! IF YOU DON'T SEND THIS 'ERE TRAM ON DIRECTLY, I'LL REPORT YOU! ARF A HOUR I'VE BEEN SETTIN' A-WAITIN' A'READY. AIN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF?"

A MISTAKE.

"WHEN THE CAT 'S AWAY——"

MR. BLAZER, Q.C., RETURNS UNEXPECTEDLY TO HIS CHAMBERS IN THE MIDDLE OF VACATION.



A STAGGERER!

Custom-House Officer. "NOW, THEN, GOT ANYTHING CONTRABAND ABOUT YE?"

Mate. "'GOT 'BOUT BOT'L AND HALF BRANDY; BUT I'LL DEFY YE TO TAKE IT FRO' ME!"

CLASSICAL.

'Bus-Driver (to Musical Amateur, who came out of St. James's Hall with a folio copy of Beethoven's Scores). "ANYTHING NEW AT THE CHRISTY'S, SIR?!"

"CATCH 'EM ALIVE, OH!"

Costermonger. "I CALL YOURS A *SIGHNOCURE*, JIM. YOU CLAPS THAT 'ERE PAPER ROUND YER 'AT, AND THERE YOU ARE—A PENNY EACH!"
Fly-Catcher. "AH, BUT LOOK AT THE LABOUR OF CATCHIN' 'EM, AND STICKIN' OF 'EM ON AT THE OUTSET, BILL!"

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.

"IS THIS A LIBERY?"

"YES."

"THEN LET ME HAVE THE LAST NUMBER OF HEMILY FITZ HOSBORN."

SHOCKING!

Dr. Jolliboy (who had been called away from a social Meeting at his Club). "THIRTEEN, FOURTEEN, F'FTEEN-TWO, F'FTEEN-FOUR, F'FTEEN-SIX—PAIR EIGHT—NOB'SH NINE——" *(Drops off.)*

["We draw a Veil," &c., &c.

A MALADE IMAGINAIRE.

"WHY!—HAS YOUR DACHS GOT A SORE THROAT, LIZZIE?"—"NO; BUT HE *THINKS* HE HAS!"

SIX OF ONE AND HALF-A-DOZEN OF THE OTHER.

Miss Matilda to Miss Priscilla. "WELL, I'M SURE!—THE CREATURE NEEDN'T SIT THERE IN THAT DISGUSTING MANNER!"

RAILWAY PUZZLE.

TO FIND THE NAME OF THE STATION.

PRECAUTION. OBSTRUCTION. ABSTRACTION. DESTRUCTION.

THE THOUGHTFUL PEW-OPENER AND JONES'S SUNDAY HAT.

"NOT SO FAST!"

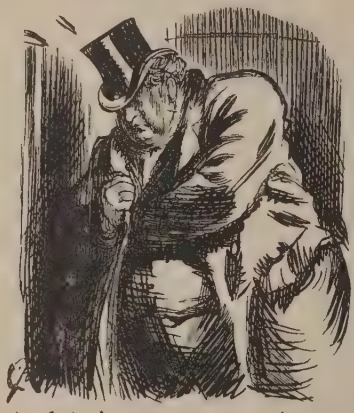
Old Gent (soliloquising, in the Wilds of Glenmuchie). "AH, WELL, THIS IS VERY JOLLY! WEALTH'S A GREAT BLESSING—NOT THAT I'M A RICH MAN—BUT AFTER THE TURMOIL AND WORRY OF BUSINESS, TO BE ABLE TO RETIRE TO THESE CHARMING SOLITUDES, THE SILENCE ONLY BROKEN BY THE GRATEFUL SOUNDS OF THE RIPPLING STREAM ('BURN,' I MEAN. AH! I NEARLY HAD HIM THEN!), AND THE HUM OF THE BEE! TO BE ABLE TO LEAVE LONDON AND ITS TIRESOME MILLIONS, AND FORGET ALL THE LOW——"

Voice from the Bridge (the ubiquitous "'Arry"). "COULD YER 'BLIGE US WITH A WORM, GOV-NOUR?"!!

"That's all very well but I took a Cab—"

"As we went along I thought I missed a—"

"Very Strange!— I could have sworn I—"



"I tried all my pockets."

"Could it have dropped into my Umbrella?"

"Or into the Straw at the bottom of the Cab!"

"So before I paid him, I said I thought I'd dropped a Sovereign in the Cab, and would get a light—"

"And there it was on the Chimney-piece in my Study after all!"

But when I went to pay my fare, to my amazement there was no Cab!—it had vanished and yet there are Sceptics who will not believe in the Supernatural!

"THE TRUTH ABOUT GHOSTS!"

"WE ALL WALK IN MYSTERIES."—*Goethe.*

A PESSIMIST.

Exemplary Clerk. "CAN I HAVE A WEEK'S HOLIDAY, IF YOU PLEASE, SIR? A—A DOMESTIC AFFLICTION, SIR—"

Employer. "OH, CERTAINLY, YES, MR. —— DEAR ME, I'M VERY SORRY! 'NEAR RELATIVE?"

Clerk. "AH—YE'—N'—THAT IS—YOU MISUNDERST—WHAT I MEAN, SIR—I'M GOING TO BE MARRIED!"

"THE LABOUR MARKET."

First East Countryman. "SHALL YEAOU VOOTE FOR THE DIS'TABLISHMENT O' TH' CHU'CH?"

Second Ditto (firmly). "NO; THAR I 'ON'T, BO'! WORK'S SCASS ENOW AS 'T IS—BUT IF WE WAS TO HEV ALL THEM PARSONS TU'NNED OUT, AN' GOIN' 'BOUT PLOUGHIN', AN' HEDGIN', AN' MOWIN', AN' HARVESTIN', WE SHOULD BE WUSS OFF THAN WE ARE NOW!"

A NON-SEQUITUR.

Affable Old Gentleman (who has half a minute to spare). "I SUPPOSE NOW, MY BOY, YOU TAKE A GOOD SUM OF MONEY DURING THE DAY?"

Shoe-black. "YESSUR, 'CAUSE LOTS O' GINTLEMAN, WHEN THEY WANTS TO KETCH A TRAIN, GIVES ME SIXPENCE!"

[Old Gent finds the Sixpence, but in thinking over it afterwards, couldn't see the connection.

FRIENDLY.

Hunting Man (thrown out, on very fresh Mount). "WHERE TH' HOUNDS, BOY?" *Rustics.* "YEAU KEEP UP ALONG O' WE—US'LL SHOW 'EE!"

AN EXTENSIVE ORDER.

Cabby. "BEG YER PARDON, MISS, BUT MIGHT I 'AVE A PAIR O' LIGHT KID GLOVES, FOR A WEDDIN' AS I'VE BIN ARST TO?"
Shopwoman. "OERTAINLY. WHAT IS YOUR SIZE?" *Cabby.* "*SIZE*, MISS?" *Shopwoman.* "WELL, WHAT'S YOUR *NUMBER?*"
Cabby. "OH, *NUMBER*, MISS! *TWO-FOUR-EIGHT-NINE-SIX!*"

A COURT DRESS.

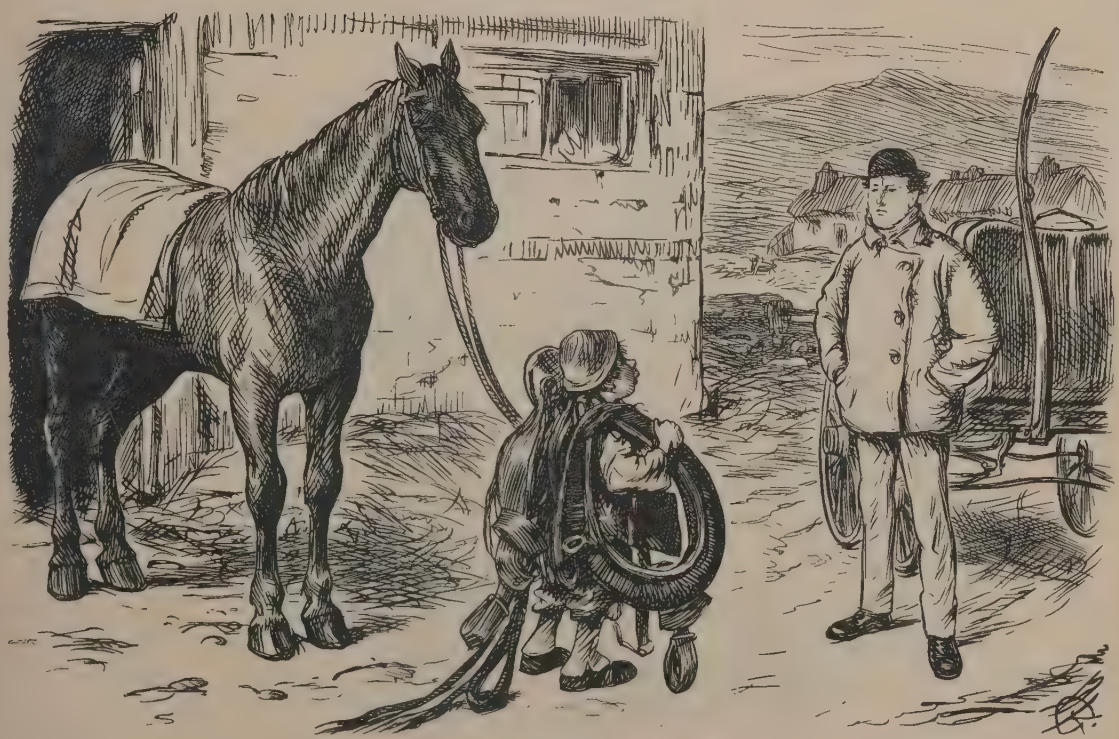
"OH! JUST AIN'T PEOPLE PROUD WHAT HAVE GOT PAIRASOLES!"

CONDESCENSION.

Ostler (confidentially). "*THAT'S* THE AYLESBURY CHICKEN."
Old Gent (much refreshed). "OH!"
Ostler (taken aback). "I—I SAID THAT WAS THE AYLESBURY CHICKEN."
Old Gent. "YES! YES! YOU TOLD ME THAT BEFORE."
Ostler. "WELL, THEN—THEN, WHY DON'T YER SHAKE HANDS WITH 'IM—*'E'LL LET YER!!!*"

HUNTING STUDIES BY RAIL.

DIFFERENT IDEAS OF COMFORT IN COATS.



IN THE EMERALD ISLE.

Impatient Traveller. "NOW, THEN, IS THIS TRAP READY? WHERE'S THE OSTLER?"
Small Boy. "SHURE, OI'LL P-HUT 'M OP FOR YE, SOR. THE OTHER *MAN'S* GONE IV A ARRAND!!"

"RIDICULOUS!"

Ethel (who really thinks she must clean some of her old Gloves this Winter, times are so bad). "DO YOU SELL KID-REVIVERS?"

Chemist. "YE—YES, M'M. I THINK YOU'LL FIND 'MRS. GUMMIDGE'S INFANT CORDIAL' A MOST EXCEL—— "

[Confusion.

"EXCLUSIVE."

Our Philanthropist (who often takes the Shilling Gallery—to his Neighbour). "ONLY A MIDDLING HOUSE."

Unwashed Artisan. "AY—THAT SIXPENCE EXTRY, 'RATHER HEAVY FOR THE LIKES O' HUZ, Y'KNOW. BUT THERE'S ONE THING—IT KEEPS OUT THE RIFF-RAFF!!"

SOMETHING FROM THE PROVINCES.

Excursionist (politely). "CAN YOU KINDLY DIRECT ME THE NEAREST WAY TO SLAGLEY?"

Powerful Navvy. "AH CAN POONCH TH' HEAD O' THEE!"

[*Excursionist retires hastily.*

GENTLE PATERNAL SATIRE.

Irate Parent. "O! YER DON'T WANT TO GO INTO BUSINESS, DON'T YER! O! YER WANT TO BE A CLERK IN THE POST-HORFICE, DO YER! POST-HORFICE, INDEED! WHY, ALL *YOU'RE* FIT FOR IS TO STAND OUTSIDE WITH YOUR TONGUE HOUT, FOR PEOPLE TO WET THEIR STAMPS AGAINST!"

DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE JEUNE PREMIER.

'*WHAT*, ELEANOR? YOU KNOW *SIR LIONEL WILDRAKE*, THE HANDSOMEST, THE WITTIEST, MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN TOWN! HE OF WHOM IT IS SAID THAT NO WOMAN HAS EVER BEEN KNOWN TO RESIST HIM YET!"

"THE SAME, LILIAN! BUT HUSH! HE COMES——"

[*Enter Colonel Sir Lionel Wildrake.*

MUSIC AT HOME.

Brown (enthusiastically). "OH—WHAT A REMARKABLY *FINISHED* SINGER MADAME SCRICIAULO IS!"
Miss Knipper. "YES, *QUITE* FINISHED, I'M AFRAID!"

"THE OTHER WAY ABOUT."

Irate Passenger (as Train is moving off). "WHY THE —— DIDN'T YOU PUT MY LUGGAGE IN AS I TOLD YOU—YOU OLD ——"
Porter. "E—H, MAN! YER BAGGAGE ES NA SIC A FULE AS YERSEL. YE'RE I' THE WRANG TRAIN!"

"A NARROW ESCAPE."

(Fragment Overheard the Other Day.)

"WELL, LAUCHIE, HOW ARE YOU?"

"MAN, I'M WONDERFU' WEEL, CONSIDERIN'."

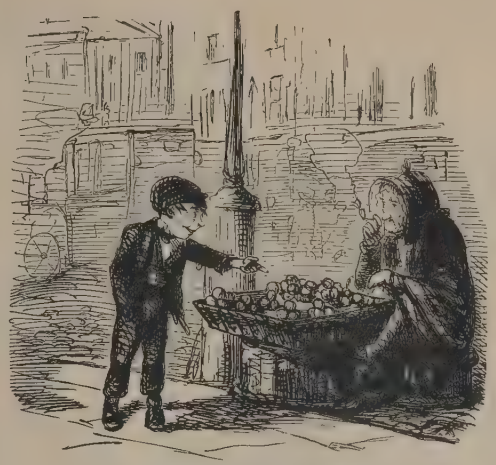
"CONSIDERIN'—WHAT?"

"I DID LAST NICHT WHAT I'VE NO DUNE THIS THIRTY YEAR. I GAED TO BED *PAIRFUTLY SOBER*, AND I'M THANKFU' TO SAY I GOT UP THIS MORNIN' *NO A BIT THE WAUR*."

A TRAGEDY IN REAL LIFE.

HE THOUGHT IT WAS A VACANT CHAIR * * *

SHE AROSE SUDDENLY FROM HER KNEES * * *



MUCH TOO CLEVER.

Sharp (but vulgar) Little Boy. "HALLO, MISSUS, WOT ARE THOSE?"
Old Woman. "TWOPENCE."
Boy. "WHAT A LIE! THEY'RE APPLES."
[Exit, whistling popular air.

A LUMPING PENN'ORTH.

"NOW, MY MAN, WHAT WOULD YOU SAY, IF I GAVE YOU A PENNY?"
"VY, THAT YOU VOS A JOLLY OLD BRICK!"

"THAT NASTY ORANGE-PEEL!"

Gallant Old Gentleman (rushing to her assistance). "I'M AFRAID, MA'AM, YOU'VE HAD A FALL—I HOPE——"
Short-tempered Old Lady (snappishly). "WHY, YOU DON'T S'PPOSE I'D SIT DOWN HERE, YOU OLD STUP——!"
[He helps her up, and makes off hastily.

Mr Bibble hunts the Stag
On Exmoor
Waits 2¼ hours for a warrantable Stag to break
Noises afar off — the chase has begun
Mr B. will follow that knowing-looking old gentleman
Out on to the wild moor
But the stupid old G. does not take that bit of nice green turf — Mr B. will
The nice green turf?
Crosses a coombe
Knocked about for a couple of hours
Having lost sight of every body
Wishes he'd seen the Stag: But, having got through without any hurt, abandons himself to pleasing meditations
Horse shies — Doe's see the Stag brow, bay, tray, & all
Mr B gives up the chase
Wonders if it would be unsportsmanlike to get off
Mr Bibble at Bay
Struggle for life & death of the Stag
Swain & Co

MR. BIBBLE HUNTS THE STAG.

HUNTING PUZZLE.

HOW TO GET OVER THAT GATE.

A SKETCH FROM THE MIDLANDS.

"HULLOA, OLD CHAP! NOT HURT, I HOPE?" "OH, NO, NO! JUST GOT OFF TO HAVE A LOOK AT THE VIEW!"

PROXY.

"AS YOU'RE GOING TO SAY YOUR PRAYERS, MAUD, *PLEASE* MENTION I'M SO DREADFULLY TIRED I CAN'T SAY MINE TO-NIGHT, BUT I'LL BE SURE TO REMEMBER TO-MORROW!"

COOKIANA.

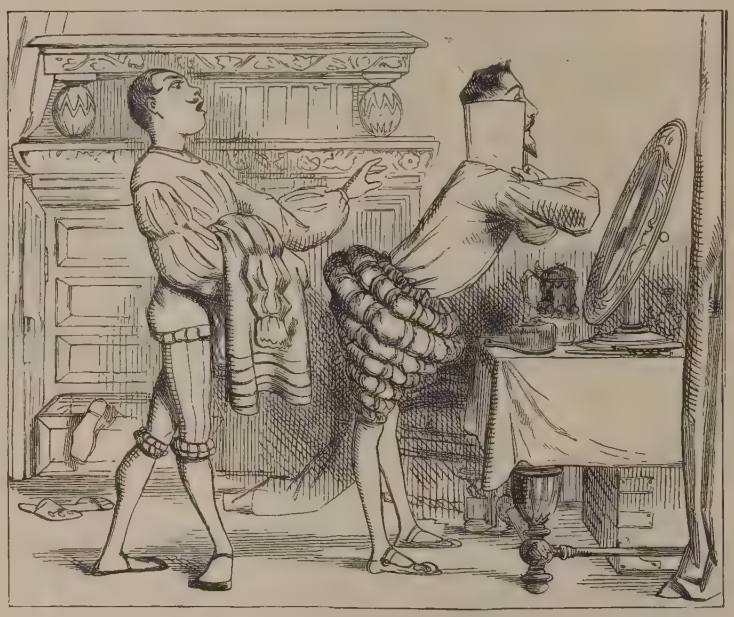
"AND NOW, TELL ME WHY YOU LEFT YOUR LAST PLACE."

"I WILL TELL YOU THAT, MA'AM, WHEN YOU HAVE TOLD ME WHY YOU PARTED WITH YOUR LAST COOK."

THE SHORTEST WAY THE BEST.

Mamma (to Ethel, on their way to the latter's first Party). "NOW, MIND, DARLING, IF YOU SEE ANY NICE THINGS ON THE TABLE THAT YOU'D LIKE TO EAT, YOU MUSTN'T *ASK* FOR THEM!"

Ethel. "O *NO*, MAMMA!—I'LL *TAKE* THEM!"



"STAY, MY LORD,
AND LET YOUR REASON WITH YOUR *CHOLER* QUESTION" —
Henry VIII., Act i., Scene 1.

King Henry. "SWEETHEART,
I WERE UNMANNERLY TO TAKE YOU OUT,
AND NOT TO KISS YOU." *Henry VIII., Act i., Scene 4.*

RE-ASSURING.

Nervous Old Lady (Band in the Distance). "OH, THERE ARE THOSE DREADFUL VOLUNTEERS, JOSEPH! I KNOW THE HORSE WILL TAKE FRIGHT! HADN'T YOU BETTER TURN HIM ROUND?"

Coachman (who will have his own way). "OH, LET 'IM ALONE, 'M; HE'LL TURN 'ISSELF ROUND, AND PRETTY QUICK, TOO, IF HE'S FRIGHTENED!"

PROMISING PUPIL.

Bobby (who is being put through his English History by Papa—Saxon Period). "AND HE WAS TO MIND AN' WATCH THE CAKES SHOULD NOT BE BURNT—AN' WHEN SHE WAS GONE OUT—HE ONLY JUST LOOKED ROUND FOR A MINUTE—AND—ER—A—HE WAS TURNED RIGHT INTO A PILLAR O' *SALT!!*"

A DAY WITH THE HARRIERS. LITTLE NIMROD'S NEW HUNTER.

Little N. "CARRIES ME SPLENDIDLY! PLENTY OF POWER, YOU SEE!"

Charles (his friend). "HA!—QUITE SO. BUT WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH *THE BATHING MACHINE?*"

Mr. Briggs' Adventures in the Highlands.

(*Continued from page 22.*)

THE DEER ARE DRIVEN FOR MR. BRIGGS. HE HAS AN EXCELLENT PLACE, BUT WHAT WITH WAITING BY HIMSELF SO LONG, THE MURMUR OF THE STREAM, THE BEAUTY OF THE SCENE, AND THE NOVELTY OF THE SITUATION, HE FALLS ASLEEP, AND WHILE HE TAKES HIS FORTY WINKS, THE DEER PASS!

AFTER A GOOD DEAL OF CLIMBING, OUR FRIEND GETS TO THE TOP OF BEN SOMETHING-OR-OTHER, AND THE FORESTER LOOKS OUT TO SEE IF THERE ARE ANY DEER ON THE HILLS. YES! SEVERAL HINDS, AND PERHAPS THE FINEST HART THAT EVER WAS SEEN.

MR. BRIGGS IS SUDDENLY FACE TO FACE WITH THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN! HE IS SO ASTONISHED THAT HE OMITS TO FIRE HIS RIFLE.

MR. BRIGGS HAS ANOTHER DAY'S STALKING, AND HIS RIFLE HAVING GONE OFF SOONER THAN HE EXPECTED, HE KILLS A STAG! AS IT IS HIS FIRST, HE IS MADE FREE OF THE FOREST BY THE PROCESS CUSTOMARY ON THE HILLS!

AND RETURNS HOME IN TRIUMPH. HE IS A LITTLE KNOCKED UP, BUT AFTER A NAP, WILL, NO DOUBT, GO THROUGH THE BROAD-SWORD DANCE IN THE EVENING AS USUAL.

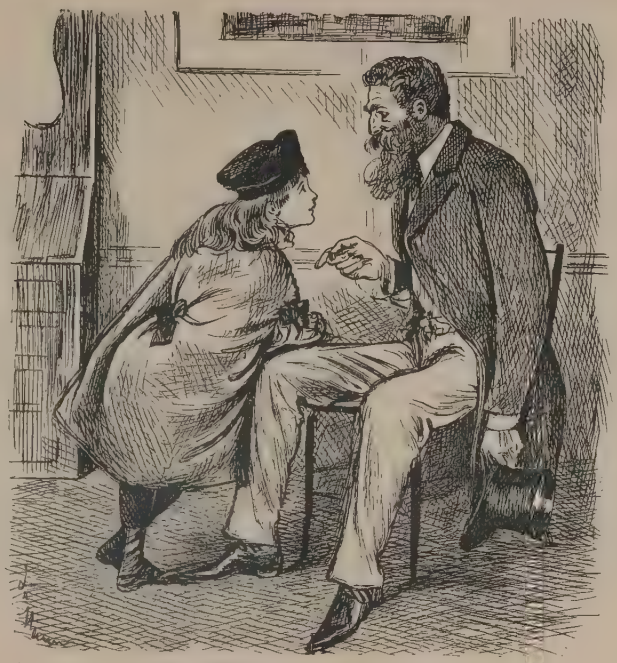
"AGAINST THE GRAIN."

Widow Woman (to Chemist, who was weighing a Grain of Calomel in dispensing a Prescription for her Sick Child). "MAN, YE NEEDNA' BE SAE SCRIMPY WI'T—'TIS FOR A PUIR FATHERLESS BAIRN!"

"NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

Respectable Man. "DEAR ME! I'M SORRY TO SEE THIS, MUGGLES! I HEARD YOU'D LEFT OFF DRINKING!"

Disreputable Party. "SHO I 'AVE, SHIR—*(hic)*—JESH 'ISH VERY MINUTE!"



A GENTLE REPROOF.

Uncle George. "BLOW, AND IT WILL FLY OPEN, EFFIE."
Effie. "I *USED* TO BE ABLE TO OPEN A WATCH IN THAT WAY, BUT I *CAN'T NOW!*"
Uncle George "WHY NOT?" *Effie.* "I'M RATHER TOO OLD!"

A POSER.

"IT'S NOT SO MUCH A *DURABLE* ARTICLE THAT I REQUIRE, MR. CRISPIN. I WANT SOMETHING *DAINTY*, YOU KNOW—SOMETHING *COY*, AND AT THE SAME TIME JUST A WEE BIT *SAUCY!*"

A REGULAR CUSTOMER.

"HA'PENNY CANDLE, PLEASE, AND BE QUICK, FOR MOTHER WANTS HER TEA."
"OH, YES! OF COURSE, MISS; COULD WE SEND IT ANYWHERE FOR YER?"

"THY VOICE, O HARMONY!"

Conductor. "HEASY WITH THEM BONES, BILL!"
Bones. "BUT I'M A PLAYIN' HOBLIGARTER."
Conductor. "WELL, I DIDN'T SAY YOU WASN'T; BUT YOU NEEDN'T GO AND DROWND MY TREMOLER!"

CANDID!

Simultaneously. { *Host (smacking his lips).* "NOW, WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT GLASS OF SHE——"
Guest. "MY DEAR FELLOW, WHERE DID YOU GET THIS ABOMINABLE MARSALA?!!"

TOO TRUE.

Cabby (after a squabble, pocketing his overcharge). "'JUST MY BARE FARE, THA'S WHAT IT IS!"
Old Gent. "IF IT WASN'T SUCH A BAD DAY, SIR, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE HAD IT, I CAN TELL YOU!"
Cabby. "NO; 'CAUSE YOU'D A GONE THIRD-CLASS BY TH' UNDERGROUND, AND THEN WALKED UP THE ROAD!"

SCRUPULOUS.

Shepherd. "O, JIMS, MUN! CAN YE NO GIE A WHUSTLE ON THA RAM'LIN' BRUTE O' MINE? I DAURNA MYSEL': IT'S JUST FAST-DAY IN OOR PARISH!!"

COOL COURAGE.

(And long may it be the noble Distinction of the British Soldier.)

Officer. "WHY DON'T YOU SALUTE, SIR?"

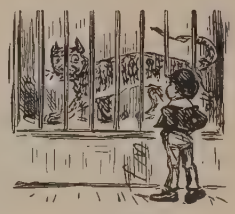
Private. "DOD, MAN, A' CLEAN FORGOT!"

STANDING ON HIS DIGNITY.

Shipping Agent. "ARE YOU A MECHANIC?

Intending Emigrant (justly indignant). "NO!—I'M A MACPHERSON!"

A HEAT OF 500 UP.



SPOT BARRED.

A TWO-FIGURE BREAK.

SOME FINE FORM WAS EXHIBITED.

COOK STARTED AT SCRATCH.

OPENING WITH THE CUSTOMARY MISS.

FINISHING THE GAME WITH A CANNON.

ONE POINT BEHIND.

BILLIARDS. *(Marked by D. Crambo, Junior.)*

"PUTTING" ON THE "LINKS."

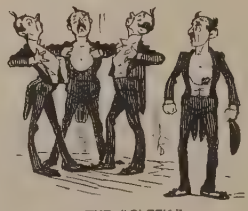
THE "TEE" AND THE "CADDIE."

A BEAUTIFUL "IRON" SHOT.

THE "SPOON."

A SHOWY MANNER OF HANDLING THE "CLUBS."

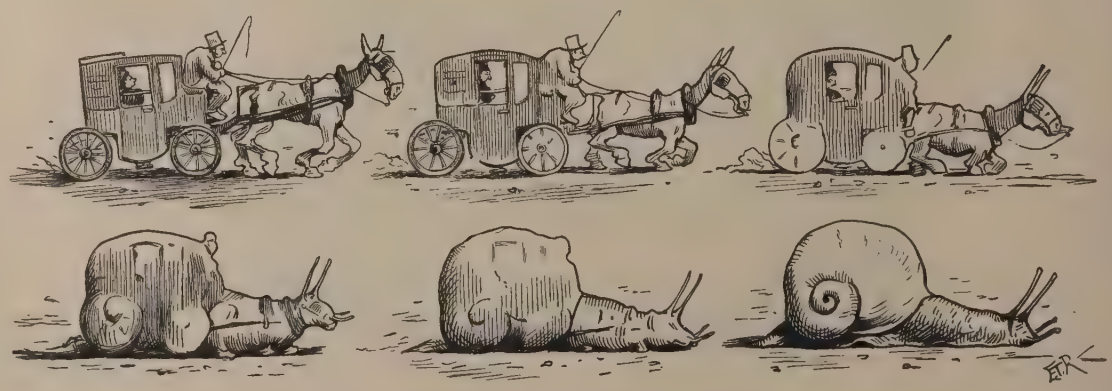
A FULL DRIVE.



THE "CLEEK."

"HOLED OUT."

GOLF. *(As "Put" by D. Crambo, Junior.)*



A METROPOLITAN METAMORPHOSIS.

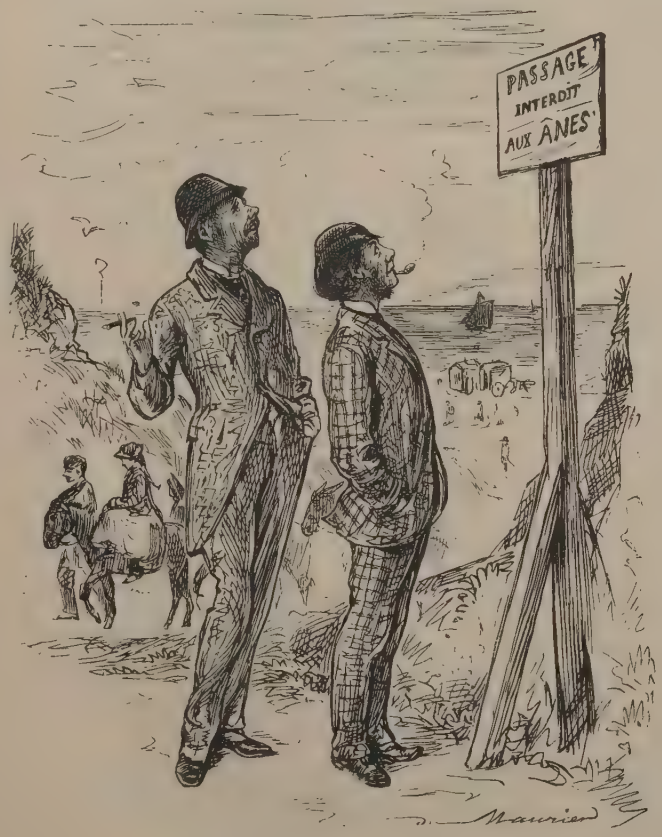
THE AWFUL RESULT OF PERSISTENT "CRAWLING."

THE STEAM-LAUNCH IN VENICE.

("Sic Transit Gloria Mundi.")

'Andsome 'Arriet. "OW MY! IF IT 'YN'T THAT BLOOMIN' OLD TEMPLE BAR, AS THEY DID AW'Y WITH OUT O' FLEET STREET!"

Mr. Belleville (referring to Guide-book). "NOW, IT 'YN'T! IT'S THE FYMOUS BRIDGE O' *SIGHS*, AS *BYRON* WENT AND STOOD ON; 'IM AS WROTE *OUR BOYS*, YER KNOW!" *'Andsome 'Arriet.* "WELL, I *NEVER!* IT 'YN'T *MUCH* OF A *SIZE*, ANY'OW!" *Mr. Belleville.* "'EAR! 'EAR! FUSTRYTE!"



INTUITION.

Puzzled Cookist. "WELL, I CAN'T *QUITE* MAKE IT OUT, 'ARRY; BUT I THINK IT MEANS AS WE AIN'T TO PASS ALONG 'ERE."

THREE JOLLY AGNOSTICS.

"AND MY WIFE, SHE SAYS, 'A MAN OUGHT TO HAVE *SOME* RELIGION,' SAYS SHE. *(Hic.)* 'RELIGION!' SAYS I. 'I AIN'T GOT 'NY, AN' I DON' WANT 'NY! ALL *MY* RELIGION,' SAYS I, 'ISH COMPRISHED IN THE SHIMPLE WORD *DUTY!!* AN'SH 'LONG'SH I SHTICK TO THAT I'M ALL RI'!'" "'EAR! 'EAR!"

GIVING THEM FAIR PLAY.

"TURN ABOUT."

George. "I SAY, TOM, DO TAKE CARE! YOU NEARLY SHOT MY FATHER THEN!"
Tom. "'SH! DON'T SAY ANYTHING, THERE'S A GOOD FELLOW! TAKE A SHOT AT MINE!!"

"CURED IN AN INSTANT!"

Phunky (who has accepted a recommendation to a Dentist to remove an aching tooth). "OH, CON-FOUND IT! HE NEVER TOLD ME THERE WERE THREE OF 'EM; ONE OF 'EM'S SURE TO BE AT HOME!!"

A HORRIBLE BUSINESS.

Master Butcher. "DID YOU TAKE OLD MAJOR DUMBLEDORE'S RIBS TO NO. 12?"

Boy. "YES, SIR."

Master Butcher. "THEN CUT MISS WIGGLES'S SHOULDER AND NECK, AND HANG MR. FOODLE'S LEGS TILL THEY'RE QUITE TENDER!"

FAINT PRAISE.

John (who has come for the Saddle and things). "YESSIR, THERE'S MASTER—HE IS A STARIN' HARD, SURE-LY *(a pause)*; AND THERE'S T' OLD MARE—AND ISN'T SHE A STARIN'!"

Artist (nettled). "WELL, THERE'S THE DOG, HE'S STARING TOO, I SUPPOSE—"

John. "AY, SIR, THAT HE BE!"

UNDENIABLE.

Buyer. "IS HE WELL BROKE?"

Seller. "LOR, BLESS YE! LOOK AT HIS KNEES!"

A RURAL INFELICITY.

IF YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO BE A SPORTING MAN, AND ARE OUT FOR A QUIET RIDE, IT'S VERY ANNOYING WHEN YOUR HORSE INSISTS UPON JOINING THE HOUNDS THAT ARE RUNNING A FIELD OR TWO OFF THE HIGH-ROAD.

"LE SPORTMAN."

"HI!! HI!! STOP ZE CHASSE! I TOMBLE—I FALOFF! *STOP ZE FOX!!!*"

THE GOLF-STREAM

FLOWS ALONG THE EASTERN COAST OF SCOTLAND DURING THE SUMMER AND AUTUMN.

A PASSAGE OF ARMS.

Hairdresser. "'AIR'S VERY DRY, SIR!"

Customer (who knows what's coming). "I LIKE IT DRY!"

Hairdresser (after awhile, again advancing to the attack). "'EAD'S VERY SCURFY, SIR!"

Customer (still cautiously retiring). "YA-AS, I PREFER IT SCURFY!"

[Assailant gives in defeated.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Operator (commencing attack). "'HAIR'S FALLING OFF VERY FAST, SIR!"

Patient (carelessly). "Y-E-E-S."

Operator. "I CAN REC——"

Patient (gaily). "'GENERALLY DOES THIS TIME O' YEAR. FRESH CROP IN THE SPRING, Y' KNOW!!" *(Snores.)* *[Operator sighs, and raises Siege.*

"RETORT COURTEOUS."

Facetious Old Gent (to Passenger with a Saw). "YOU SHOW YOUR TEETH, SIR." *(Chuckles.)*

Crusty Carpenter. "YOU DON'T. 'CAUSE WHY?—Y' AIN'T GOT NONE!"

"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."

Host (really in agony about his polished inlaid floor). "HADN'T YOU BETTER COME ON THE CARPET, OLD FELLOW? I'M SO AFRAID YOU MIGHT *SLIP*, YOU KNOW."

Guest. "O, IT'S ALL RIGHT, OLD FELLOW—THANKS! THERE'S A NAIL AT THE END, YOU KNOW!"

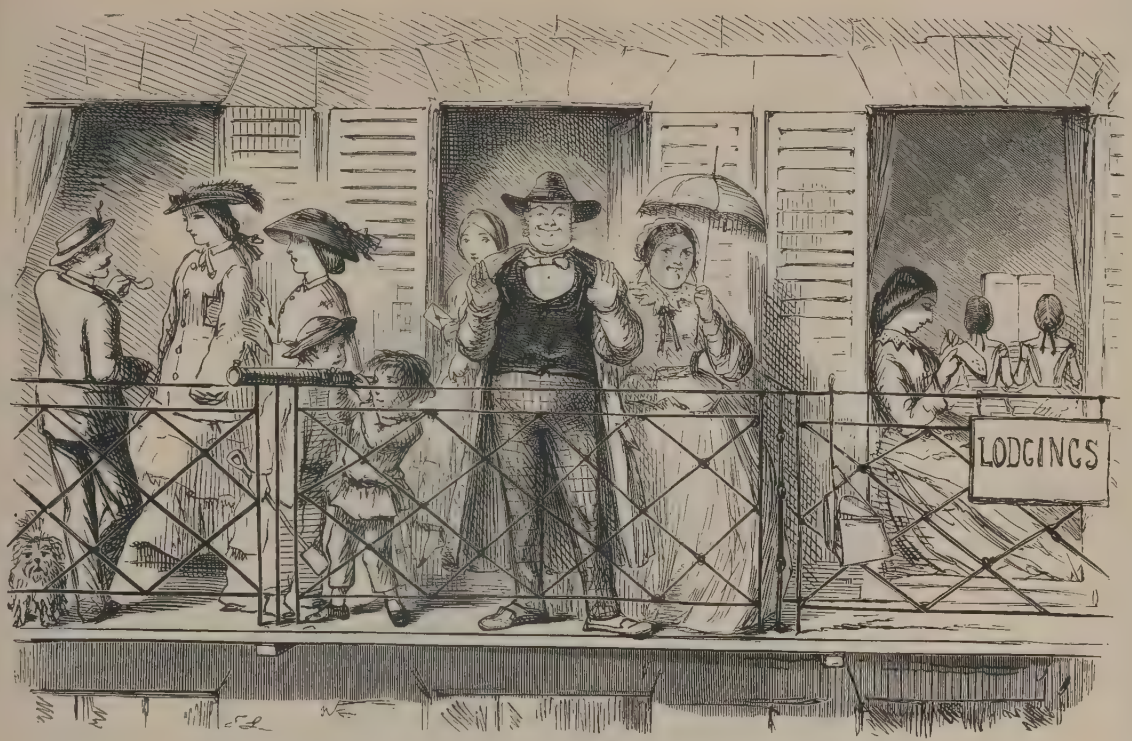
RECOLLECTIONS OF CUB-HUNTING.

CHEERFUL EVENING IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE AFTER BREAKFASTING AT 5 A.M.

A LITTLE FAILING.

Nervous Old Lady. "NOW, CABMAN, YOU'RE SURE YOUR HORSE IS QUIET? WHAT'S HE LAYING BACK HIS EARS LIKE THAT FOR? LOOK!"

Cabby. "O THAT'S ONLY HER FEMI-*NINE* CUR'OSITY, MUM. SHE LIKES TO HEAR WHERE SHE'S A GOIN' TO!"



PATERFAMILIAS HAS HIS HOLIDAY AT THE SEA-SIDE,

WHILE A RESPECTABLE ELDERLY FEMALE TAKES CARE OF THE HOUSE IN TOWN.

"OUT OF HIS ELEMENT."

Country Gent (to Cabman). "PRAY, IS THE BOTTOM OF LUDGATE HILL WITHIN THE SHILLING FARE FROM THIS?"

West-End Cabby. "WELL, SIR, THAT'S RATHER A NICE POINT. SOME SAY IT'S A LITTLE OUTSIDE THE DISTANCE, OTHERS—— HOWEVER, IT DOESN'T MATTER, AS I SHALL HAVE GREAT PLEASURE IN DRIVING YOU THERE; 'N FACT, I'D GIVE A SHILLING MYSELF TO GET OUT O' THE CITY!"

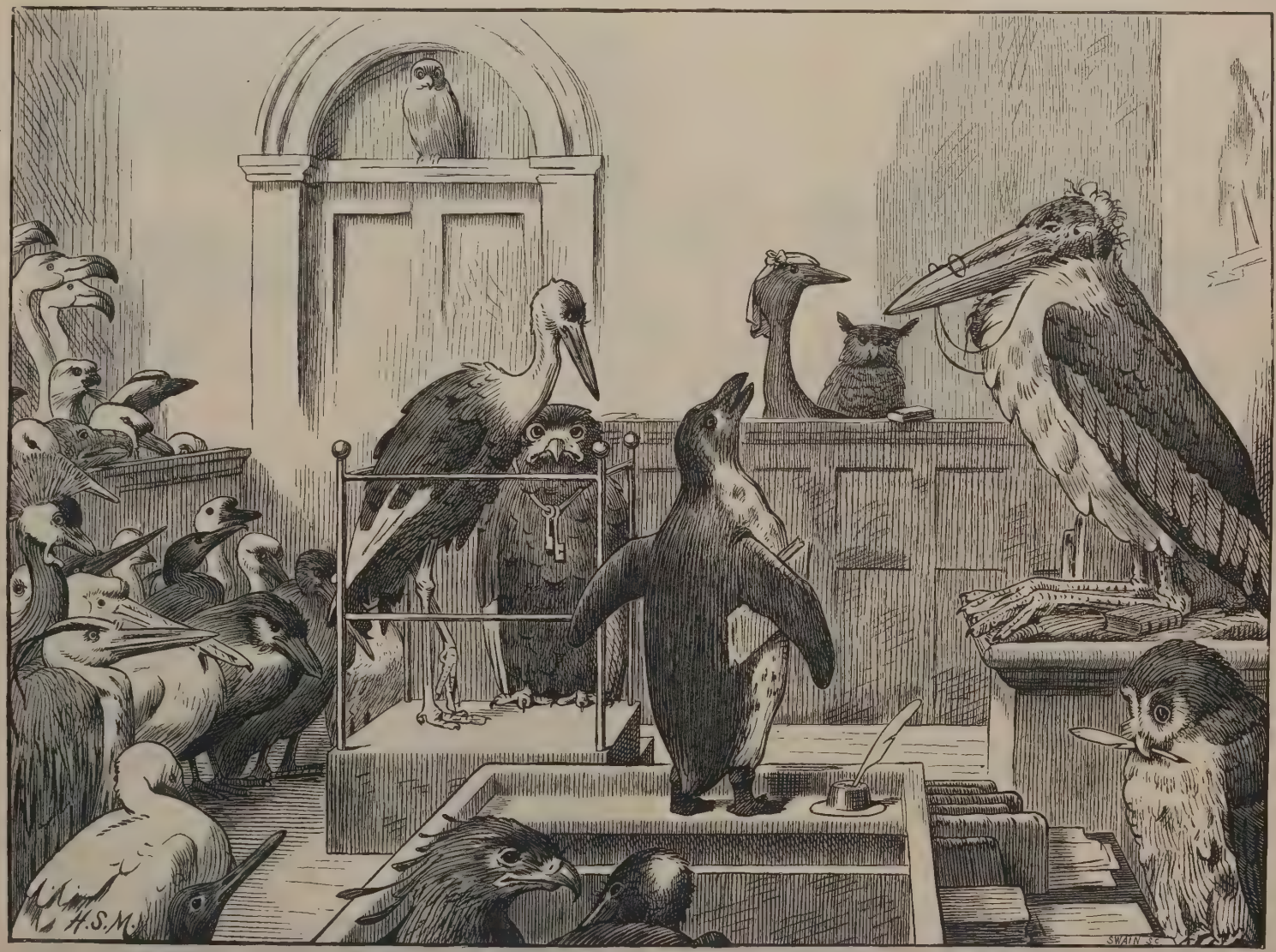
APPROPRIATE.

First Citizen. "I SAY, BILL—I WONDER WHAT HE CALLS HISSELF?"

Second Ditto. "BLOWED IF I KNOW!—BUT I CALLS HIM A BLOATED HARISTOCRAT.'

OUR NURSES.

Experienced Night Nurse (sternly). "COME, COME, SIR! YOU MUST STOP THAT HORRID NOISE. IF YOU KEEP WHEEZING AND SNORING LIKE THAT ALL NIGHT, HOW AM I TO GET TO SLEEP!!"



UP BEFORE THE BEAK.

IDENTITY.

Enthusiastic Amateur (at the National Gallery). "CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND THE NEW 'CONSTABLE'?"

Hibernian Officer. "SHURE IT'S MEESELF YE MUST MANE, SOR! I CAME ON JEWTEE HERE FOR THE FORST TOIME THIS WEEK, SOR!"

NO PLEASING SOME PEOPLE.

Crusty Driver (to a remark by his Fare). "NOT FRESH! WHY THEY JIBS A GOIN' UP 'ILL AND KICKS A GOIN' DOWN. I AIN'T A GOIN' TO GALLOP 'EM TO DEATH ON THE LEVEL, 'TAINT LIKELY; THERE'S NO PLEASIN' YOU."

"IN MEDIO TUTISSIMUS."

Cabman (to Heavy Party). "'UMBLY BEG YER PARDON, SIR; BUT WILL YOU TRIM THE CAB A BIT, SIR? YOU'RE A LITTLE TOO 'EAVY FOR ONE SPRING, SIR."

AGGRAVATING—RATHER!

AN INCIDENT OF WEIGHT.

Cabby. "LET YER OUT?—THAT'S A GOOD UN!—NOT AFORE YER PAYS FOR BREAKING MY SPRINGS!"

TANTALISING.

"COULD YOUR HONOUR SPARE A COPPER?"—"EH? WHAT?" "COULD YOUR HONOUR SPARE A COPPER?"—"YOU MUST SPEAK A LITTLE LOUDER. I'M VERY DEAF." "COULD YOUR HONOUR SPARE A *COPPER?*"—"I'M VERY SORRY. I AM TOO DEAF. YOU MUST ASK SOMEBODY ELSE!"

A NOVICE IN SPORT.

Old Sportsman. "BURNING SCENT!" *Mr. Verdant (out for the first time, and delighted at being spoken to).* "EH? ARE THEY? WHERE?"

EXPENDED!

Guest. "WILL YOU GIVE ME A LITTLE CHAMPAGNE?"

Hibernian Waiter. "SHUMPANE, SOR? BEDAD, I'VE HAD NONE MESELF THIS TWO HOURS!"

THE COMMISSARIAT.

Squire (to new Butler). "I HAVE THREE OR FOUR CLERGYMEN COMING TO DINE WITH ME TO-MORROW, PRODGERS, AND——"

Mr. Prodgers. "'IGH OR LOW, SIR?"

Squire. "WELL—I HARDLY—— BUT WHY DO YOU ASK, PRODGERS?"

Mr. Prodgers. "WELL, YOU SEE, SIR, THE 'IGH' DRINKS MOST WINE, AND THE 'LOW' EATS MOST VITTLES, AND I MUST PERWIDE ACCORDIN'!!"

PHILOSOPHY IN SPORT.

Noble Swell (in scarlet). "HARK! BY JOVE, THAT'S A FIND!"

Party (in black). "'COURSE IT IS, MY LORD! JUST THE WAY WITH THEM 'OUNDS. DRAW—DRAW—DRAW—ALL THE MORNING, AND THEN DROP ON A FOX JUST AS VUN'S 'AVIN' VUN'S LUNCH!"

"TO PUT IT BROADLY."

Improvised Butler (to Distinguished Guest). "WILL YE TAKE ANNY MORE DRINK, SOR?"

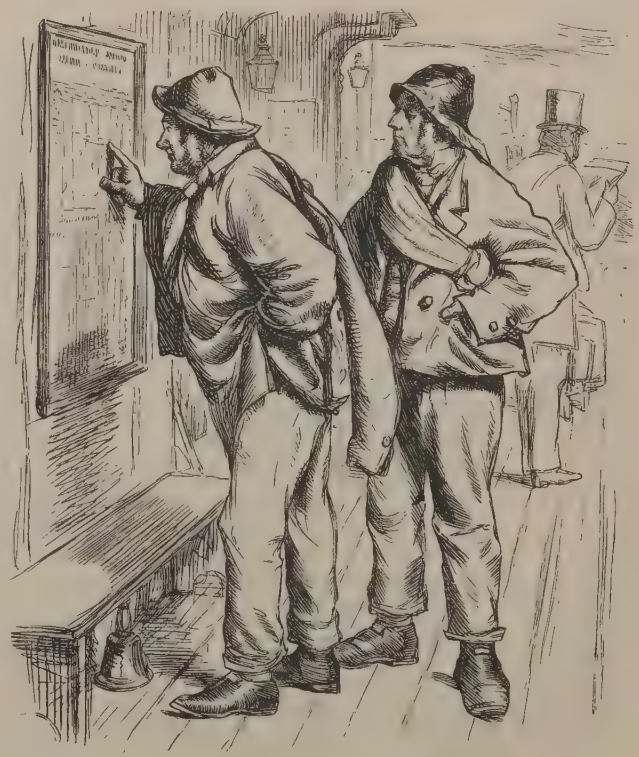
TAKING IT FOR GRANTED.

Engaging Photographer. "JUST LOOK A LITTLE PLEASANT, MISS! THINK OF *'IM!*"

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

Greengrocer. "WANT A PENN'ORTH O' COALS, DO YER? YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO 'AVE A PENN'ORTH MUCH LONGER. THEY'RE A GOING UP. COALS IS COALS NOW, I CAN TELL YER!"

Boy. "AH, WELL, MOTHER'LL BE GLAD O' THAT, 'CAUSE SHE SAYS THE LAST COALS SHE HAD O' YOU WAS ALL *SLATES!!*"



WEDNESBURY STATION.

First Collier. "TRAINS LEAVE FOR BIRMINGHAM, 10.23 A.M, 6.23 P.M."
Second Collier. "WHAT'S P.M.?'
First Do. "A PENNY A MILE. TO BE SURE."
Second Do. "THEN WHAT'S A.M.?'
First Do. "WHY, THAT MUST BE A A'PENNY A MILE."

BEREAVED.

First Pitman. "THOU HESSENT BEEN AT THE TOUN LATELY, GEORDIE. HOO'S THAT, MAN?"

Second Pitman. "THOU KNAWS THE DOG'S DEED, AND AW KENNET GETTEN ANOTHER; AN' A CHAP LEUKS SA FOND WIVOUT A DOG!"

SYMPATHY.

Giles (ruefully). "VILLIAM, I'VE BEEN AN' GONE AN' 'LISTED!"

William. "LOR'! 'AVE YER, THOUGH? GOT THE SHILLIN'?"

Giles. "YES."

William. "WELL, THEN, LET'S GO AN' 'AVE A GLASS AT THE 'BARLEY-MOW.' DON'T LET'S BE DOWN'EARTED!"

THE PATENT RESTORER FOR THE HAIR.

(TESTIMONIAL.)

"DEAR SIR,—AFTER SIX MONTHS' USE OF YOUR VALUABLE PREPARATION, MY HAIR HAS ALREADY RECOVERED ITS FORMER LUXURIANCE," &c., &c.

CIRCUMSTANCES MAKE THE MAN.

"LEAVE OFF, YOU LITTLE BRUTES, CAN'T YOU? POLICE!"

"NOW, SHY, YOU COWARDS, IF YOU DARE!"

A CAUTION TO LITTLE BOYS AT THIS FESTIVE SEASON.

Mamma. "WHY, MY DEAREST ALBERT, WHAT ARE YOU CRYING FOR?—SO GOOD, TOO, AS YOU HAVE BEEN ALL DAY!"

Spoiled Little Boy. "BOO-HOO! I'VE EATEN SO—M-MUCH BE-EEF AND T-TURKEY, THAT I CAN'T EAT ANY P-P-PLUM P-P-PUDDING!"

PATRONISING.

"PRETTY SIGHT, AIN'T IT, CHARLEY, TO SEE THE YOUNGSTERS ENJOYING THEMSELVES?"

"DRESSED CRAB."

"Q. E. D.!"

Elderly Inquisitive Gentleman (very near-sighted). "DEAR ME! WHAT HAS THAT MAN GOT ON HIS COAT? I REALLY MUST——"

[Approaches quite close to read the Placard . . . . . THE HORSE EXPLAINS!

FOND BUT FOOLISH.

"LOOK, DUCKY *DEEEAR!* LOOK AT THE PITTY ICKLE QUACK-QUACKS!"

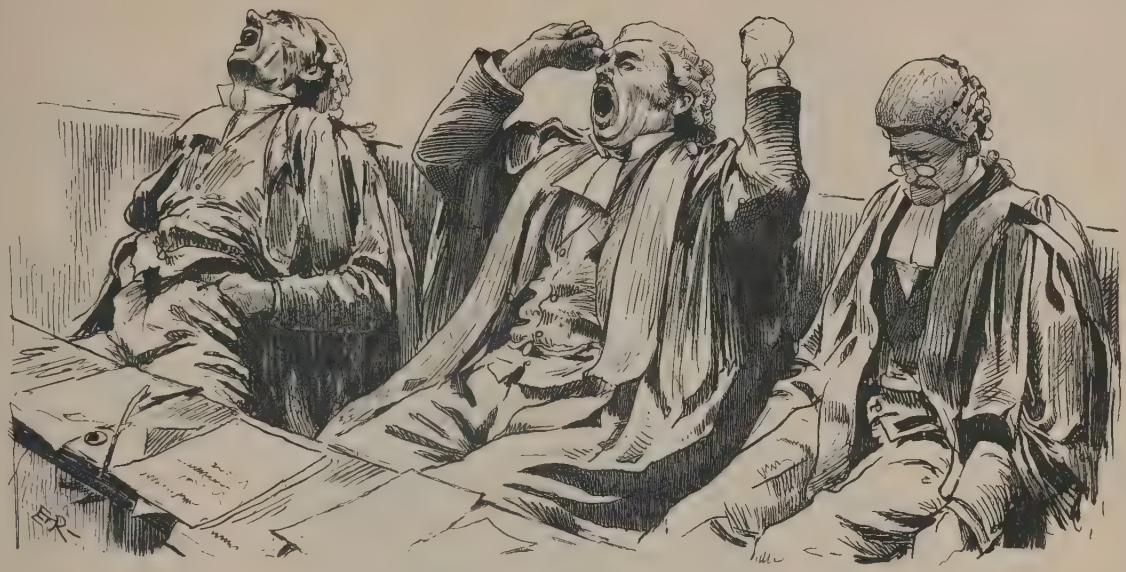
HIS FIRST BIRD.

"WELL, I DIDN'T MISS *THAT* ONE, AT ALL EVENTS!" "NO, SIR. THEY *WILL* FLY INTO IT, SOMETIMES!"

SO MUCH TO HIS CREDIT.

Uncle (bringing his Nephew home for the holidays). "GLAD TO SEE YOU HOME AGAIN, DICK. HOPE YOU HAVE SPENT LESS THIS HALF."

Dick. "OH, YES, UNCLE. I'VE GONE 'TICK' FOR EVERYTHING!"



MANNERS OF THE BAR.

A SKETCH IN THE LAW COURTS, SHOWING THE PATIENT AND RESPECTFUL ATTENTION OF THE COUNSEL FOR THE PLAINTIFF DURING THE SPEECH OF COUNSEL FOR DEFENDANT.

A VESTED INTEREST.

Bystander (to excited Scot, whose Friend had been run over). "NOT A NEAR RELATIVE, I HOPE, SIR."

Scot. "NA—BUT—HE HAS ON A PAIR O' MA BREEKS!"

"THE OLD ADAM."

The Minister (coming on them unawares). "E-E-H SANDY McDOUGAL! AH'M SORRY TO SEE THIS! AND YOU TOO, WULLY! FISHIN' O' THE SAWBATH! AH THOUCHT AH'D ENSTELLET BETTER PRENCIPLES——" *(A Rise.)* "E-E-EH! WULLY, MAN!—YE HAE 'M!—IT'S ENTIL 'M! HAUD UP YER R-ROD, MAN—OR YE'LL LOSE 'M—TAK' CAR-R-RE!——"

[Recollects himself, and walks off.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Hostess. "WHAT, MUST YOU GO ALREADY, PROFESSOR?"

The Professor. "MY DEAR MADAM, THERE IS A LIMIT EVEN TO *MY* CAPACITY OF INFLICTING MYSELF ON MY FRIENDS!"

Hostess. "OH NO—NOT AT ALL—I *ASSURE* YOU!"

A BAD ENDING.

"WELL, WILLIAM, WHAT'S BECOME OF ROBERT?"

"WHAT, 'AVEN'T YOU 'EARD, SIR?" "NO! NOT *DEFUNCT*, I HOPE!"

"THAT'S JUST EXACTLY WHAT HE '*AS* DONE, SIR, AND WALKED OFF WITH HEVERYTHING HE COULD LAY HIS 'ANDS ON!"

A REHEARSAL!

"NOW, DON'T YOU 'URRY THE HANDANTY (*ANDANTE*) THIS TIME, YOUNG FELLER!"

RECOLLECTIONS FROM ABROAD. (FREE TRANSLATION.)

ROW IN A BELGIAN ESTAMINET. (IN THREE TABLEAUX.)

"NOW THEN! YOU BE OFF!!"
"I SHAN'T!"

"WHAT!! YOU *WON'T!*"
"*NO!!*"

"THEN STAY WHERE YOU ARE!!"

A RANDOM SHOT.

"BEG PARDON, SIR! BUT IF YOU WAS TO AIM *AT* HIS LORDSHIP THE NEXT TIME, I THINK HE'D FEEL MORE COMFORBLER, SIR!"

'ARRY WITH THE 'ARRIERS.

Huntsman (waving back the Field). "FRESH HARE! GENTLEMEN! FRESH HARE!"
'Arry (taking his Guinea's-worth out of his 'Unter). "FRESH H'AIR! O' COURSE IT IS—JOLLY FRESH! THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M OUT FOR. COME HUP!"

ON THE FACE OF IT.

Pretty Teacher. "NOW, JOHNNY WELLS, CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT IS MEANT BY A MIRACLE?"

Johnny. "YES, TEACHER. MOTHER SAYS IF YOU DUN'T MARRY NEW PARSON, 'TWULL BE A MURRACLE!"

AN EXAMPLE!

Old Gentleman (who had evidently been lunching). "G' HOME, YOU BOYS—GO 'WAY—'SHOULDN' LOITER 'BOUT STREETSH." *(Solemnly.)* "WHA' SHOULD I HA' BEEN—*(hic!)*—'F I'D LOITER'D 'BOUT SHTREETSH 'STEAD O' 'TTENDIN' T' BUSH-'NESH I—GO 'WAY!!" *[Roars from his audience.*

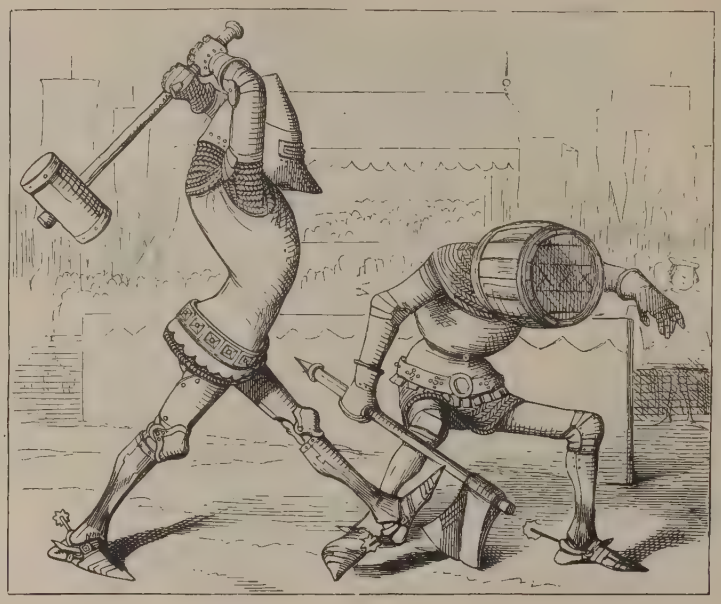
"COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON."

Comely Housemaid. "O, MR. JAMES, I'M SO FRIGHTENED IN THE RAILWAY! SUPPOSE THE BILER WAS TO BUST!"

Mr. James. "THEN, MY DEAR, YOU'D BE A SINGIN' AMONG THE ANGELS IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES! "

A YOUNG POSITIVIST.

Parson. "WHAT'S A MIRACLE?"——*Boy.* "DUNNO."——*Parson.* "WELL, IF THE SUN WERE TO SHINE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, WHAT SHOULD YOU SAY IT WAS?"——*Boy.* "THE MOON."——*Parson.* "BUT IF YOU WERE *TOLD* IT WAS THE SUN, WHAT SHOULD YOU SAY IT WAS?"——*Boy.* "A LIE."——*Pars n.* "*I* DON'T TELL LIES. SUPPOSE *I* TOLD YOU IT WAS THE SUN; WHAT WOULD YOU SAY *THEN?*" ——*Boy.* "THAT YER WASN'T SOBER!"



"AND LET THY BLOWS, DOUBLY REDOUBLED,
FALL LIKE AMAZING THUNDER ON THE CASQUE
OF THY ADVERSE PERNICIOUS ENEMY."

K. Rich. II., Act i., Scene 3.

"HEAR THE KING'S PLEASURE, *CARDINAL*: WHO COMMANDS YOU
TO RENDER UP THE *GREAT SEAL* PRESENTLY
INTO OUR HANDS;"—

Henry VIII., Act iii., Scene 2.

VERY ACCOMMODATING.

Cabby (politely). "BEG PARDON, SIR; PLEASE DON'T SMOKE IN THE KES, SIR; LADIES *DO* COMPLAIN O' THE 'BACCA UNCOMMON. BETTER LET ME SMOKE IT FOR YER OUTSIDE, SIR!"

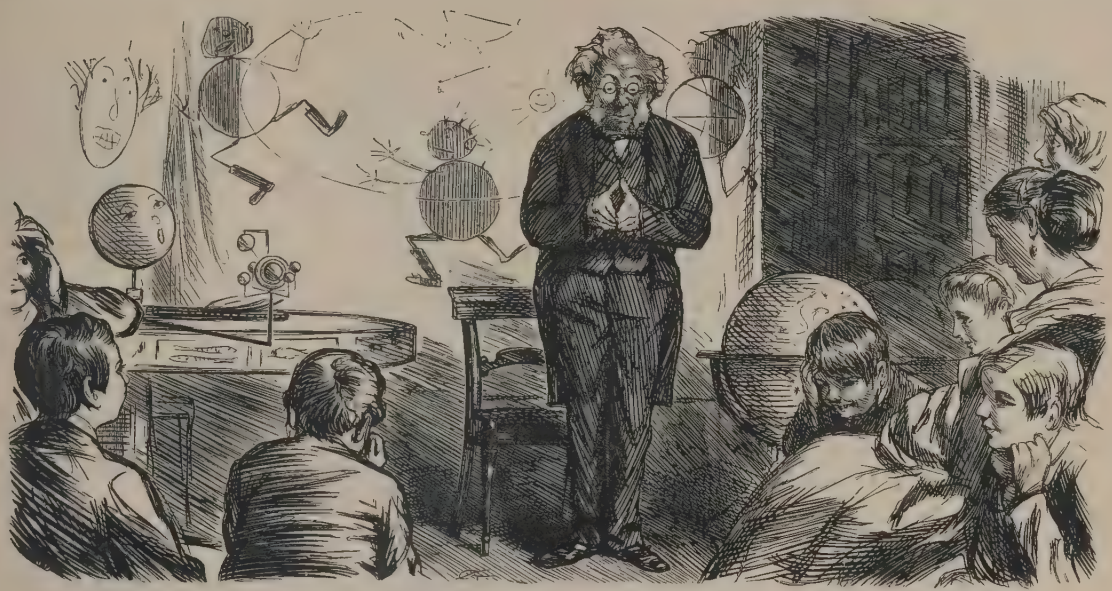
YEOMANRY DRILL.

Drill-Sergeant. "DRESS UP, MR. BUMPSHUS! YOU MUST DRESS UP"

Mr. Bumpshus (indignant). "DRESS UP! CONFOUND YOU! I'M BETTER DRESSED THAN YOU ARE."

VERY FRIENDLY.

Little Gent. "MORNIN', MY LORD!—GLAD TO SEE YOU OUT AGAIN!—WHAT I LIKE ABOUT FOX-'UNTING IS, THAT IT IMPROVES THE BREED OF 'ORSES—AND BRINGS PEOPLE TOGETHER AS WOULDN'T OTHERWISE MEET!"



UNCLE FUSBY UNDERTAKES TO DELIGHT AND INSTRUCT THE YOUNG FOLK AT CHRISTMAS-TIME

BY A LECTURE ON ASTRONOMY AND THE MOVEMENTS OF THE CELESTIAL BODIES, ILLUSTRATED BY DIAGRAMS, WHICH WERE FINALLY TOUCHED UP (JUST BEFORE THE GAS WAS TURNED ON) BY HIS MISCHIEVOUS NEPHEWS.

"HER VOICE WAS EVER," &c., &c.

Mistress. "JONES! *JONES!!* DO YOU *HEAR* ME?"
Jones (from below—he does not yet know the voices of the house). "YES, SIR!"

[Jones leaves at the end of the month.

OUR THREE-VOLUME NOVEL AT A GLANCE.

VOL. I.—SHE SAT APART, A CLOUD HANGING ON HER FAIR BROW, AND HER SWEET EYES DOWNCAST.

HE THREW HIMSELF AT HER FEET,

AND CRUSHING HER SLENDER FINGERS WITHIN HIS—

"LETTUCE FLY!" HE MURMURED.

SHE TURNED A LITTLE PALE—

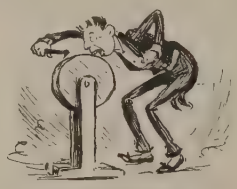
AND TOSSING HER HEAD IN THE AIR,

SHE SWEPT PAST HIM,

FLUNG HERSELF OUT OF THE ROOM, AND DISAPPEARED THROUGH ONE OF THE DOORS.

VOL. II.—HE WAS SOMEWHAT TAKEN ABACK,

AND BURYING HIS CHIN IN HIS BREAST,



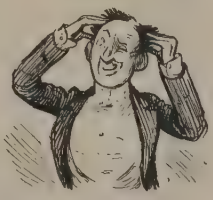
GROUND HIS TEETH.

QUICKLY RECOVERING HIMSELF,

HE LEAPT TO HIS FEET,

AND FOLDING HIS ARMS TIGHTLY ACROSS HIS CHEST—

"FOILED!" HE CRIED.



THEN, BENDING HIS BROWS, WHILE A CURIOUS SMILE CURLED THE CORNER OF HIS LIP,

HE CRUSHED HIS HAT DEEP OVER HIS EYES, AND SOUGHT THE DOOR.

HIS SUIT HAD BEEN DECLINED!

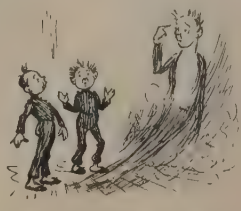
VOL. III.—IN ANOTHER SECOND HE FOUND HIMSELF IN THE STREET.

"THE DIE IS CAST!" HE HISSED, WHILE HIS BROW GREW BLACK AS NIGHT

HE HAD DRAINED THE BITTER CUP TO THE DREGS.

THAT NIGHT HE CAUGHT THE PACKET,

AND, IN A FOREIGN CLIME,



VANISHES FROM THESE PAGES FOR EVERMORE.

RATHER SEVERE.

"SHALL I 'OLD YOUR 'ORSE, SIR?"

THE NAVAL TEAM.

Captain Steerer, R.N. "UNSHIP THAT FORRARD BEGGAR, JOHNSON, AND WE'LL TOW HIM HOME ASTERN!"

NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS (?).

First Old Foozle. "WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE THE PAPER, SIR? THERE'S NOTHING IN IT."

Second Old Foozle. "THEN WHAT THE DEVIL DID YOU KEEP IT SO LONG FOR?"

ODD AND EVEN.

Mr. Muff (to his Keeper). "I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! THE FIRST SEASON YOU WERE WITH ME THERE WERE NO FOXES; THE SECOND THERE WERE NO PHEASANTS; AND THIS YEAR WE'VE HAD NEITHER ONE OR THE OTHER."

Keeper. "WELL, SIR, I NEVER SHOT NO FOXES, AND YOU NEVER HIT NO PHEASANTS; SO WE AIN'T NEITHER ON US ANSWERABLE, AS I CAN SEE."

QUITE ANOTHER THING.

Paddy (the loser). "ARRAH, G'ALONG! I SAID I'D LAY YOU FOIVE TO WAN, BUT I WASN'T GOIN' TO BET MY HA'F-CROWN AGIN YOUR TATH'RIN LITTLE SIX-PENCE!"

[Exeunt fighting.

THE UNCO' GUID.

Scrupulous Waiter. "A WHAT? A SANGWITCH! NA, NA! I'LL GIE YE BREED AN' CHEESE, AN' AS MUCH WHUSKEY AS YE CAN DRINK; BUT, TAE MAK' SANGWIDGES ON THE SAUBBERTH DAY!"——

SOFT SAWDER.

"BUT I DON'T CALL THIS A FASHIONABLE 'AT!"
"IT WILL SOON *BECOME* SO, MADAM, IF *YOU* WEAR IT!"

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

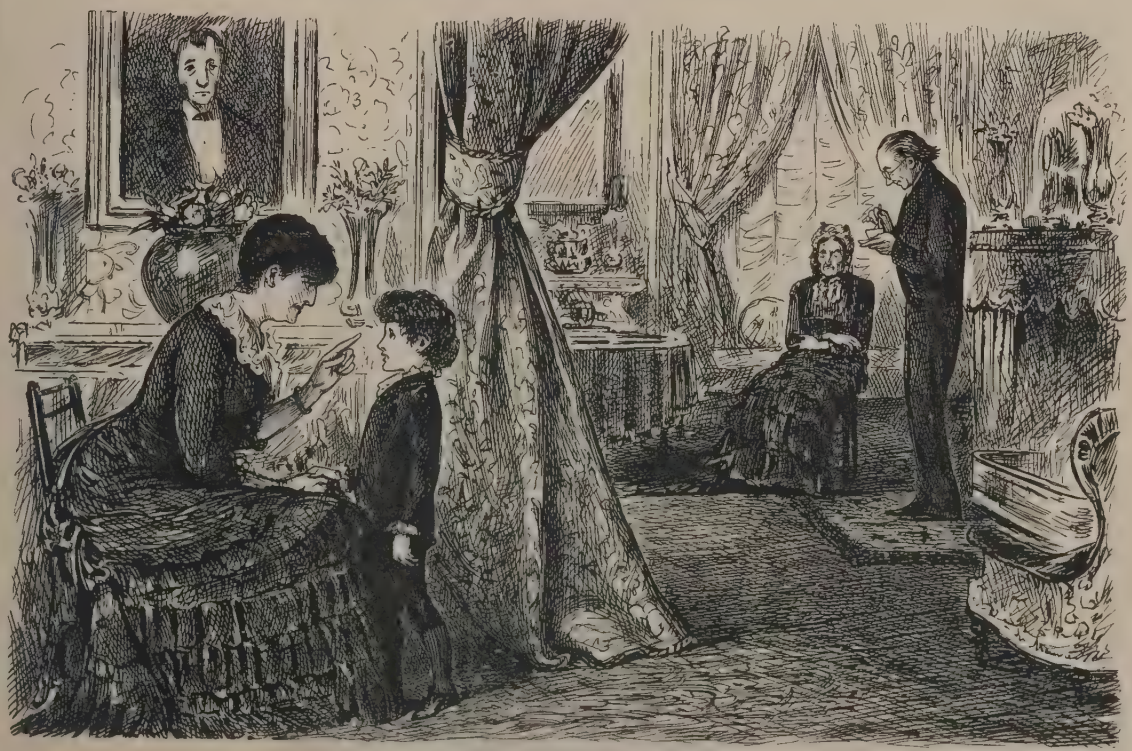
Miss Margaret. "PRAY SIT DOWN. I'M *SO* SORRY MAMMA AND MY SISTERS ARE OUT!"

Shy Curate (who has called on parish business). "OH, *PRAY* DON'T MENTION IT. *ONE* OF THE FAMILY IS *QUITE* ENOUGH!"

AN AWKWARD REPARTEE TO DEAL WITH.

Head Master. "IT'S DISGRACEFUL, SIR! WHY, YOUR BROTHER, WHO IS TWO YEARS YOUNGER THAN YOURSELF, KNOWS HIS GREEK GRAMMAR BETTER THAN YOU DO!"

Dunce. "AH, BUT MY BROTHER'S NOT BEEN HERE SO LONG AS I HAVE, SIR. IT'S ONLY HIS FIRST TERM!"



ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

Mamma (a Widow of cons'derable personal attractions). "I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING, TOMMY. YOU SAW THAT GENTLEMAN TALKING TO GRANDMAMMA IN THE OTHER ROOM. WELL, HE IS GOING TO BE YOUR NEW PAPA. MAMMA'S GOING TO MARRY HIM!"

Tommy (who recollects something of the life his old Papa used to lead). "D-D-DOES HE *KNOW* IT YET, MAMMA?"

INOPPORTUNE.

Newsboy (to irritable old Gent who has just lost his Train). "BUY A COMIC PAPER, SIR?!"

[Luckily, the old Gentleman was out of breath from his hurry.

"FAHRENHEIT."

Rector. "AH, WE SHALL BE COMFORTABLE THIS MORNING, GRUFFLES. I SEE YOU'VE GOT THE TEMPERATURE UP NICELY. SIXTY, I DECLARE!"

Clerk. "YES, SIR, I ALLUS HEV A TROUBLE TO GET THAT THING UP. I TOOK AND WARMED IT JEST THIS MINUTE!"

IRRESISTIBLE.

Lady. "WHAT! TWO SHILLINGS! AND EIGHTEENPENCE FOR WAITING THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR?—NONSENSE, MAN! IT WAS ONLY TEN MINUTES BY MY WATCH!"

Cabman (insinuatingly). "WASN'T IT, MISS? WELL, THEN, I S'POSE IT WAS A MISSIN' O' YOUR PRETTY FACE AS MADE IT *SEEM* THREE KERVARTERS OF AN HOUR!"

[Fare pays, and thinks the Cabman an extremely nice person.

THOSE HORRID BOYS!

Precise Female (in answer to a rude enquiry). "YOU ARE A VERY IMPERTINENT BOY!—YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL THAT IT IS A MATTER OF NO MOMENT TO YOU WHO MY HATTER IS!"

THE PROVINCIAL DRAMA.

The Marquis (in the Play). "'AVEN'T I GIVE' YER THE EDGICATION OF A GEN'LEMAN?"

Lord Adolphus (Spendthrift Heir). "YOU 'AVE!!"

A WASTED REBUKE.

Old Gent. (nervous). "BAD THING, WHISKEY, FOR SHAVING!"

Barber. "OU AY—ATWEEL IT IS—MAKS THE SKIN UNCO' TENDER; BUT I'LL TAK' GREAT CARE."

FESTIVITIES OF THE SEASON.

Mrs. Smith (to Mr. S., who has just arrived home at 2.30 a.m.). "WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SIR, BY COMING HOME IN SUCH A STATE AT THIS UNTIMELY HOUR?"

Mr. S. (decidedly "fresh"). "S-S-SH-SHTATE! 'TIMELY HOUR! EH! *(After a pause, with intense dignity)* FORSHINATE FOR YOU, MA-RAM, FRIEN' TOOK ME BRI'SH MUSHEUM—*(hic)*—AN' IF WE HADN'T COME OUT 'FORE LASHT ACT PAN'OMIME—'SHOULDN' A' BEEN HOME FOR VERY CONSHI'RABLE——" *(hic).*

"LAPSUS LINGUÆ."

Parson (who is also an enthusiastic Amateur Photographer, his mind wandering during the Service). "AND NOW FIX YOUR EYES ON THAT MARK ON THE WALL, AND LOOK PLEASANT!"

POLITE SELF-ABNEGATION.

My Lady (anxious to get home). "SHALL WE TURN TO THE RIGHT, THOMAS, OR GO STRAIGHT ON?"

Thomas (the new Boy, much flattered at having his taste consulted). "LOR', MY LADY, IT DON'T MAKE NO ODDS TO *ME!*"

NOT TO BE DISCONCERTED.

"THIS IS THE SUEZ CANAL, ISN'T IT, MOTHER?"—"NO, DARLING; IT'S THE *REGENT'S* CANAL."—"OH, OF COURSE. HOW STUPID OF ME! I'M *ALWAYS* CONFUSING THESE TWO CANALS!"

A SHARP MEMORY.

New Schoolmaster (examining in Physical Geography). "WHAT IS AN ISLAND?" *(No answer.)* "FOR INSTANCE, COULD I RIDE FROM HERE TO FRANCE OR TO IRELAND?"

Nice Little Boy (quite a Favourite). "NOA, SIR."

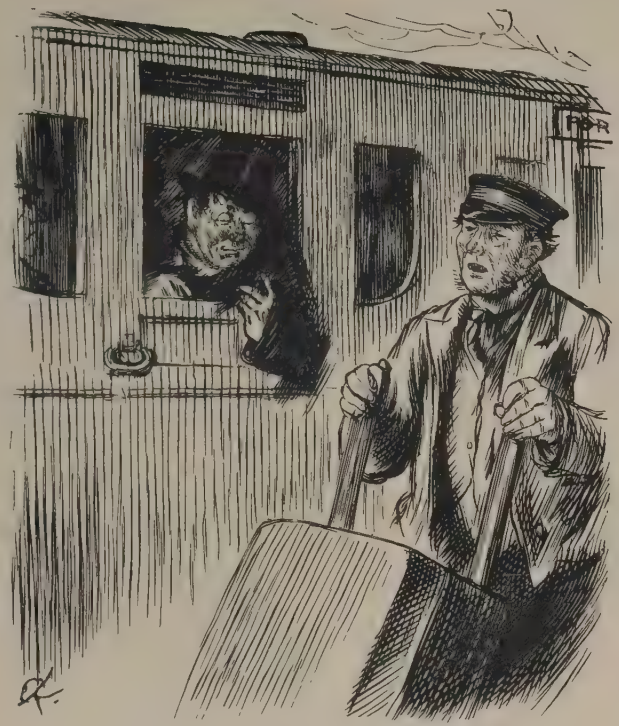
Schoolmaster (approvingly). "QUITE RIGHT, DAVID. TELL US WHY, MY BOY."

David. "'OAUSE FATHER SAHY HE SEE YEOU 'O' HOSSBACK, AN' HE'D LAHY A SHILL'N' AS YEOU COU'N'T GOO HALF A MILE 'THOUT A WOBBL'N' OFF!!"

"OUR BOYS."

Pater. "KNOWLEDGE, MY BOY, IS BETTER THAN WEALTH——"

Filius. "YE-ES. BUT, PO'MY WORD, D'YOU KNOW, SIR, I THINK I PREFER THE INFERIOR ARTICLE!"



"THE WORD OF PROMISE TO THE EAR!"

Railway Porter. "WEYBRIDGE! WEYBRIDGE! ANY ONE FOR V'RGIN'A WATER!—"

Thirsty Passenger (waking up at the sound of the last word). "GIN AN' WATER! 'ERE Y' ARE, PORTER! BRING 'SH FOUR PENN'TH!!"

ANTICIPATORY.

Sociable Old Lady. "WHAT YOU SAYS, MRS. JINKINS, IS QUITE CORREC', BUT WITH ALL THESE 'ERE TROUBLES AIN'T IT A COMFORT TO REFLEC' THAT BOTH ON US IS IN A GOOSE CLUB AGAIN' CHRISTMAS? AND WITH ANY SORT O' LUCK, MU'M—(*with a chuckle*)—WE'LL HAVE A BOTTLE OF 'OH, THAT'LL BE JOYFUL!' 'SAME TIME!!"

THE KNIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE.

THE ARMOUR HAD BEEN SENT HOME LATE, AND IT WOULDN'T FIT.

OH! THE CURTAINS.

Objectionable Child. "LOR! PA, ARE YOU GOING TO SMOKE? MY EYE! WON'T YOU CATCH IT WHEN MA COMES HOME, FOR MAKING THE CURTAINS SMELL!"

OFFICIAL CENSORSHIP OF PANTOMIME.

Policeman. "I WOULDN'T HAVE MINDED A QUIET PERFORMANCE; BUT TO BEGIN INSULTIN' THE LAWR UNDER MY WERY EYES!—*(Waxing wroth)*—MOVE ON! OR BLOW'D IF I DON'T RUN YER IN!"

DISPLACEMENT.

Old Gentleman (Military man, guest of the Squire's, conversing with smart-looking Rustic). "WOUNDED IN THE CRIMEA WERE YOU? BADLY?"

Rustic. "THE BULLET HIT ME IN THE CHIST, HERE, SURR, AN' CAME OUT AT ME BACK!"

Old Gentleman. "THE DEUCE! COME, COME, PAT, THAT WON'T DO! WHY, IT WOULD HAVE GONE RIGHT THROUGH YOUR HEART, MAN!"

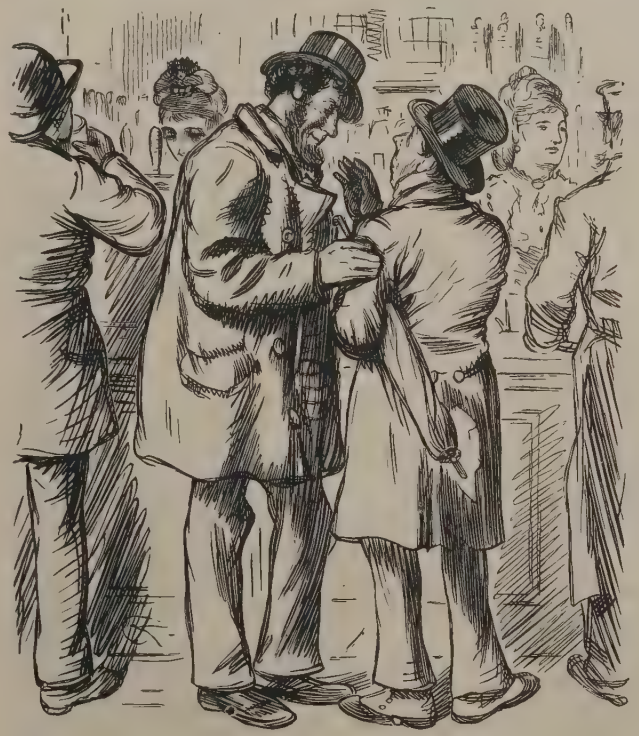
Rustic. "OCH, FAIX ME HEART WAS IN ME MOUTH AT THE THOIME, SURR!!"

CANDID.

Counsel. "WHY ARE YOU SO VERY PRECISE IN YOUR STATEMENT? ARE YOU AFRAID OF TELLING AN UNTRUTH?" *Witness (promptly).* "NO, SIR!"

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

TOMKINS'S FIRST LESSON IN THE ART OF "JUMPING."



"TRANSFORMATION SCENE."

Good Templar. "O DEAR NO! DON'T MENTION IT! I NEVER TAKE ANYTHING —I— !"

Fiend (in Human Shape). "NONSENSE! CHRISHMASH TIME! YOU'LL TAKE SOMETHING—"

~~*Good*~~ *Templar.* "WELL, IF YOU PUT IT LIKE THAT, I'LL TAKE—"

[Takes it

"CONSERVATION OF TISSUE."

Uncle. "WELL, TOMMY, YOU SEE I'M BACK; ARE YOU READY? WHAT HAVE I TO PAY FOR, MISS?"

Miss. "THREE BUNS, FOUR SPONGE CAKES, TWO SANDWICHES, ONE JELLY, FIVE TARTS, AND— "

Uncle. "GOOD GRACIOUS, BOY! ARE YOU NOT ILL?"

Tommy. "NO, UNCLE; BUT I'M THIRSTY."

FELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

Captain Belamour (who has married Money and become a Widower). "AH, MY DEAR FELLOW—
'TIS BETTER TO HAVE LOVED AND LOST,
THAN NEVER TO HAVE LOVED AT ALL'!"

AN UNSEEMLY INTERRUPTION.

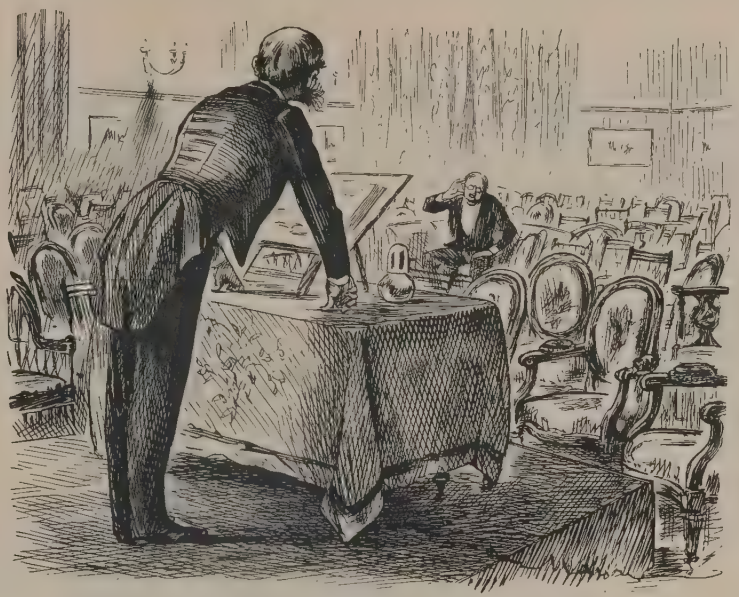
Eva (who has been told not to make a Noise during Family Prayers, which she attends for the first time). "NAUGHTY *GRANDPAPA'S* MAKING A NOISE!"

"COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON!"

Street Sweeper (airily). "GI'S 'CHRIS'MAS-BOX, GOV'NOUR!"

Old Gent. "CHRISTMAS-BOX! GOV'NOUR! D'YOU CONSIDER THAT A RESPECTF—A PROPER WAY TO ADDRESS A GEN'LEMAN? 'SEEMS TO ME YOU'VE MORE NEED OF MANNERS THAN OF MONEY."

Sweeper (very rudely). "I AXED YER FOR WHAT I THOUGHT YER 'AD MOST ON!!"



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE READER.

Distinguished Amateur. "AS THE PROGRAMME WAS VERY LONG, SIR, I FEEL FLATTERED THAT YOU SHOULD HAVE STAYED TO THE END!"

Remaining Spectator. "I—A—ARE YOU SPEAKING TO ME, SIR? I AM SORRY TO SAY I CAN'T HEAR A WORD. I'VE THE MISFORTUNE TO BE DEAF!"

EASIER SAID THAN DONE!

Little Angler (to gigantic Friend, whom he'd invited for a day's Trout Fishing). "KEEP BACK, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE! FOUR POUNDS, IF HE'S AN OUNCE!—THE ONLY WAY IN THIS CLEAR WATER (THERE HE IS!—AH! TUT-T-T—HE'S OFF AGAIN—) IS TO KEEP OUT O' SIGHT!"

A SERIOUS MATTER.

Fond Mother (finishing up a little bit of advice). "AND BE SURE, EDWIN, WHATEVER YOU DO, NEVER ALLOW YOURSELF TO TRIFLE WITH ANY YOUNG LADY'S AFFECTIONS."

SHIVERLISATION.

Mr. Gelidouche (to himself, shivering as he breaks the ice in his bath). "SH—SH—SH! WISH I WASH KNIGHT I' MIDDLE AGESH—B'FORE ALL THIS—TZT! *(sneezes)* SHANATORY SHIVILISATION WAS THOUGHT OF—*(sniffs).* P'POSTEROUS RUBBISH!"

A PARDONABLE MISTAKE.

Dr. Smiler. "BY THE BYE, I MUST CONGRATULATE YOU, LADY JANE. OF COURSE YOU HAVE HEARD THAT YOUR NEPHEW, GEORGE, HAS JUST GOT HIS FIRST——"

Lady Jane. "HIS—*FIRST!!!* GRACIOUS HEAVENS! I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THE BOY WAS MARRIED!"

Dr. Smiler. "HE! HE! HE! YOUR LADYSHIP MISUNDERSTANDS ME. I ALLUDE TO HIS RECENT SUCCESS AT COLLEGE."

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Squire (who interests himself with the Moral and Material Condition of his Peasantry). "HULLO, WOODRUFF! WHAT AN EYE YOU'VE GOT! HOW DID YOU GET THAT?!"

Labourer. "O, IT'S NAWTHIN' PARTIC'LAR, SIR. LAST NIGHT—AT THE WHITE 'ART, SIR. BUT—*(in extenuation)*—CHRISHMASH TIME, SIR—ON'Y ONCE A YEAR!"

THE BATTUE.

Swell Keeper (to party assembled). "NOW, I WANTS A COUPLE O' LORDS, FORRAD—A COUPLE O' LORDS ON THE RIGHT, AND A COUPLE O' LORDS ON THE LEFT! *(Turning to humble Commoner in Knickerbockers and Zouave gaiters.)* YOU TRY THE HIGH STUFF WITH THE BEATERS, AND TAKE YOUR CHANCE OF A *HARE BACK.*"

A MEAN AVERAGE.

Vulgar Old Uncle. "JOIN THE LADIES, GEORGE? ALL RIGHT, MY BOY. I GENERALLY TAKE A GLASS OF SHERRY BEFORE LEAVING THE TABLE—*(sips)*—YOU SEE IT MAKES ABOUT THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE GLASSES A YEAR—*(smacking his lips)*—EXTRY!!"

MUSIC IN THE MIDLANDS.

Intelligent Youth of Country Town. "AH SAY, BILL, 'ULL THAT BE T' ELIJAH GOIN' OOP I' THAT BIG BOX?!"

A STUDY FROM THE PARLOUR-WINDOW.

SEUSAN, TAKING IN WHAT SHE NOT UNAPTLY CALLS THE "AREA-ATED BREAD."

Bilious Old Uncle. "I'M DELIGHTED TO SEE THIS FALL; IT WILL GIVE THAT DREADFUL BOY CHILBLAINS, AND HE'LL BE LAID UP OUT OF MISCHIEF."

OCCUPATION OF "THAT DREADFUL BOY" AT THE SAME PERIOD.

MUTUAL SATISFACTION.

"OH! THE MISTLETOE BOUGH."

Aunt Virginia. "GOOD GRACIOUS, GIRLS, I DECLARE I'M QUITE AFRAID TO GET OUT! LOOK AT THE CABMAN! HE'S GOT MISTLETOE IN HIS HAT!!"

QUITE ANOTHER THING.

Britisher (picking up his last shot). "'FRENCH BIRD."

Monsieur Chevrette. "AH YES. HE IS BIGGER BIRD ZAN ZE ENGLISH—MORE CO-RAGE—MORE 'AN'SOME. 'RED LEGS AND RED BICK. AND HIS—HIS FOLIAGE IS QUITE DIF-FRENT!"

UNCONSCIOUS SATIRE.

Keeper (to the two Tourists, who find Canoeing more difficult on the Highland Rivers than on the Thames). "HI! HOY! HOY! D'YE NO KEN THIS IS THE MCCHIZZLEM'S PRIVATE WATTER!?"

HUNTING HINTS.

HOW TO RETAIN POSSESSION OF YOUR HORSE AFTER A FALL—A SALMON REEL AND LINE IS THE VERY THING!

"A WORD IN SEASON," ETC.

"NEVER MIND, MEASTER!—UP YE GETS AGEN. YOU WOR WERRY NIGH OFF *THAT* TIME!"

GREAT WESTERN, 3 A.M.

"WHY THE DEUCE DO YOU ALWAYS *YAWN* WHEN YOU LOOK AT ME, SIR, HAY?"
"WHY THE DEUCE DO YOU ALWAYS *LOOK* AT ME, SIR, WHEN I'M *YAW—HAW—HAWNING!*"

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.—JONES'S DRESSING-ROOM.

(The Costumier has forgotten to send Jones's Jack Boots.) Jones. "CALLED AM I? I CAN'T PLAY *CHARLES XII.* IN PATENT LEATHER BOOTS WITH GREEN TOPS! I MUST HAVE YOURS!"
[Brown, who plays 2nd Officer, don't see it.

FELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

Unemployed Party (who has not received the donation he begged for). "YAH! 'I TRICED YER LITTLE FOOTSTEPS IN THE SNAOW!'"

FLATTERING.

Old Lady (to modest Curate). "LOR', SIR, I DO LIKE TO 'EAR YOU PREACH EXTRUMPERY!—YOUR LANGUAGE IS THAT WON'ERFUL FLUID!"

A STOPPER.

Itinerant Vendor. "GIE US A CHRIS'MAS-BOX, CUVNOR! I ALLUS HAS MY TEETH DRAWED 'ERE."

Practitioner. "ALL RIGHT, MY MAN! STEP INSIDE, AND I'LL TAKE ONE OUT FOR NOTHING."

[Itinerant Vendor does not seem to see the pull of it.

THE IDLE SERVANT.

Mistress. "YOU ARE AN EXCESSIVELY WICKED BOY, SIR! YOU HAVE BEEN A VERY LONG TIME BRINGING ME THIS LETTER—AND I MUST INSIST UPON KNOWING IN WHAT MANNER YOU HAVE BEEN IDLING AWAY YOUR TIME—SPEAK, SIR!"

Domestic. "BOO-HOO-'M! IF YOU PLEASE, 'M! *ME AND ANOTHER BUTLER* WAS A LOOKING AT PUNCH, HOO-HOO!!"

DON'T LOOK TOO MUCH BEFORE YOU LEAP.

JENKINS IS TIMID, AND NEVER RIDES IN HANSOM CABS, ON ACCOUNT OF THE WELL-KNOWN TENDENCY THE HORSES THEREOF HAVE TO BOLT, KICK, AND OTHERWISE MISCONDUCT THEMSELVES. BUT ONE DAY HE SEES A HORSE WITH A CERTAIN "JE NE SAIS QUOI" ABOUT IT THAT INSPIRES HIM WITH CONFIDENCE; AND HAVING ASCERTAINED FROM THE DRIVER THAT SAID HORSE IS NOT TOO FRESH, AND MADE HIM PROMISE NOT TO LET IT GALLOP, HE ENTERS THE VEHICLE——

THE RESULT!

"LE JEU NE VAUT PAS LA CHANDELLE."

Old Gent (having had to pay twice). "BUT I'M POSITIVE I HANDED YOU THE MONEY! IT MAY PROBABLY HAVE DROPPED DOWN THE SLIT IN THE DOOR!"

Conductor. "SLIT IN THE DOOR!—WELL, 'TAIN'T LIKELY I'M GOIN' TO TURN THE BUS UPS!DE-DOWN FOR SIXPENCE!"

A MODEST DISCLAIMER.

The Professor (opening his Wife's Prayer-book by chance). "'WITH ALL MY WORLDLY GOODS I THEE ENDOW'!! WHY, WHEN WE MARRIED, MARIA, I HADN'T A PENNY TO BLESS MYSELF WITH, LET ALONE TO ENDOW *YOU!*"

Maria. "NO, MY LOVE; BUT YOU HAD A MAGNIFICENT INTELLECT, AND ENDOWED ME WITH *THAT*——"

The Professor. "*NO, I DIDN'T*, MARIA!"

DIAGNOSIS.

"I CAN TELL YOU WHAT *YOU'RE* SUFFERING FROM, MY GOOD FELLOW! YOU'RE SUFFERING FROM *ACNE!*"

"'*ACKNEY!* WHY, THAT'S JUST WHAT THE *T'OTHER* MEDICAL GENT HE TOLD ME! *I ONLY WISH I'D NEVER BEEN NEAR THE PLACE!*"

WHIST.

(Cut In by Dumb-Crambo Junior.)

POLE, CAVENDISH, AND HOYLE.

CUT FOR DEAL.

PLAYING A TRUMP.

TAKING DUMMY AND FOLLOWING SUIT.

A MISSED EEL.

COMMANDING CARDS.

A RUBBER.

HONOURS DIVIDED

RETURNING THE LEAD.

TURN-UP CARD.

GAME IN HAND.

DISCARDING A WEEK'S SOOT.

WOUNDED PRIDE.

Small Boy. "NOW, THEN, YOU SIR! DON'T YOU KNOW NO BETTER THAN TO RUN AGIN A MIMBER O' PARLIAMENT—JUST YOU COME BACK, AND PICK UP MY 'AT, OR I'M BLOWED IF I DON'T MAKE YER!"

URGENT.

Street Boy. "I SAY, COOKY? THEY JUST ARE A-FININ' OF 'EM ALL ROUND THE SKVARE—GIVE US A SHILLIN' AND I'LL SWEEP YOUR DOOR AFORE THE PLEECEMAN COMES."

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

Old Lady. "OH, AH! YES, IT'S THE WAITS. I LOVE TO LISTEN TO 'EM. IT MAY BE FANCY, BUT SOMEHOW THEY DON'T SEEM TO PLAY SO SWEETLY AS THEY DID WHEN I WAS A GIRL. PERHAPS IT IS THAT I'M GETTING OLD, AND DON'T HEAR QUITE SO WELL AS I USED TO DO."

A FINE DISPOSITION.

Affectionate Husband. "COME, POLLY, IF I AM A LITTLE IRRITABLE, IT'S OVER IN A MINUTE!!"

SHARP—RATHER!

First Boy. "I SAY, BILL, WHAT 'A YER GOT IN THAT WALLET?"
Second Boy. "HOW D'YER KNOW MY NAME WAS BILL?"

First Boy. "OH, GUESSED IT."
Second Boy. "THEN YER M' GUESS WHAT'S IN THIS 'ERE WALLET!"

MIGHT BE WORSE.

Darling Daughter. "OH, PA, WHAT D'YOU THINK? MA'S LOST TEN POUNDS!"
Daughter. "HUSH—SH, PA! SINCE SHE'S BANTING I MEAN—AVERDUPOISE OR WHATEVER YOU CALL IT, YOU KNOW!"

Papa. "WHAT! THE OLD —."

WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

"IT'S VERY ODD - BUT I CAN'T GET RID OF MY PICTURES. THE HOUSE IS FULL OF THEM!"
"CAN'T YOU GET YOUR GROCER TO GIVE 'EM AWAY WITH A POUND OF TEA, OR SOMETHING?"

STUDIES IN REPARTEE.

She. "HOW SILENT YOU ARE! WHAT ARE YOU THINKING OF?"
He. "NOTHING!" *She.* "EGOTIST!"

TERRIBLE SITUATION.

Hostess. "I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO A CHARMING PARTNER—MR. TRIMMLES, MISS MUDDLEWORTH." *(In a whisper to him.)* "SO CLEVER! WROTE THAT CAPITAL ARTICLE ON SPONTANEOUS CEREBROSITY IN THE LAST SIXTH-MONTHLY!!"

AFTER THE PANTOMIME.

Nurse. "THERE'S YOUR CAKE, MISS GEORGEY. NOW, MASTER BOBBY, WHAT WILL YOU HAVE BEFORE YOU GO TO BED?"

Master Bobby. "I'LL HAVE A DEVILLED TURKEY'S LEG, WELL PEPPERED, AND SOME BEER, IF YOU PLEASE."

TRUE RESPECTABILITY.

First Costermonger. "I WONDER A RESPECTABLE COVE LIKE YOU, BILL, CARRIES YOUR OWN COLLYFLOWERS; WHY DON'T YER KEEP A CARRIDGE LIKE MINE?"

Second Costermonger. "WHY DON'T I KEEP A CARRIDGE? WHY, BECAUSE I DON'T CHOOSE TO WASTE MY HINCUM IN MERE SHOW AND FASHIONABLE DISPLAY!"

PLEASANT!

Scene—A bleak Scottish Moor. Time—New Year's Day. Train gradually stops.

Excited Passenger. "NOW, THEN, GUARD, WHAT *ARE* YOU STOPPING HERE FOR?"

Philosophical Guard. "FACT IS, THE WATTER'S GANE AFF THE BILE. HOOEVER, IT'S JIST POSSIBLE TH' EXPRESS BEH N'LL BE LATE."

EACH FOR HIS OWN.

"GARDENER! GARDENER! LOOK!! THERE'S MY LITTLE BOY PLAYING WITH YOUR SCYTHE!!!"
"LORBLESSYER MUM! I DON'T MIND! HE WON'T *HURT* IT!!"

"SAILING DIRECTIONS."

Old Gent (in the vicinity of the Docks). "CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO CHARING CROSS?"—*Ancient Mariner.* "CHARIN' CROSS? LE'S SEE, 'WIND'S ABOUT NOR'-WEST BY NOTHE,—YOU KEEP THE SUN ON YOUR WEATHER BOW, AND YOU'LL JIST ABOUT FETCH——" *[Old Gent hurries off.*

SUPPORT.

Vicar. "SORRY I NEVER SEE YOU AT CHURCH, SQUIRE. AS A LEADING MAN IN THE PARISH, YOU OUGHT TO BE ONE OF THE PILLARS——"

Squire. "WELL, AT ALL EVENTS, IF I'M NÓT A PILLAR, I'M ONE O' THE BUTTRESSES—ALWAYS TO BE FOUND OUTSIDE, YOU KNOW!!"

AWFUL INSTANCE OF PERCEPTION OF CHARACTER IN AN INFANT PRODIGY.

Prodigy. "MAMMA, LOOK DERE! DERE PAPA!"

A DUET UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Emily (sotto voce). "MY GOODNESS, EDITH, WHAT SHALL I DO?—MY NOSE ITCHES SO DREADFULLY, AND WE ARE COMING TO THE MOST DIFFICULT PART."

PERSONAL.

Grandpa'. "HULLO, GODFREY MY BOY! 'BEEN SKATING?"

Godfrey. "YES, GRAN'PA'; BUT IT'S NO USE FOR *YOU* TO TRY. IT WON'T BEAR YOU FOR ANOTHER FORTNIGHT!"

ROTTEN ROW NORTH.

'Ampstead Cavalier. "WOULD YOU BE SO KIND, MUM, AS TO FETCH 'IM A GOOD WHACK 'ITH YOUR RUMBERELLER?"

VERY MUCH CARED FOR.

Chorus of Ladies (to comely Curate). "O, MR. SWEETLOW, DO TAKE CARE! DON'T GO UP!—SO DANGEROUS! DO COME DOWN! O!"

Rector (sarcastically). "REALLY, SWEETLOW, DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D BETTER LET A MARRIED MAN DO THAT?!!"

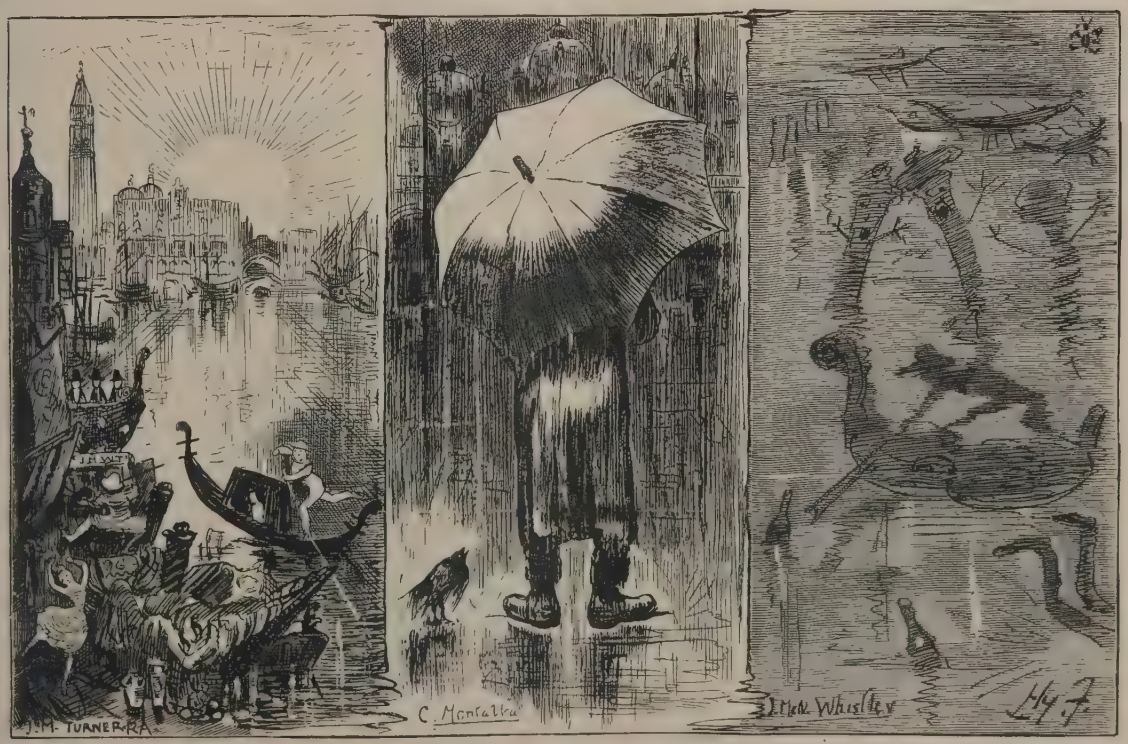
A FACT.

Salvation Army Black Man (to Farmer in opposite corner of Third-class Carriage). "HAVE YOU BEEN BORN AGAIN, MY FRIEND?"

Farmer. "DON'T KNOW. HAVE YOU?" *Black Man.* "YES, I HAVE."

Farmer. "WELL, THEN, IF I'D BIN YOU, I'D 'A BIN BORN A *WHITE 'UN!*"

[Collapse of Black Man.

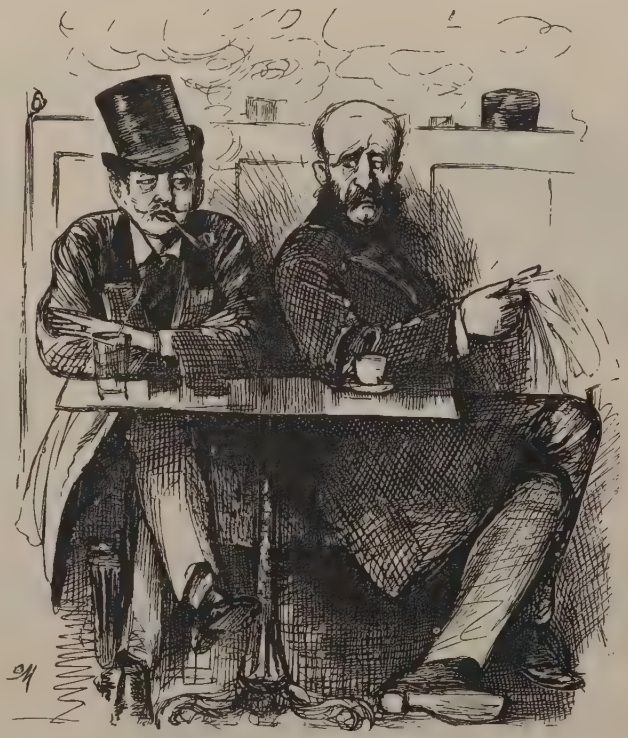


DIFFERENT PEOPLE TAKE DIFFERENT VIEWS.—VENICE ACCORDING TO THREE ARTISTS.

"(NOT) THANKFUL FOR SMALL MERCIES."

Cat's-Meat Man. "WHAT 'A YER GOT FOR DINNER TO-DAY, JOE?"

Crossing-Sweeper. "OH, A BIT O' ROAST WEAL, SENT ME UP FROM NO. 6 IN THE CRESCENT 'ERE—AN' YER WOULDN'T B'LLEVE IT!—NOT A MOSSEL O' STUFFIN—AH, AN' NOT SO MUCH AS A SLICE O' LEMON!—AND *(with a sneer)* CALLS THEIRSELVES RESPECT'BLE PEOPLE, I'VE NO DOUBT!!"

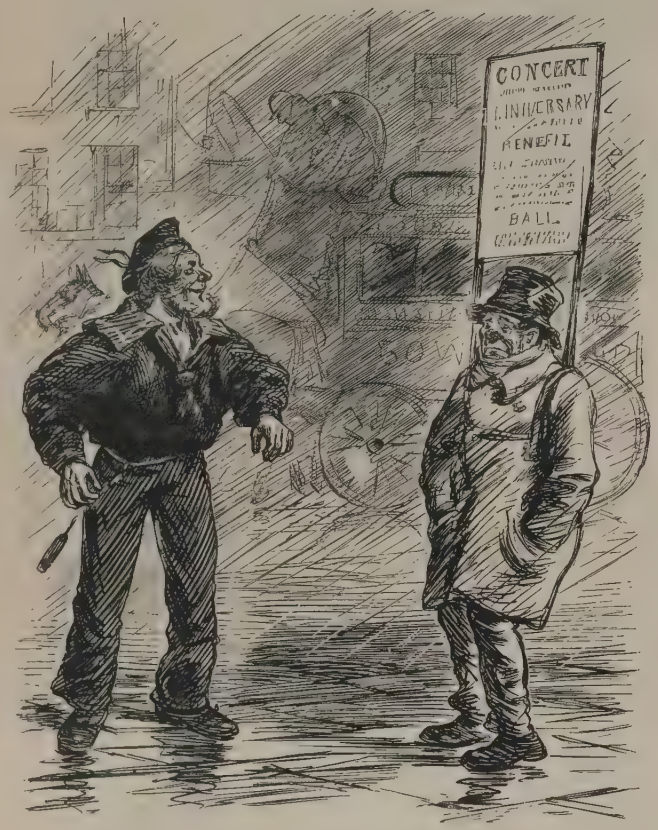


AN ORNAMENT TO SOCIETY.

(One that might be dispensed with.)

Gloomy and Dissipated Youth (who has discovered that Life is not worth having). "I HOPE I SHAN'T BE ALIVE AFTER *THIRTY!*"

Unsympathetic Elderly Party. "IS THERE ANY PARTICULAR NECESSITY THAT YOU SHOULD BE ALIVE *TILL* THIRTY?"



"FALSE SAILING."

Tar. "WHAT CHEER, MATE! YOU'D BETTER TAKE IN A REEF O' YOUR TAUP'SLE; OR I'M BLOWED IF YOU WON'T HAVE THE MASTS OUT O' YER."

"A FELLOW-FEELING MAKES US WONDROUS KIND."

"WHAT! GOING TO LEAVE US, JAMES?"
"YES, SIR, I'M VERY SORRY, SIR, BUT I REALLY CAN'T PUT UP WITH MISSUS ANY LONGER!" "AH, JAMES! THINK HOW LONG I'VE PUT UP WITH HER!"

THE OLD GENTLEMAN IS IN A HURRY TO GET TO THE STATION—
CAB HORSE JIBS MOST RESOLUTELY.

Old Gent. "NOW THEN, DRIVER WHAT'S THE MATTER?"
Cabman. "OH, IT'S NOTHIN', SIR HE'S ON'Y A LEETLE TOO FRESH, SIR!"

"THE PROUD (POLICE-)MAN'S CONTUMELY."

Constable (to Old Wiggins, who has come down on a piece of Orange-peel and a slide). "THERE NOW, I 'OPES YOU'RE SATISFIED!—SERVES YOU JOLLY WELL RIGHT!—IF I CATCHES YOU A SLIDIN' ON THE PAVEMENT AGAIN, I'LL RUN YOU IN—SHARP!"

HIGHLY CONSIDERATE.

Little Smithkin (debonairly). "OBJECT TO SMOKING?"

North Briton. "NAE IN THE LEAST, IF IT DOES NA' MAK' YE SAC'!"

[As Little S. said, he "cut the old Cad for the rest of the journey."

A STRAIGHT TIP.

Spinster (Visitor). "*DEAR* OLD FELLOW! WHY, MORGAN, HE'S FRIENDS ALREADY!" *(Pause.)* "HE QUITE LOVES ME!"

Morgan. "LOR' BLESS YER 'ART, MISS, 'E KNOWS THE RIGHT SORT, 'E DOES! IF 'E C'UD SPEAK, 'E'D BE AFTER SAYING, 'REMEMBER ME AN' JIM'—(THAT'S ME, MISS)—'WHEN YER GOES AWAY.' *'E'S* ARTFUL, 'E IS—*VERY!*"

SUBTLE DISCRIMINATION.

Ethel (to Jack, who has been put into the Corner by the New Governess). "I'M SO SORRY FOR YOU, JACK!"

Jack. "BOSH! WHO CARES! THIS AIN'T A *REAL* CORNER, YOU KNOW!"

ENGLISH AT THE UNIVERSITIES.

First Undergraduate (reading out). "WILL *THIS* DO, GUS? 'MR. SMITH PRESENTS HIS COMPLIMENTS TO MR. JONES, AND FINDS HE HAS A CAP WHICH ISN'T MINE. SO, IF YOU HAVE A CAP WHICH ISN'T HIS, NO DOUBT THEY ARE THE ONES.'"! *Second Undergraduate.* "OH, YES—FIRST-RATE!"

CAUTION.

Prosperous Shoe Black. "YOU DON'T KETCH ME PUTTING MY MONEY INTO ANY O' THEM BANKS, I CAN TELL YER!"

A VULGAR SUBJECT.

Boys. "OH, AIN'T HE MOPS AND BROOMS, NEITHER!"
Baker. "WHY DON'T THEY TAKE HIM TO THE STATION?"
Tender Female. "HE'S ILL, POOR GENTLEMAN, HE SHOULD GO TO THE HOSPITAL!"
Cabby (contemptuously). "HILL! ORSEPITAL INDEED!—*I ON'Y WISH I'D GOT ARF HIS COMPLAINT!*"

SEASONABLE WEATHER—SO DELIGHTFUL!

Old Gent. "NOW, YOU BOYS! I WILL NOT HAVE—" *(Snowball!)*

ACCOMMODATING.

Old Crossing-Sweeper. "CHRISTMAS-BOX, YOUR 'ONOUR! I'M BLUE WID THE COULD!"

Benevolent but Hermetically Buttoned-up Old Gent. "BU', MY GOO' CREASH'RE, HOW THE DOOCE D'YOU S'POSE I'M—"

Old C.-S. "AH, DO, SIR, AND I'LL SING YE A LITTLE SONG WHILE YOUR 'ONOUR'S UNDRESSIN'!"

SPORT!

Cockney Sportsman (eager, but disappointed). "I SAY, MY BOY, SEEN ANY BIRDS THIS WAY?"

'Cute Rustic (likewise anxious to make a bag). "OH, A RARE LOT, GUV'NOR—A RARE LOT—JUST FLEW OVER THIS 'ERE 'EDGE, AND SETTLED IN THAT 'ERE FIELD, CLOSE TO SQUIRE BLANK'S RICKS."

[Cockney Grateful Sportsman tips boy a shilling, and goes hopefully after . . . a flock of Starlings!

FROM THE "OTHER SIDE."

"A—DO *YOU* PLAY, MISS VAN TROMP?"—"I GUESS NOT." "A—DO YOU SING?"—"WELL, NO, DUKE. I'VE BEEN TAUGHT NO *PARLOUR TRICKS!*"

TRUE LITERARY EXCLUSIVENESS.

"DON'T YOU ADMIRE ROBERT BROWNING AS A POET, MR. FITZSNOOK?"
"I USED TO, ONOE; BUT *EVERYBODY* ADMIRES HIM NOW, DON'TCHERKNOW—SO I'VE HAD TO GIVE HIM UP!"

A TOO FAIR ONE.

He. "I DECLARE, MISS ANGELINA, YOU TREAT ME WORSE THAN YOUR DOG!"
She. "OH, MR. DE MOGYNS, HOW CAN YOU SAY SO? I'M SURE I NEVER MAKE THE SLIGHTEST DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YOU!"

"IN THE DIM AND DISTANT FUTURE."

First Sportsman (cantering along easily). "I SAY, WE SHALL SEE YOU AT DINNER ON THE NINETEENTH, SHAN'T WE?"
Second Ditto (whose Horse is very fresh, and bolting with him). "IF THE BEAST GOES ON LIKE THIS,—HANGED IF YOU'LL EVER SEE ME AGAIN."

FREAKS OF NATURE.

Waiter. "NOW, THEN, LOOK SHARP! HERE'S THAT MUTTON-CHOP A BILING WITH RAGE AT BEIN' KEP' WAITIN', AND A BEEFSTEAK GONE AWAY IN A TOWERING PASSION!"

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

"NOW, THEN, SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE WI' YOUR LARKIN'! I WOULDN'T CARE BUT—*RIGHT AFORE THE CUSTOMER'S WINDER!*"

LITTLE AND GOOD.

Gentleman. "WHO DO THESE PIGS BELONG TO, BOY?"
'Chaw.' "WHY, THIS 'ERE OWD ZOW."
Gentleman. "YES, YES; BUT I MEAN WHO'S THEIR MASTER?"
'Chaw.' "WHY, THAT THERE LITTLE 'UN; HE'S A VARMUN TO FOIGHT!"

"IS IT POS-SIBLE?!"

Swell (lecturing Juvenile Member of Manufacturing Centre). "YOU SHOULD ALWAYS—AH—TOUCH YOUR HAT TO A GENTLEMAN——"

Factory Lad. "PLEASE, SIR, I DIDN'T KNOW AS YER WAS ONE!!"

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Professional Poacher. "PRAPS YOU EIN'T AWEER, YOUNG GEN'LEMAN, THAT THIS HERE BIT O' WATER IS STRICKLY PERSERVED."

RATHER AWKWARD.

Eligible Young Bachelor (making call). "WELL, MASTER FRED, YOU DON'T KNOW WHO I AM."

Too Candid Young Hopeful. "OH, BUT I *DO*, THOUGH! YOU'RE THE CHAP MA' SAYS WOULD BE SUCH A GOOD CATCH FOR OUR MARY!" [*Tableau.*

CATCHING A TARTAR.

Flippant Cockney. "ARE THERE MANY FOOLS IN THIS PART OF THE WORLD, MY LAD?"
Nondescript. "NOT AS I KNOWS ON, ZUR! WHY, D'YER FEEL A BIT *LONESOME*, LOIKE?"

"EVERY EXCUSE."

Brigson (excited). "HULLO!—THERE GOES A—" *[Ups with his gun!*
His Host (clutching his arm). "GOOD HEAVENS!—YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SHOOT THAT FOX?"
Brigson. "MY DEAR F'LLER! WH'-WH'-WHY NOT? THIS IS THE LAST DAY I SHALL HAVE THIS SEASON—AND I—I FEEL AS IF I COULD SHOOT MY OWN MOTHER-IN-LAW—IF SHE ROSE!"

"BY AUTHORITY."

Street Boy (sternly). "P'LICE-SERGE'NT SAYS AS YOU'RE T' HAVE YOUR DOOR-WAY SWEP' IMMEDIAT'; AN' *(more meekly)* ME AN' MY MATE'S WILLIN' TO DO IT, S'!"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.

THE COOK SAYS THAT SHE THINKS THERE'S A SLATE LOOSE ON THE ROOF OF THE HOUSE, FOR THE WATER COMES INTO THE SERVANTS' BEDROOM. MR. BRIGGS REPLIES THAT THE SOONER IT IS PUT TO RIGHTS THE BETTER, BEFORE IT GOES ANY FURTHER—AND HE WILL SEE ABOUT IT.

MR. BRIGGS HAVING BEEN TOLD BY THE BUILDER THAT A "LITTLE COMPO" IS ALL THAT IS WANTED, THE FIRST STEP IS TAKEN TOWARDS MAKING THINGS COMFORTABLE.

NO TIME HAS BEEN LOST. MR. BRIGGS FINDS, ON GETTING OUT OF BED AT FIVE A.M. THAT THE WORKPEOPLE HAVE ALREADY COMMENCED PUTTING THE ROOF TO RIGHTS.

JUST TO SHOW HOW ONE THING LEADS TO ANOTHER—MR. BRIGGS (WHO HAS COME OUT ON THE LEADS WHILE THE MEN ARE GONE TO DINNER) IS SHOWN BY THE BUILDER HOW IT WOULD BE THE EASIEST THING IN THE WORLD TO "THROW" HIS PASSAGE INTO HIS DINING ROOM, AND BUILD A NEW ENTRANCE HALL WITH A SLIGHT CONSERVATORY OVER IT.—TO THE RIGHT OF THE CARTOON IS MRS. BRIGGS (!) WHO THINKS MR. B. HAS TAKEN LEAVE OF HIS SENSES.

TABLEAU, REPRESENTING FURTHER IMPROVEMENTS IN MR. BRIGGS'S HOUSE—DESTRUCTION OF THE WALL WHICH SEPARATES THE PARLOUR FROM THE PASSAGE.

Scene—Principal Barricade at Mr. Briggs's House.

OWING TO THE INCOMPLETE STATE OF THE ALTERATIONS, MR. BRIGGS IS OBLIGED TO ENTER HIS HOUSE THROUGH THE PARLOUR WINDOW. THE POLICEMAN MISTAKES HIM FOR A BURGLAR, AND ACTS ACCORDINGLY. IN MR. BRIGGS'S HAND MAY BE OBSERVED A FINE LOBSTER, WHICH HE HAS BROUGHT HOME TO CONCILIATE MRS. B.

THE GATES HAVE JUST BEEN THOROUGHLY CLEANED, AND FRESH PAINTED. ON HIS RETURN FROM THE CITY, MR. BRIGGS FINDS THAT RUDE BOYS (TOTALLY REGARDLESS OF HIS FEELINGS) HAVE BEEN FARTHER DECORATING THEM.

A DILEMMA.

"NOW, IF I JUMP IT, I SHALL CERTAINLY FALL OFF; AND IF I DISMOUNT TO OPEN IT, I SHALL NEVER GET ON AGAIN."

YOUNG NIMROD.

Aunt. "WELL, CHARLIE, YOU'LL COME WITH YOUR SISTERS, AND SPEND THE DAY ON MONDAY, WON'T YOU?"
Charlie. "NOT ON MONDAY, AUNT KITTY. I NEVER DINE OUT ON A HUNTING DAY."

"EVIL COMMUNICATIONS," &c.

Elder of Twins. "IT'S *VERY* VULGAR TO SAY 'YOU BE *BLOWED*' TO EACH OTHER, LIKE THOSE MEN DO. ISN'T IT, UNCLE FRED?"

Uncle Fred. "I BELIEVE IT *IS* GENERALLY CONSIDERED SO, MY DEAR!"

Elder of Twins. "YES, INDEED! ETHEL AND I, YOU KNOW, *WE* ALWAYS SAY, 'YOU BE *BLOWN!*'"

DEAR OLD DONKEY!

SOME PEOPLE ARE SO OBSTINATE! THERE'S THIS OLD PARTY WHO DINES AT THE *TABLE-D'HÔTE* AT THE "BELGRAVIA"—HE WILL INSIST ON OPENING HIS OWN SELTZER WATER, AND GIVES US A SHOWER-BATH ALL ROUND!

"ALARUMS, EXCURSIONS."

Perplexed Old Lady (at Scotch Junction in a Fog). "AH HAE MA BUNDLE—AN' AH HAE MA TEECKT—BUT FA'S THE DEE-SIDE REL-RO'D!!"

SHARP, RATHER!

Boy. "TWO 'A'P'NY 'ERRINS." *Shopkeeper (severely).* "IF WHAT, SIR? IF YOU—WHAT, SIR?"
Boy. "WELL, IF Y'A' GOT 'EM!"

AWFUL!

First Punch and Judy Man (to invalid ditto). "HULLO, BILL, COULDN'T THINK WHAT 'AD BECOME O' YER. RETIRED FROM BUSINESS? WHERE 'A YER BEEN? WHY! YOU DON'T LOOK WELL, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YER?"
Invalid Punch and Judy Man (in a whistling whisper). "BEEN LAID UP, JOE, WERY QUEER, GOT OVER IT NOW, THOUGH."
First Punch and Judy Man. "WHAT, HAVE YOU 'AD A COLD?" *Invalid.* "WUSS, 'AD A HACCIDENT. SWALLERED THE CALL!!"

OLD SCHOOL.

Mr. Grapes (helping himself to another glass of that fine old Madeira). "HAH! WE LIVE IN STRANGE TIMES—WHAT THE DOOCE CAN PEOPLE WANT WITH DRINKING FOUNTAINS!"

A "WARM CORNER" FOR JONES.

Jones. "I SAY, BROWN! HANG IT, YER KNOW! YOU NEARLY SHOT MY HEAD OFF THAT TIME!"
Brown (who has bagged Jones's bird into the bargain) "WHY DIDN'T YOU *DUCK*, YOU FOOL?"

EGGS-ASPERATING!

George (about to enjoy the first new-laid Egg from the recently set-up Fowl-house). "WHY—CONF—THEY'VE BOILED THE PORCELAIN NEST-EGG!"

"TOO BAD!"

The New Cook. "WELL, I DECLARE! HERE I'VE BEEN AND GIVE' SIX GUINEAS FOR A NEW DRESS TO KEEP UP THE R'SPECTABILITY OF THE 'OUSE, AND HERE'S MISSIS, IN A DOWDY THIRTY SHILLIN' 'ULSTRER,' A-COMIN' FROM THAT THERE 'LADIES' CO-OPERATIVE ECONOMICAL MILLINGERY ASSOCIATION'!"

HUNTING PUZZLE.

WHAT'S HE TO DO?

"EXCLUSIVE DEALING."

Irish Landlord (boycotted). "PAT, MY MAN, I'M IN NO END OF A HURRY. PUT THE PONY TO, AND DRIVE ME TO THE STATION, AND I'LL GIVE YE HALF A SOVEREIGN!"

Pat (Nationalist, but needy). "OOH SHURE, IT'S MORE THAN ME LOIFE IS WORTH TO BE SEEN DROIVING *YOU*, YER HONOUR. BUT"—*(slily)*—"IF YER HONOUR WOULD JIST DROIVE *ME*, MAYBE IT'S MESELF THAT MOIGHT VENTURE IT!"

A POTENTIAL SON-IN-LAW.

Anxious Mother of Many Daughters. "PAPA DEAR, *DO* GET MRS. LYON HUNTER TO INTRODUCE YOU TO HIS HIGHNESS; YOU MIGHT THEN ASK HIM TO CALL, YOU KNOW."

Papa Dear. "WHAT FOR?"

Anxious Mother. "WELL, MY LOVE,—YOU KNOW THE CUSTOM OF HIS COUNTRY!—HE MIGHT TAKE A FANCY TO SEVERAL OF THE GIRLS AT ONCE!"

ONE MAY HAVE TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

Bob Longlay (with modest fervour). "O, JACK! O FOR A WOMAN'S LOVE! O FOR A TRUE-HEARTED WOMAN ONCE, *ONCE* IN ONE'S LIFE, TO THROW HER ARMS ROUND ONE'S NECK, AND TELL ONE SHE LOVES ONE!"

Little Jack Horner. "AH! IF YOU'D HAD AS MUCH OF THAT KIND OF THING AS *I* HAVE, OLD MAN, YOU'D BE PRECIOUS TIRED OF THE WHOLE CONCERN!"

AN UNREGENERATE YOUTH.

The New Governess (impressively). "O, TOMMY, WHEN *I* WAS A LITTLE GIRL, AND MADE A BLOT ON MY COPY-BOOK, I USED TO *CRY*."

Tommy (earnestly). "WHAT! *REALLY?*"

New Governess (still more impressively). "YES—REALLY *CRY!*"

Tommy (still more earnestly). "WHAT AN AWFUL LITTLE DUFFER YOU MUST HAVE BEEN!"

SHARP'S THE WORD.

Nice Old Gent (loquitur). "UM! I'LL TAKE SOME HARICOT MUTTON, AND—ER —HAVE YOU ANY ASPARA——"

Waiter (like thunder). "'ARICO AN' 'GRASS!"

THE RIDING-SCHOOL.

Riding-Master (to Sub-Lieutenant, who has come a Cropper). "NOW, THEN, SIR! WHO TOLD YOU TO DISMOUNT?"!

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

Foxhunter. "HERE'S A BORE, JACK! THE GROUND IS HALF A FOOT THICK WITH SNOW, AND IT'S FREEZING LIKE MAD!"

DELIGHTFUL PROSPECT.

Hunting Man (to town friend, arrived on a visit). "LOOK, OLD FELLOW! THAT'S THE MARE I'M GOING TO PUT YOU ON TO-MORROW. SHE'S QUITE FRESH, YOU SEE; HAD TWO OF MY MEN OFF YESTERDAY, AT EXERCISE!"

HUNTING SKETCH.

THE CAST SHOE, OR LATE FOR THE MEAT.

AFTER THE PARTY.

Elderly Coquette. "AND I'M SURE YOU NAUGHTY GIRLS SAT UP EVER SO LATE, TALKING US OVER! HOW I SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE HID MYSELF BEHIND A SCREEN AND HEARD IT ALL!"

Horrid Boy. "*NO, YOU WOULDN'T!*"

INNOCENT ENJOYMENT.

Citizen. "'DID A GOOD STHROKE O' BITHNETH YETHTERDAY, MO'! THO I TREATED THE MITHITH TO THE MOOTHIC-HALL LATHT NIGHT—'STHOOD HER A BOTTLE O' THOEDONE, AND SHE THOUGHT IT WAS THAMPAGNE!—'TOOK IT DOWN BEAUTIFUL!"

AN UNTIMELY EXPOSÉ.

He would cull for her the first Primrose of the year, in memory of their early loves.

She. "HECTOR! HECTOR! DON'T STOOP! HERE ARE THE DE LARKINSES COMING UP THE GARDEN!"

[It was the nearest match we had in Tweeds!

AN ALARMING INTRUDER.

Little Boldwig (he had been dining with his Company, and had let himself in with his latchkey—to Gigantic Stranger he finds in his hall). "COME ON. I'LL FIGHT YOU!" *(Furiously.)* "PUT YOUR SHTICK DOWN!!"

[But his imaginary foe was only the new Umbrella-Stand—a present from Mrs. B.]

THE RULING PASSION STRONG AT DINNER.

Laconic Waiter (thoroughly familiar with Sporting Major's taste in Champagne). "SEVENTY-FOUR, SIR?"

Sporting Major (down on his luck, after a bad week at Newmarket). "'SEVEN-TO-FOUR, SIR!' DASH IT! WOULDN'T TAKE TEN TO ONE ABOUT ANYTHING!"

IN POSSESSION.

Lady (who wants to sit down). "WILL YOU SIT IN MY LAP, DARLING?"

Darling. "SANK YOU—I'VE DOT A CHAIR!"

THE DISAPPOINTED ONE.

Lover. "WHAT A BORE! JUST AS I WAS GOING TO POP THE QUESTION TO JENNY JONES, HERE'S MY NURSE COME FOR ME!"

LATE FROM THE NURSERY.

Governess. "NOW, FRANK, YOU MUST PUT YOUR DRUM DOWN, IF YOU ARE GOING TO SAY YOUR PRAYERS."

Frank. "OH, DO LET ME WEAR IT, PLEASE; *I'LL POMISE NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT.*"

AT A SMOKING CONCERT.

Basso. "YES; I'VE JUST BOUGHT A CAPITAL ESTATE IN SURREY. JOIN OUR PARTY? SHOOTING OVER A THOUSAND ACRES!"

Flute (modestly). "A THOUSAND ACRES? OH, I SHOULD NEVER BE ABLE TO HIT AT *THAT* DISTANCE!"

DETECTED.

First Violin (after the Quartette in C Major—unsatisfactory somehow). "HULLO!—HARK!—THERE—I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG! THIS CONFOUNDED TEA-KETTLE'S BEEN SINGING B FLAT ALL THE TIME!"

"READING WITHOUT TEARS."

Teacher. "AND WHAT COMES AFTER S, JACK?"
Pupil. "T!"

Teacher. "AND WHAT COMES AFTER T?"
Pupil "FOR ALL THAT WE HAVE RECEIVED," &c., &c.

INTERESTING DEVOTEES.

Theresa. "NO, CHARLES—NEVER! I HAVE LONG DETERMINED TO DEVOTE MY LIFE TO CHARITY; IN FACT, TO BECOME A SISTER IN AN ANGLICAN NUNNERY."

Charles. "WELL, IF YOU DO, I'LL BURY MYSELF FOR THE REST OF MY MISERABLE DAYS IN A—IN A—A MONKERY!"

"A WISE SAW AND MODERN INSTANCE!"

Irate Parent (self-made Man, who has been setting forth to his Eldest Son the advantages of a Commercial career). "'HINFRA DIG.!' D'YE SAY? YER PERT YOUNG PUPPY! IT WAS 'HINFRA PENNY' 'HINFRA POUND' WHEN I BEGAN LIFE!"

"HAMLET" À LA SAUCE DUMB-CRAMBO.

"OH, THAT THIS TOO, TOO SOLID FLESH WOULD MELT!"—*Act i., Sc. 2.*

"I COULD A TAIL UNFOLD."—*Ibid.*

"WHAT A FALLING OFF WAS THERE!"—*Ibid.*

"METHINKS I SCENT THE MORNING HAIR!"—*Ibid.*

"BRIEF LET ME BE!"—*Ibid.*

"LEND THY SERIOUS EAR-RING TO WHAT I SHALL UNFOLD!"—*Act i., Sc. 5.*

"TOBY, OR NOT TOBY? THAT IS THE QUESTION."—*Act ii., Sc. 2.*

"THE KING, SIR."—"AY, SIR, WHAT OF HIM?"—"IS IN HIS RETIREMENT MARVELLOUS DISTEMPERED."—"WITH DRINK, SIR?"—"NO, MY LORD, RATHER WITH COLLAR!"—*Act iii. Sc. 2.*

"OH, MY OFFENCE IS RANK!"—*Act iii., Sc. 3.*

"PUT YOUR BONNET TO HIS RIGHT USE—'TIS FOR THE HEAD."—*Act v., Sc. 2.*

IMPUDENCE.

"NOW, LOBSTER! KEEP THE POT A-BILING!"

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

Gent. "WAITER! CHOP AND A PINT OF STOUT; AND LOOK SHARP."

Waiter. "OH, YES! IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO SAY LOOK SHARP."

IRISH HOUSEKEEPING.

Bachelor. "MARY, I SHOULD LIKE THAT PIECE OF BACON I LEFT AT DINNER YESTERDAY."
Irish Servant. "IS IT THE BIT O' BHACON THIN? SHURE I TOOK IT TO LOIGHT THE FHOIRES!"

PROVOKING!

"THAT'S IT, GUV'NER! *GO IT!!* GIVE IT 'IM!!! YER HOUR'LL SOON BE UP!!!!"

"THE UNSEEN WORLD."

Scientific Gent (with his hair on end). "VE'Y STRANGE! BUT I OCULD ALMOST SWEAR—I HEAR FOO'STEPS—FOLLOWINMEDOWNSTAIRS——!"

[Bolts into his bedroom, locks the door, and writes to the "Athenæum" next day.

"MATTER!"

Portly Old Swell (on reading Professor Tyndall's Speech). "DEAR ME! IS IT POSS'BLE! MOST 'XTR'ORD'NARY!—*(throws down the Review)*—THAT I SHOULD HAVE BEEN ORIGINALLY A 'PRIMORDIAL ATOMIC GLOBULE'!!"

"WHEN A MAN DOES NOT LOOK HIS BEST."

WHEN HIS DENTIST *WILL* SUSPEND OPERATIONS TO TELL HIM FUNNY STORIES.

JUST THE VERY THING!

Young and Non-Sporting Wife (who has driven to her First Meet). "OH, CHARLIE, *TINY* IS *WILD* WITH EXCITEMENT! COULDN'T YOU TAKE HER WITH YOU? SHE WOULD *SO* ENJOY A RUN WITH THE OTHER DOGS!" !!!

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE.

The Principal (from the City, through the Telephone, to the Foreman at the "Works.") "HOW DO YOU GET ON, PAT?"

Irish Foreman (in great awe of the instrument). "VERY WELL, SIR. THE GOODS IS SENT OFF."

The Principal (knowing Pat's failing). "WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO DRINK THERE?"

Pat (startled). "OCH! LOOK AT THAT NOW! IT'S ME BREATH THAT DONE IT!"

THE SOCIABLE.

"WE FELL OUT, MY WIFE AND I!"

(With Mr. Punch's apologies to the late Laureate.)

CAVE CANEM!

Effie. "AREN'T YOU AFRAID MY BIG DOG 'LL EAT YOU?"

Stranger. "HE WOULDN'T MAKE MUCH OF A MEAL OFF *ME*, MY DEAR!"

Effie. "MY BIG DOG LIKES *BONES!*"

PARRIED.

Facetious Parson (to Parishioner, who is not believed to be a rigid Abstainer). "AH, MR. BROWN! FOOLS STAND IN SLIPPERY PLACES, I'VE HEARD!"

Mr. Brown (the footpath was in a frightful state). "SO I SEE, SIR; BUT I'M BLEST IF I CAN!"

A THRIFTY MIND.

Hungry Visitor (ignorant of the nature of this particular delicacy). "AH, DONAL, MON, WE KEN WEEL HEV THE RAWBIT FOR SAXPENCE. WE KEN GET TWA BAWBEES FUR THE SKEEN WHEN WE GET BOCK TO GLASGOW!"

A COMMON-SENSE VIEW.

Depressed Liberal. "BU' DON' YER SEE GLA'SHON WAS GOIN' TO 'BOLISH TH' INCOME-TAXSH?"
Jocund Tory. "O, BOTHER THE TAX! LETSH 'AVE THE INCOME FUST!!"

A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE (IN RESULT).

"HULLO, JIM, WHATEVER MADE YOU COME OFF?"—"WHY, THE BRUTE BUCKED!"—"BUCKED! NONSENSE, MAN, SHE ONLY COUGHED!"

REMARKABLE CASE OF TABLE-TALKING.

Table (loquitur). "DON'T YOU BELIEVE HIM, MUM—I'M NOT MAHOGANY, BUT I'M VENEERED AND SECOND-HAND."

[*Table dances about on its legs for a considerable time, and vanishes in a blue flame.*

ALARMING.

Hairdresser. "THEY SAY, SIR, THE CHOLERA'S IN THE *H*AIR, SIR!"

Gent. (very uneasy). "INDEED! AHEM! THEN I HOPE YOU ARE VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT THE BRUSHES YOU USE."

Hairdresser. "OH! I SEE YOU DON'T *H*UNDERSTAND ME, SIR. I DON'T MEAN THE 'AIR OF THE 'ED, BUT THE *H*AIR *H*OF THE *H*ATMOSPHERE!"

AT THE SESSIONS.

Counsel. "DO YOU KNOW THE NATURE OF AN OATH, MY GOOD WOMAN?"

Witness (with a black eye). "I DID OUGHT TO, SIR! WHICH MY 'USBAN' 'S A COVIN' GARDEN PORTER, SIR!"

"SOMETHING WRONG!"

Wife (in a Bar's rest). "JOAHN! YE'RE A BAUR AHINT!!"

"VAPID VEGETABLE LOVES."—*"The Talking Oak."*

Scene—Tea-Room at Fancy Ball.

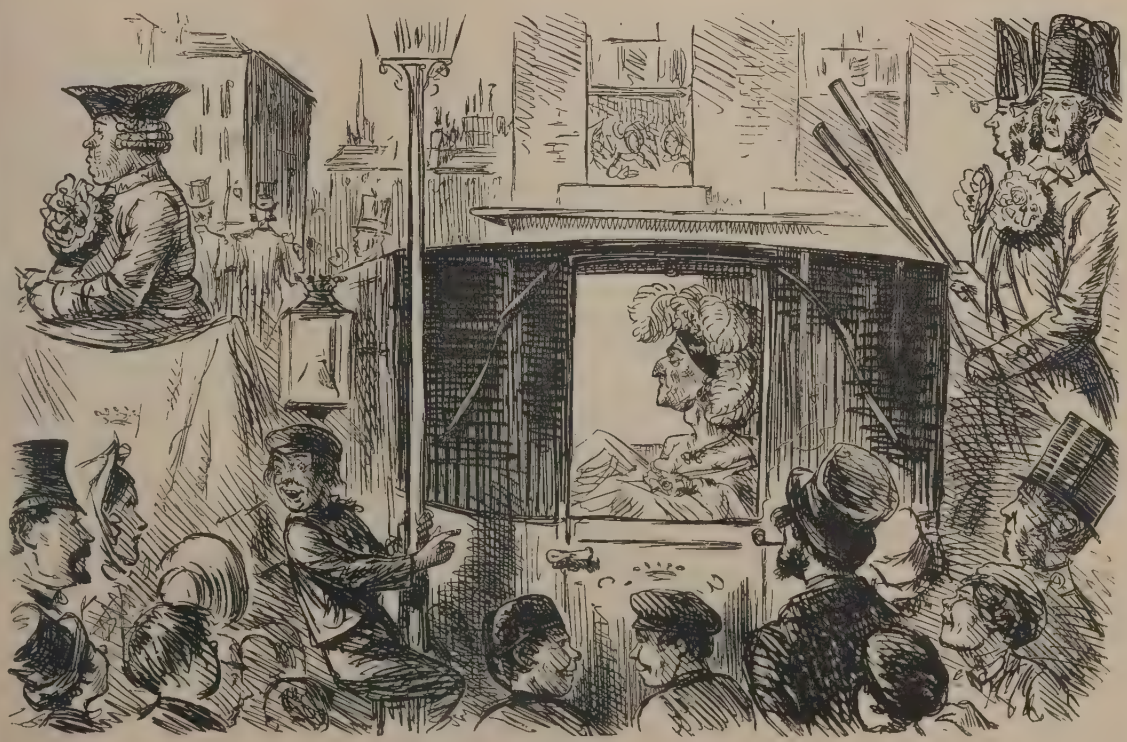
Uncle John (who is chaperoning his Niece). "WHAT *ARE* YOU, MY DEAR?"

Pretty Niece. "OH! I AM A *SALAD*, UNCLE JOHN! SEE, THERE'S ENDIVE, AND LETTUCE, AND SPRING ONIONS, AND RADISHES, AND BEETROOT. NOTHING WANTING, *IS* THERE?"

Uncle John. "H'M!—AH!—PERHAPS A LITTLE MORE *DRESSING*, MY DEAR!"

EMPHATIC.

Boy (to Nurse). "WHAT DID YOU SAY 'MADE HER ILL'?"
Nurse. "'ARK AT YOU, HALFRED! I DIDN'T SAY, 'MADE 'ER HILL'; I SAID, SHE LIVED AT MAIDA 'ILL!!"



THE DRAWING ROOM.

Dreadful Boy (on Lamp Post). "OH! MY EYE, BILL! 'ERE'S A ROSE-BUD!"

"A PENNY SAVED IS A PENNY GAINED."

Scotch Excursionist. "YE DINNA CHARGE A BAWBEE AT A' THE BRIGS IN TOON—DI YE?"

Toll-Keeper. "OH, NO—BLACKFRIARS AND LONDON BRIDGE ARE FREE."

Scotch Excursionist (repocketing coin). "E—EH THEN, WUD YE BE KIND ENEUCH JUST TO DIRECT ME TO LUNNON BRIDGE?!"

"AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN!"

Volunteer Captain (bumptiously). "OFFICER'S TICKET!"

Considerate Clerk. "GOVER'MENT TARIFF'S HIGH ON THIS LINE, SIR. YOU'D BETTER GO AS A GENTLEMAN! CHEAPER!"

[The Captain is shocked, loses his presence of mind, and takes advantage of the suggestion.

DINING OUT IN A HUNTING NEIGHBOURHOOD.

First Foxhunter. "THAT WAS A FINE 40 MINUTES YESTERDAY?"

Second Ditto. "YES; DIDN'T SEEM SO LONG, EITHER!"

[*Curate is puzzled, and wonders—do they allude to his lecture in the School-room?*

AN ADVOCATE FOR PROGRESS.

Cabby. "WHY, SIR, IT AIN'T O' NO USE STOPPING, BECAUSE THE LONGER WE 'STAYS, THE WORSE WE'LL GET IT!"

HUNTING PUZZLE.

WHAT WILL HE DO? QUITE A TOSS-UP

JUST OFF!

"RIDE HER ON THE SNAFFLE, TOM! DON'T RIDE HER ON THE CURB!"

"HANG YOUR CURB AND SNAFFLE! I'VE ENOUGH TO DO TO *RIDE HER ON THE SADDLE!*"

WHAT A QUESTION TO ASK!

Miss Margaret. "DITES-MOI, THÉOPHILE, CONNAISSEZ-VOUS PARIS?"
Monsieur Théophile. "SI JE CONNAIS PARIS!!!!!"

CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED.

Jones. CON-FOUND IT ALL! SOMEBODY'S TAKEN *MY* HAT, AND LEFT THIS FILTHY, BEASTLY, SHABBY OLD THING INSTEAD!"
Brown. "A—I BEG YOUR PARDON, BUT *THAT* HAPPENS TO BE *MY* HAT!"

CLEARING A DIFFICULTY.

Irascible Traveller. "I SAY, BOOTS, I WANT TO CATCH THE 4·15 TRAIN. BRING ME A CAB."

Boots. "YOU'RE TOO LATE, SIR. A CAB COULDN'T DO IT."

Irascible Traveller "CON-FOUND YOU! BRING TWO CABS, THEN!"

DE MORTUIS.

Sympathetic Young Mother. "A' WUNNER YE COULD BE SAE CRUEL AS TAE KILL THAT BONNIE WEE CAUF!"

Practical Butcher. "WEEL, YE SEE, YE'LL NO EAT THEM LEEVIN'!"

LOCAL OPTION.

Captain of Clyde Steamer (to Stoker, as they sighted their Port). "SLACK AWEE, DONAL', SLACK AWEE"—*(he was interested in the Liquors sold)*—"THEY'RE DRENCKEN HAURD YENOO!!"

"THE HARP IN THE AIR."

Irish Gentleman (who has vainly endeavoured to execute a Jig to the fitful Music of the Telegraph Wires). "SHURE! WHOIVER Y'ARE YE CAN'T PLAY A BIT! HOW CAN A JINTLEMAN DANCE—*(hic!)*—IV YE DON'T KAPE THIME?"!!

THE PREVAILING TOPIC!

Stumpson (in answer to Talboys' greeting). "OH, ALL RIGHT, 'F 'TWASN'T FOR THESE EAST WINDS—"

Talboys (who's a little hard of hearing). "TWINS! MY DEAR FELLOW, I CONGRATULATE YOU, I'M SURE. I'D REALLY NO IDEA YOU WERE—AND HOW ARE THEY—ALL THREE?—I HOPE—"

Stumpson (testily—large family already). "I DIDN'T SAY THESE TWINS"—*(shouting)*—"I SAID THE *EAST WINDS!!*"

SO SIMPLE!

Sylvanus. "FOXES ARE SCARCE IN MY COUNTRY: BUT WE MANAGE IT WITH A DRAG NOW AND THEN!"

Urbanus. "OH—ER—YES. BUT HOW DO YOU GET IT OVER THE FENCES?"

TROP DE ZÈLE.

Jones (who is canvassing the Borough). "OH, WHAT A *VERY* CHARMING BABY! I'VE *ALWAYS* TAKEN *SUCH* AN INTEREST IN VERY YOUNG CHILDREN. A—HOW OLD IS IT?"

Elector's Wife (with pride). "ONLY JUST FOURTEEN WEEKS, SIR!"

Jones. "REALLY! A—AND IS IT YOUR *YOUNGEST?*"

"NAE THAT FOU!"

Country Gentleman (who thought he'd got such a treasure of a new Gardener). "TUT, TUT, TUT! BLESS MY SOUL, SAUNDERS! HOW—WHAT'S ALL THIS? DISGRACEFULLY INTOXICATED AT THIS HOUR OF THE MORNING! AIN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF?"

Saunders. "'SH-HAMED! *(Hic.)* NA, NA, 'M NAE SAE DRUNK AS THAT COMES T'! AH KEN VARRA WEEL WHAT A'M ABOOT!!"

A DISENCHANTMENT.

Very Unsophisticated Old Lady (from the extremely remote country). "*DEAR* ME! HE'S A *VERY* DIFFERENT-LOOKING PERSON FROM WHAT I HAD ALWAYS IMAGINED!"

VERY LIKELY.

Effie (to pretty Nursemaid). "OH, MARTHA, DID YOU SEE? THAT POLICEMAN WINKED HIS EYE AT ME!"

LIFE IN LONDON.

Isabella. "WELL, AUNT, AND HOW DID YOU LIKE LONDON? I SUPPOSE YOU WERE VERY GAY?"

Aunt (who inclines to embonpoint). "OH, YES, LOVE, GAY ENOUGH! WE WENT TO THE TOP O' THE MONUMENT O' MONDAY—AND TO THE TOP O' ST. PAUL'S O' TUESDAY—AND TO THE TOP O' THE DOOK O' YORK'S COLUMN O' WEDNESDAY—BUT I THINK ALTOGETHER I LIKE THE QUIET OF THE COUNTRY."

"TOO BAD, THOUGH."

Cad to Omnibus running from the "Mother Shipton" to the Bank. "'MOTHER SHIPTON,' MUM? YES, ALL RIGHT, MUM. DON'T YOU 'URRY, MUM. *(Aside to Driver.)* THE WERY OLD LADY 'ERSELF, I DO B'LIEVE, JEM!'

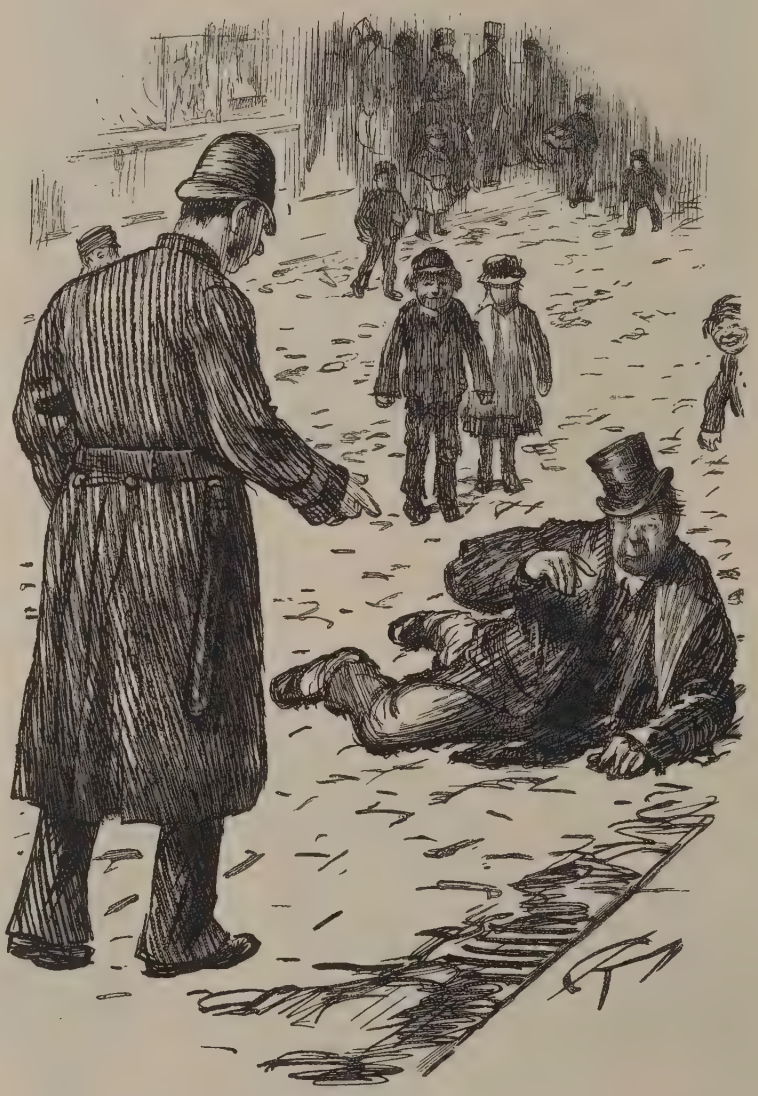
TWO SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

Nurse. "I *CAN NOT* ALLOW BUTTER AND JAM, TOO, ON YOUR BREAD, MASTER ALFRED. IT IS VERY EXTRAVAGANT."

Master Alfred. "IT CAN'T BE EXTRAVAGANT, MARY, IF THE SAME PIECE OF BREAD DOES FOR BOTH."

TRYING!

"*NOW*, LADIES, *IF* YOU PLEASE! LOOK STRAIGHT IN MY FACE WHILE I COUNT FIFTEEN, AND *PRAY* DO NOT LAUGH!!"



PRECAUTION.

Constable (to Citizen in degraded condition in the gutter). "NOW THEN, GE' UP! 'MUS'N'T LIE THERE——"

Citizen. "ARE YOU 'PLEESHM L?"

Constable. "GET UP, SIR! YOU'LL BE RUN OVER!"

Citizen. "EH?"—*(solemnly)*—"'EN SH-H-HTOP TH' TRAFF'C!!"

"THE MISS!"

Gillie. "EH, MON! BUT IT'S FORTUNATE THERE'S BEEF IN ABERDEEN!"

CUTTING.

Chappie (after missing his fourth Stag, explains). "AW—FACT IS, THE—AW—WAVING GRASS WAS IN MY WAY."

Old Stalker. "HOOT, MON, WAD YE HAE ME BRING OUT A SCYTHE?"

AGGRAVATING FLIPPANCY.

"WELL, DEAREST, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN TO-NIGHT? 'MONDAY POPS.' AGAIN?"
"NO, CELIA. I HAVE SPENT A MOST INSTRUCTIVE EVENING WITH THE 'ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY.'"
"THE 'ANTHROPOHOWMUCH,' DARLING?"
"THE 'ANTHROPO*LOG*ICAL,' CELIA! ARE YOU DEAF?"
"HOW NICE! AND WHERE DO THEY 'ANTHROPO*LODGE*,' DUCKUMS?"

INCONTROVERTIBLE.

"AND HOW *OLD* ARE YOU, MY LITTLE MAN?"
"I'M NOT OLD AT ALL. I'M NEARLY *NEW!*"

THE PENNY TOYS.

Street Vendor (to Nervous Old Gentlewoman, who has a horror of Reptiles). "THEY ALL ON 'EM JUMPS, M'UM! ONLY A——" *[So did the Old Lady.*

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS."

Youthful Artist. "DO YOU SELL ANATOMICAL PLATES, 'M?"
Old Lady. "BLESS THE BOY! NO; WE DON'T KEEP NO CROCKERY HERE!"

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Housemaid. "DRAT THE BOTHERING CHINA CUPS AND THINGS. THEY BE ALWAYS A-KNOCKING UP AGAINST ONE'S CRINOLINE."

"HARMLESS."

Cockney Sporting Gent. "BUT I THINK IT'S A 'EN!"

Sandy (his Keeper). "SHOOT, MAN, SHOOT! SHE'LL BE NO MUCKLE THE WAUR O' YE!!"

CIRCUMFERENCE.

Tailor (measuring Customer of "Ortonian" girth). "WOULD YOU HOLD THE END, SIR, WHILE I GO ROUND?"

PROGRESS.

Young Rustic. "GRAN'FA'R, WHO WAS SHYLOCK?"

Senior (after a pause). "LAUK A' MUSSY, BO', YEOU GOO TO SUNDAY SKEWL, AND DON'T KNOW THAT!"

A GOOD EYE FOR BUSINESS.

Seedy Old Flyman. "NICE LOOKING MARE THAT, SIR. DO NICELY FOR *OUR WORK*, SIR!"

SNOB SNUBBING.

Sir Gorgius. "SOCIETY'S GETTIN' MUCH TOO MIXED, YER LADYSHIP! I CAN ASSURE YOU, WHEN LADY M.'S A DRIVIN' ABOUT LONDON IN ONE OF 'ER HOPEN CARRIAGES, SHE 'ARDLY DARES LOOK UP, FOR FEAR O' SEEIN' SOMEONE SHE KNOWS ON THE TOP OF A HOMNIBUS!"

The Lady Gwendoline Beaumanoir. "YES, VERY SAD! BY THE WAY, I'M AFRAID SHE'LL OFTEN SEE *PAPA* THERE; BUT NEVER *ME*, YOU KNOW! MAMMA AND I *ALWAYS GO INSIDE!*"

A FAIR RETORT.

Mrs. Mountjoy Belassis (after several Collisions). "IT STRIKES ME, MR. RUDDERFORD, YOU'RE MUCH MORE AT HOME IN A BOAT THAN IN A BALL-ROOM!"

Little Bobby Rudderford (the famous Oxbridge Coxswain). "YES, BY JOVE! AND I'D SOONER STEER EIGHT MEN THAN ONE WOMAN *ANY* DAY!"

"SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE," ETC.

Ethel. "MUMMY DEAR, WHY DID YOU TELL RICHARD YOU 'WEREN'T AT HOME' JUST NOW?" *(Pause.)* "MUMMY, I MEAN——"

Mamma. "WHEN SIR FUSBY DODDERIDGE CALLED? WHY, ETHEL DEAR, BECAUSE HE BORES ME."

Ethel. "OH!" *(After thoughtfully considering the matter with regard to her Governess).* "THEN MAY I SAY I'M NOT AT HOME WHEN MISS KRUX CALLS TO-MORROW? FOR *SHE* BORES *ME* AWFULLY!"

THE TRIALS OF AN ANXIOUS "JUNIOR."

PROMPTING A DEAF AND TESTY "CHIEF" IN OPEN COURT IS NOT HIS IDEA OF PERFECT BLISS.

DEAR CHILD!

Papa (to Friend from Town). "THERE, MY BOY, THAT'S WHAT YOU OUGHT TO DO! GET A GEE, AND COME OUT WITH THE HOUNDS!"
Little Daughter. "OH, PAPA, TAKE CARE YOU DON'T FALL OFF, AS YOU DID THE OTHER DAY!"

A SAVING CLAUSE.

The Vicar's Daughter. "GOOD MORNING, MRS. TAYLOR. IT'S A LONG TIME SINCE I SAW YOU AT CHURCH! YOU REALLY OUGHT TO ATTEND MORE REGULARLY!"

Mrs. T. (guiltily). "YES, YES, MISS. IT *IS* A LONG TIME SINCE I WAS AT CHURCH! BUT"—*(cheerfully)*—"I *NEVER* GOES TO *CHAPEL!*"

DIVISION OF LABOUR.

Aunt Mary. "WELL, TOMMY, SHALL I CARRY YOUR BAT AND STUMPS FOR YOU?"

Tommy. "NO, AUNTY, TANKS! *ME* TARRY BAT AND 'TUMPS. 'OO TARRY *ME!*"

ART TREASURES.

Reginald (who has a fine taste, and is very fond of curious old Glass). "NOW, UNCLE, HELP YOURSELF, AND PASS THE BOTTLE!"

A PARADOX!

Studious Lodger. "IT'S A PITY, MRS. PRIGGINS, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND MATHEMATICS, OR YOU'D READILY COMPREHEND HOW IMPOSSIBLE IT IS THAT THIS STEAK WHICH I SENT FROM TABLE LAST NIGHT A RECTANGULAR PARALLELOGRAM, IS NOW AN IRREGULAR PENTAGON!!"

EVIDENT GENIUS.

Emmy (Mamma's volunteer Secretary). "HOW IS THIS TO BE ANSWERED, KITTY? I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!—*(Reads)*—'MRS. FITZMODE AT HOME ON THE 30TH INST. FROM FOUR TO SIX O'CLOCK.'"

Kitty. "WELL, I SHOULD WRITE AND SAY MAMMA DID NOT KNOW MRS. FITZMODE HAD BEEN AWAY, BUT WONDERS SHE SHOULD RETURN TO STOP ONLY TWO HOURS"!!

A VOICE FROM THE SEA.

"O LET ME KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER!"

THE SPORTIVE ELEMENTS.

FOR DOWNRIGHT HEALTHY EXCITEMENT, WE RECOMMEND A DAY'S HUNTING IN A GALE OF WIND.

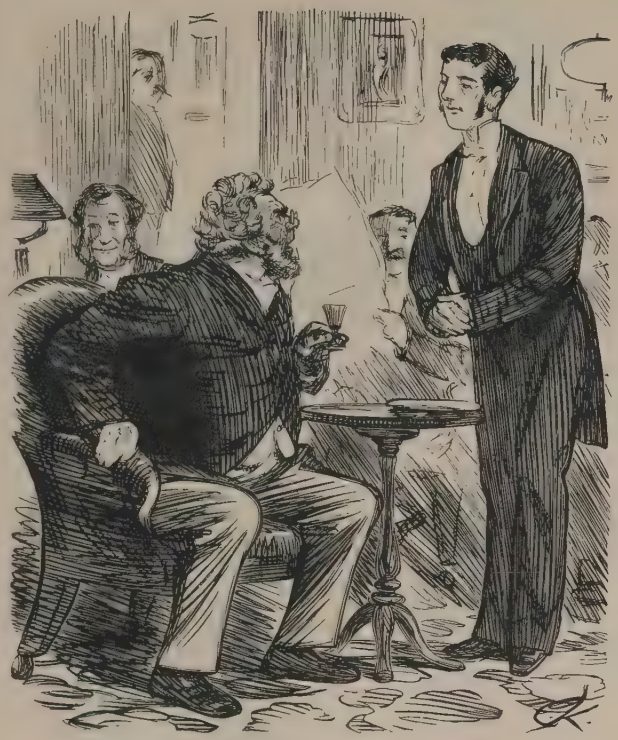
PLEASANT!

Nervous Gentleman. "DON'T YOU THINK, ROBERT, GOING SO FAST DOWN HILL IS VERY LIKELY TO MAKE THE HORSE FALL?"

Robert. "LOR BLESS YER—NO, SIR! I NEVER THROWED A OSS DOWN IN MY LIFE, 'XCEPT ONCE, AND THAT WAS ONE FROSTY MOONLIGHT NIGHT (JUST SUCH A NIGHT AS THIS IT WAS), AS I WAS A-DRIVIN' A GENT (AS MIGHT BE YOU) FROM THE STATION, WHEN I THROWED DOWN THIS WERRY OSS IN THIS WERRY IDENTICAL PLACE."

"PREVENTION'S BETTER THAN CURE."

Jeames (excitedly). "HERE—HERE—HERE'S THE SHILLIN'! QUICK—QUICK—OFF WITH YOU!"
German Impostor (affecting concern). "DERE IS SOME VUN ILL?"
Jeames. "WELL, NOT JUST YET! BUT THERE PRECIOUS SOON WILL BE, IF YOU DON'T KNOCK OFF!"



DISGUSTING FAMILIARITY.

Testy Old Gent (at his Club). "CONF— WHY THE DICKINS DON'T YOU WIPE THE BOTTOM OF THE GLASS BEFORE YOU BRING IT UP? JUST GET A CLOTH, AND WIPE—"

Waggish Waiter. "I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND YOU TO ORDER *DRY* SHERRY, SIR?"

[General titter. Old Gent rushes off, and writes to the Committee!

"LAPSUS LINGUÆ."

Pater. "NOW, LOOK HERE, MY BOY, I CAN'T HAVE THESE LATE HOURS! WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE, MY FATHER WOULDN'T LET ME STAY OUT AFTER DARK."

Filius. "HUMPH! 'NICE SORT O' FATHER YOU MUST HAVE HAD, I SHOULD SAY."

Pater (waxing). "'DEUCED SIGHT BETTER THAN YOU HAVE, YOU YOUNG—"

[Checks himself, and exit!

NEVER SPEAK IN A HURRY.

The Hospitable Jones. "YES, WE'RE IN THE SAME OLD PLACE, WHERE YOU DINED WITH US LAST YEAR. BY THE BYE, OLD MAN, I WISH YOU AND YOUR WIFE WOULD COME AND TAKE POT-LUCK WITH US AGAIN ON THE——"

The Impulsive Brown (in the eagerness of his determination never again to take Pot-luck with the Joneses). "MY *DEAR* FELLOW! *SO* SORRY! BUT WE'RE ENGAGED ON THE—A—ON THE—ER—ON TH-TH-THAT EVENING!"

Poor Jones (pathetically). "WELL, OLD MAN, YOU *MIGHT* HAVE GIVEN ME TIME JUST TO *NAME THE DAY.*"

MR. PUNCH ON THE ROAD.

WHAT MR. PUNCH DID IN THE EASTER RECESS.

VOLUNTEER REVIEW! NOT A BIT OF IT! HE JUST POPPED OVER, AND HAD A FEW DAYS OF DELIGHTFUL *DOLCE FAR NIENTE* AT VENICE.

THANK GOODNESS! FLY-FISHING HAS BEGUN!

Miller. "DON'T THEY, REALLY! PERHAPS THEY'LL RISE BETTER TOWARDS THE COOL OF THE EVENING. THEY MOSTLY DO!"

TAKING CHANGE.

Conductor. "ALL RIGHT, JIM. PUSH ALONG, I'VE SERVED THE OLD GAL OUT THIS TIME."
Old Lady. "HERE, STOP! CONDUCTOR! I WON'T TAKE CHANGE FOR A FIVE-SHILLING PIECE IN HALF-PENCE—THAT I WON'T! HERE, POLICE! CONDUCTOR!" &c.

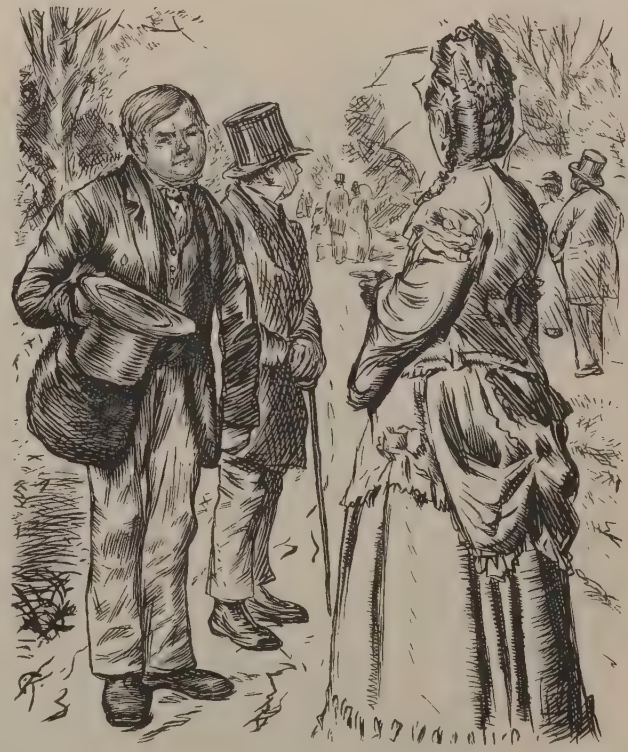
THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Whipper-in. "MASTER TOM HURT? BLESS YOU, NO, MUM! THE OLD MARE AND HIM NEVER MISSES THAT BROOK!"

EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

Employer (on his way to business on Monday morning). "AH, SAUNDERS I'M SORRY TO SEE YOU IN THIS WAY. I THOUGHT YOU'D TURNED OVER A NEW LEAF!"

Saunders (repentant). "SHO I 'AD, SHIR, BUT *(hic)* 'TSH ALL ALONG O' THESH 'ERE WA'ER CO'PANIES—I 'SSHURE YOU, SHIR, 'ERE WASHN'T 'DROP O' WA'ER IN OUR SHISHT'RN ALL YESHT'RDAY!!!"



"A WORM WILL TURN."

Miss Cramfie (Governess at the Squire's, who plays the Organ at Church, and coaches up the Choir). "MR. JORKINS, YOU ALWAYS TAKE UP THAT 'LEAD' IN THE ANTHEM SO DREADFULLY FLAT!"

Mr. Jorkins (with a Modesty rare in a Tenor). "WELL, WE DEW, MISS; BUT—YOU SEE MR. MANGLES AND ME AIN'T *SIMS REEVES*, MISS!"

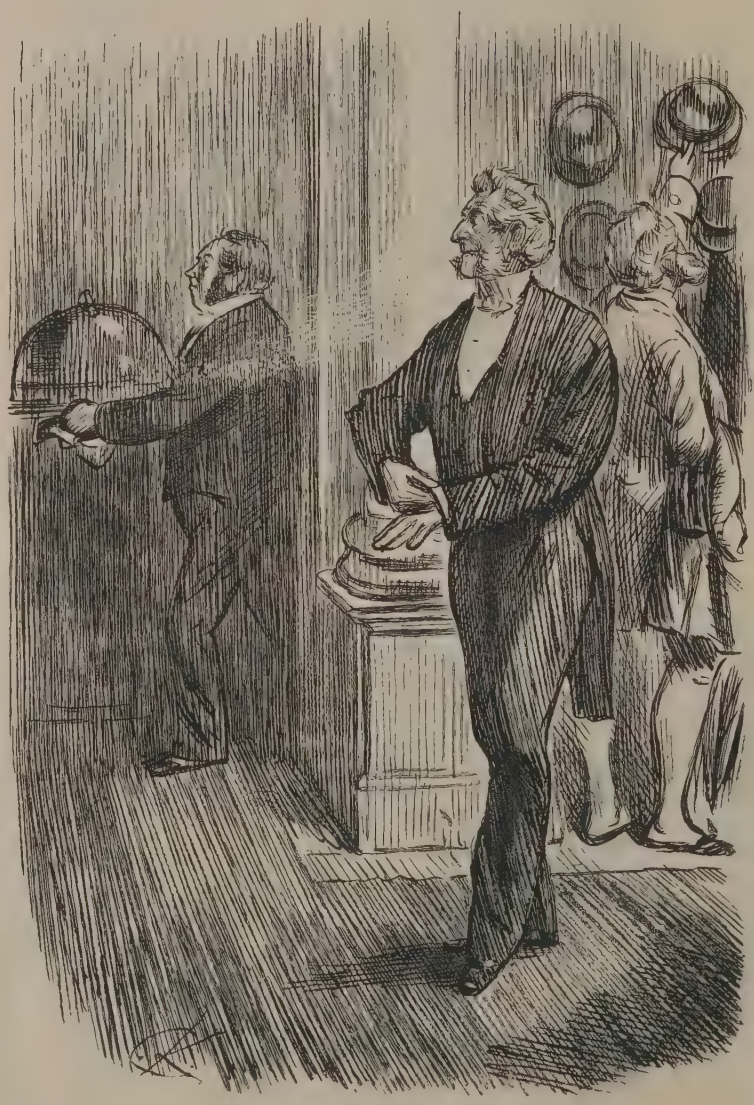
HEADS OR TAILS?

Ethel. "'HIDEOUS PUPPY!' HOW CAN YOU SAY SO? HE'S GOING TO THE DOG SHOW, IF I CAN MAKE UP MY MIND WHICH CLASS TO ENTER HIM IN—BULLS OR PUGS?"

Charlie. "AY, JUST SO. IF HE'S PUG, HIS HEAD WON'T DO; AND IF HE'S BULL, HIS TAIL WON'T DO."

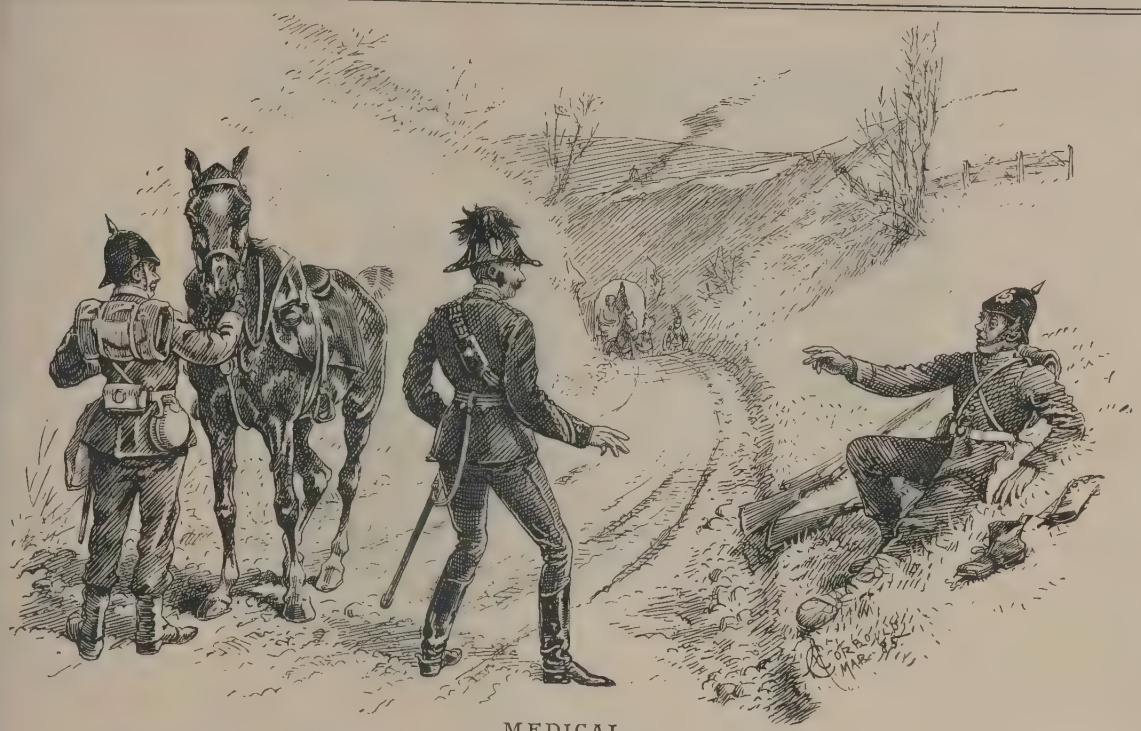
A WEST-END NOTION OF "HUMBLE ORIGIN."

Belgravian Crossing-Sweeper (offended). "WHY, I RECOLLEX YER WHEN YER WOS LIVIN' IN THE REGENCY PARK!"



PROPHETIC!

Guest (late for Dinner, the delicious odour of the Haggis, just coming up, met him in the Hall).
"A—H!" *(On second thoughts.)* "E—H! I'LL BE BAD THE MORN!!"

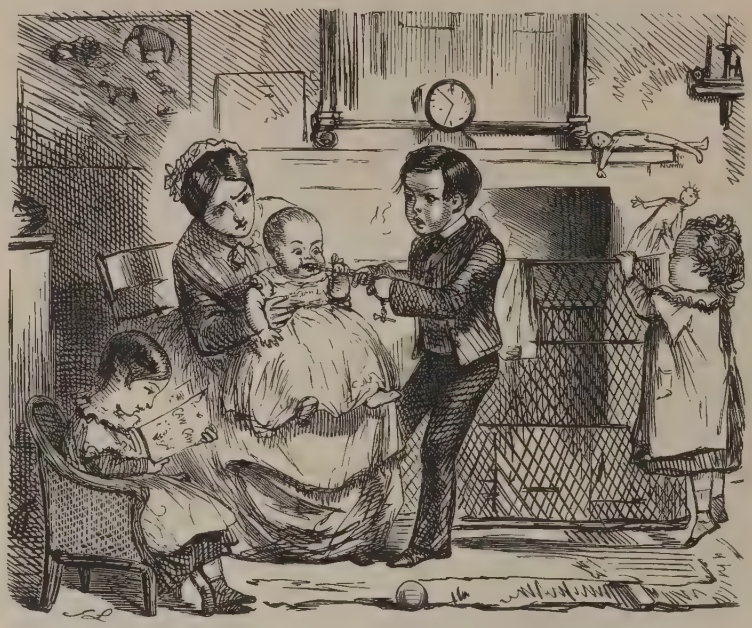


MEDICAL.

Regimental Doctor (to Man with Sprained Foot). "UM! KEEP YOUR LEG IN THIS POSITION, AND I'LL SEND YOU SOME WHISKEY LOTION."
Patient (persuasively). "SURE, DOCTOR, THIN YOU'LL LET IT BE IRISH!"

AN INOPPORTUNE FLIRTATION.

"IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY LIGHTLY TURNS ON THOUGHTS OF LOVE."



THRILLING DOMESTIC INCIDENT.

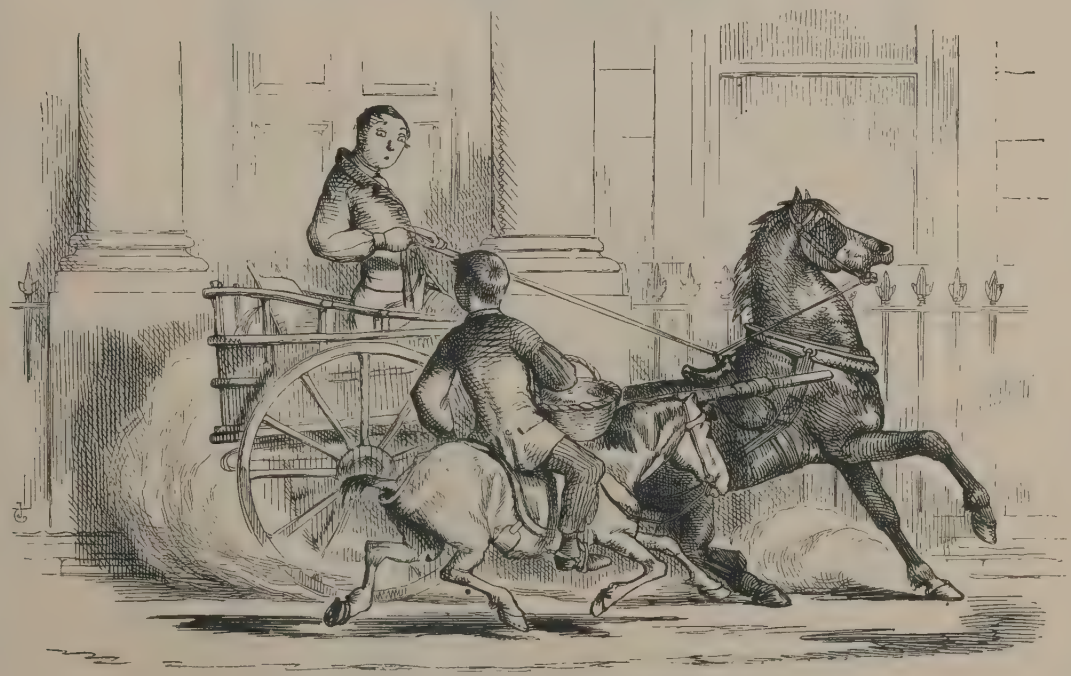
Master Alfred. "DON'T, BABY!—YOU'LL SPOIL IT. LEAVE GO, SIR! HERE, NURSE! HE'S SWALLOWING MY NEW WATCH!"

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Driver. "RUN ROUND, JACK, SIT ON HER HEAD, AND CUT THE TRACES."

A REAL DIFFICULTY.

"WELL, DEAR, IF THIS IS THE USUAL STYLE OF THING IN DERBYSHIRE, THE FARMERS HAD BETTER WRITE UP 'NO THOROUGHFARE' AT ONCE; THEN PEOPLE WOULD KNOW WHAT TO DO."



HORRIBLE SUSPICION IN HIGH LIFE.

Scene—Belgravia.

First Aristocratic Butcher-boy. "HULLO, BILL! DON'T MEAN TO SAY YER'VE COME DOWN TO A PONY?"
Second Ditto Ditto. "NOT DEZACTLY! OUR CART IS ONLY GONE A-PAINTIN'."

A WHISPERED APPEAL.

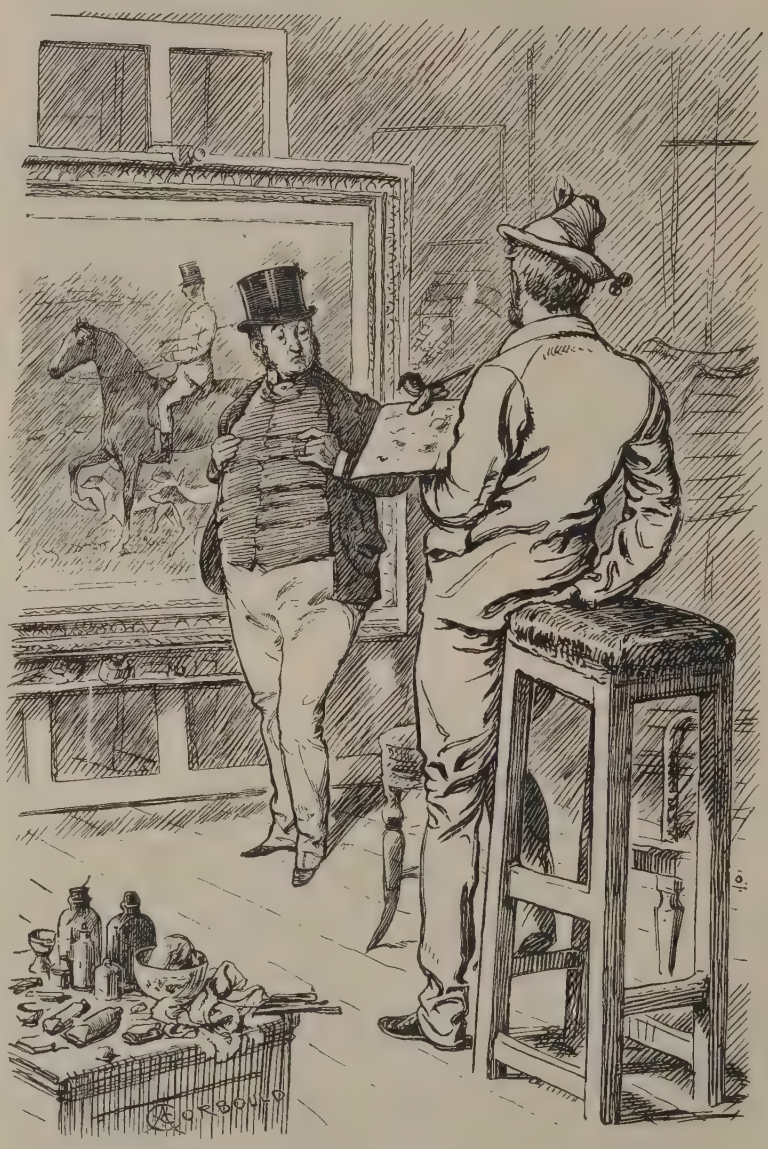
"MAMMA! MAMMA! *DON'T* SCOLD HIM ANY MORE! IT MAKES THE ROOM SO DARK!"

OH! HORROR!

Tommy (suddenly—on his way home from Church). "WHAT DID *YOU* TAKE OUT OF THE BAG, MAMMA! I ONLY GOT SIXPENCE! LOOK HERE!"

A NEW TEST.

Aunt (in alarm). "*SURELY* YOU'VE EATEN ENOUGH, HAVEN'T YOU, TOMMY?"
Tommy (in doubt). "F-F-F-FEEL ME!"



PRIVATE VIEW.

Stud Groom (who has looked in). "COMES OF A HARTIS' FAM'LY MYSELF, SIR. MY MOTHER MARRIED AN 'OUSE PAINTER!"

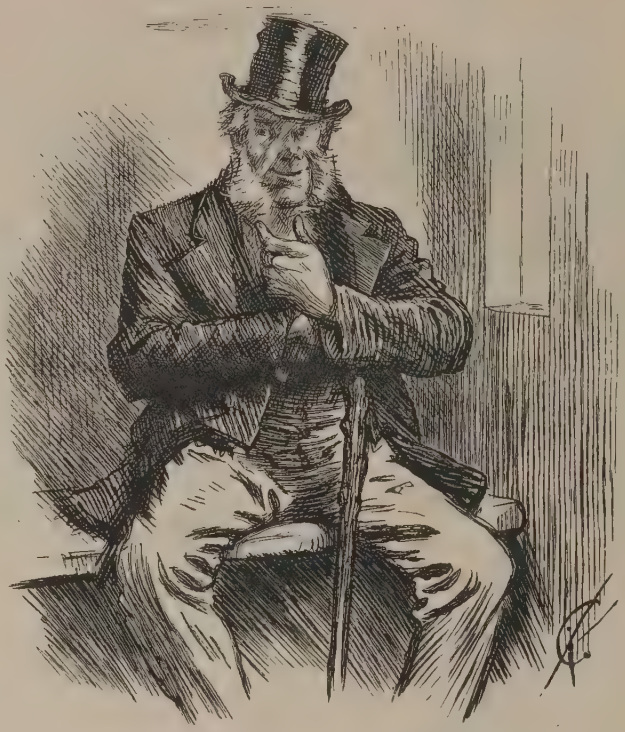
DELIGHTS OF THE CHACE.

Hunting Man (who has mounted his friend, M'Gilpen, from London). "KEEP HER HEAD STRAIGHT. SHE'S AS LIKELY AS NOT TO REFUSE THIS, IF—"

[M'Gilpen, from the depths of his soul (not a gate to be seen) hopes SHE WILL!

CIVILISATION.

"I SAY, GUV'NER—YER AIN'T SEEN A COVE WITH MY SECOND MOKE, AR YER?"



AGE CANNOT WITHER.

Paddy (to Fellow-Passenger). "OI'M SIVENTY YEARS OF AGE, AND IVERY WAN O' MY TEETH AS PERFECT AS THE DAY I WAS BORN, SOR!"

A QUESTION OF TASTE.

Juvenis. "JOLLY DAY WE HAD LAST WEEK AT McFOGGARTY'S WEDDING! CAPITAL CHAMPAGNE HE GAVE US, AND WE DID IT JUSTICE, I CAN TELL YOU——"

Senex (who prefers whiskey). "EH—H, MUN, IT'S A' VERA WEEL WEDDINS AT YE-ER TIME O' LIFE. GIE ME A GUDE SOLID FUNERAL!"

EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

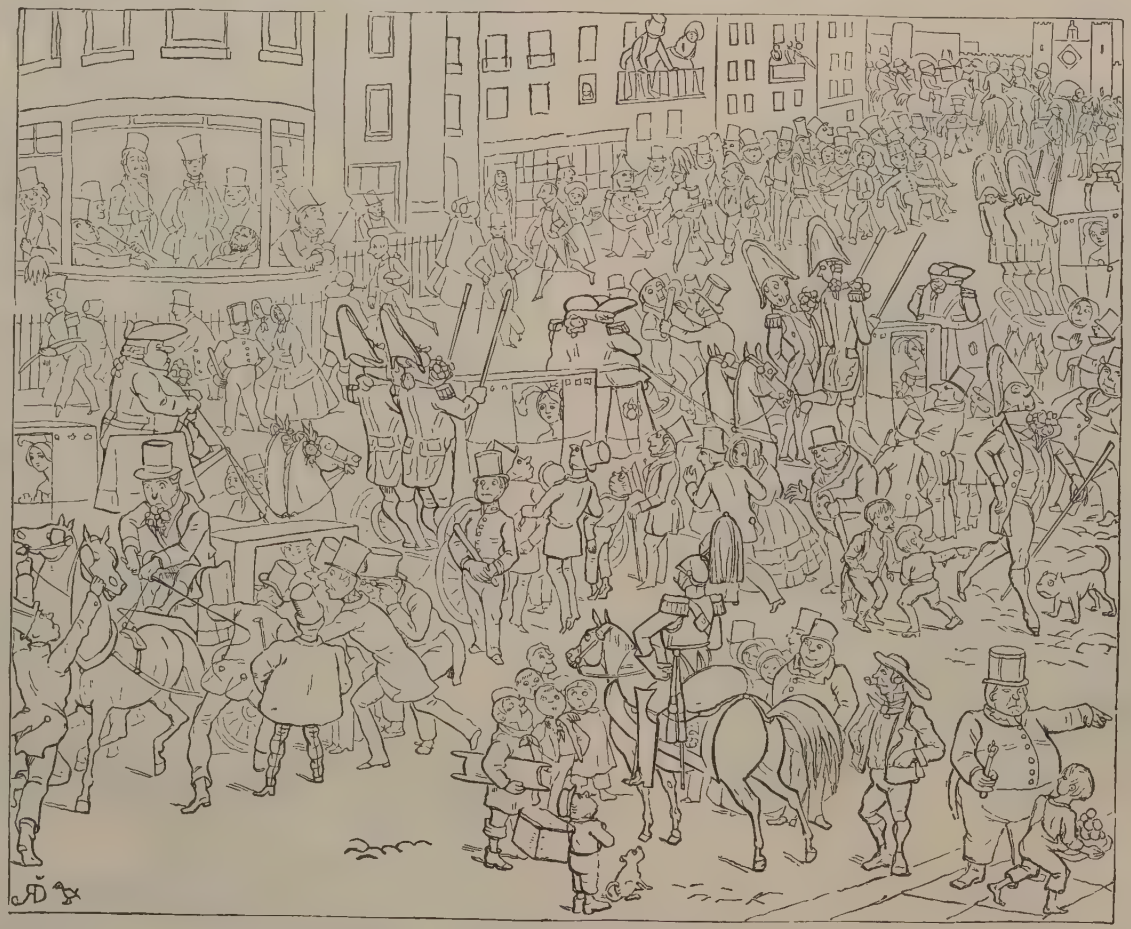
[*Volunteers are to thoroughly search all Farm-Buildings, &c., on the line of march.*—GENERAL ORDERS.]

Energetic Volunteer Officer. "NOW THEN, YOU SIR! WHY DON'T YOU SEARCH THESE FARM BUILDINGS?"

"OFF!"

Sergeant O'Leary. "DOUBLE! LEFT! RIGHT! WHAT THE BLAZES, PAT ROONEY, D'YE MANE BY NOT DOUBLIN' WID THE SQUAD!?"

Pat. "SHURE, SERGEANT, 'TWASN'T A FAIR START!"



A DRAWYNGE-ROOM DAY.

THE OPERA.

Door-Keeper. "BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR—BUT YOU MUST, INDEED, SIR, BE IN FULL DRESS!"
Snob (excited). "FULL DRESS!! WHY, WHAT DO YER CALL THIS?"

FAMILIARITY.

"NOW, THEN, THOMAS, TELL YOUR OLD MAN TO PULL ON A PEG, AND LET ME GET UP TO MY PAWNBROKER'S!"

EH?

Street Boy (fortissimo). "WHO SHOT THE DOG!"

THE SHUTTLE-COCK NUISANCE.

Little Girl. "OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR!—IT WAS THE WIND AS DONE IT!"

"SEVERE."

Dainty Old Gent. "HAVE I LIKED MY DINNER?—NO, I'VE NOT! SO DON'T GIVE WHAT I'VE LEFT TO THE CAT, SIR; BECAUSE AS SHE'S SURE TO BECOME PIE, I SHOULD LIKE HER TO DIE A NATURAL DEATH, AND NOT BE POISONED."

"DON'T MENTION IT!"

Itinerant Hawker (to the unfortunate Artists who are taking away their Pictures rejected by the Royal Academy). "BUY A RAZOR, GENTS—BUY A GOOD RAZOR!!!"

AN IRISH MODEL.

Mrs. Magillicuddy (to her Daughter). "WHY, WHY, ROSEEN! WHAT'S BEEN DELAYIN' YE? WHY! AND ME WAITIN' THIS HOUR PAST TO COME IN WID THE MILK!"

Rose. "O, SURE, THIN, MOTHER DEAR, ON ME WAY BACK FROM THE MEADA' I MET SUCH A DARLIN' ENGLISH JINTLEMAN—A RALE ARTIST. WHY, AND HE AXED ME TO ALLOW HIM TO TAKE ME LANDSKIP; AND O, MOTHER MAVRONE, IT'S A WONDER HOW LIKE ME HE'S MED IT, GLORY BE TO THE SAINTS!"

DOWN ON HER.

Butcher. "YOU'VE NOT BEEN 'AVIN' SO MANY J'INTS THIS LAST WEEK OR TWO, MA'AM."

Lady (who has been dabbling in American beef, but does not dare say so). "ER—NO—ER—WE'VE HAD A GOOD DEAL OF *GAME* SENT US LATELY BY SOME FRIENDS IN THE NORTH, YOU KNOW!"

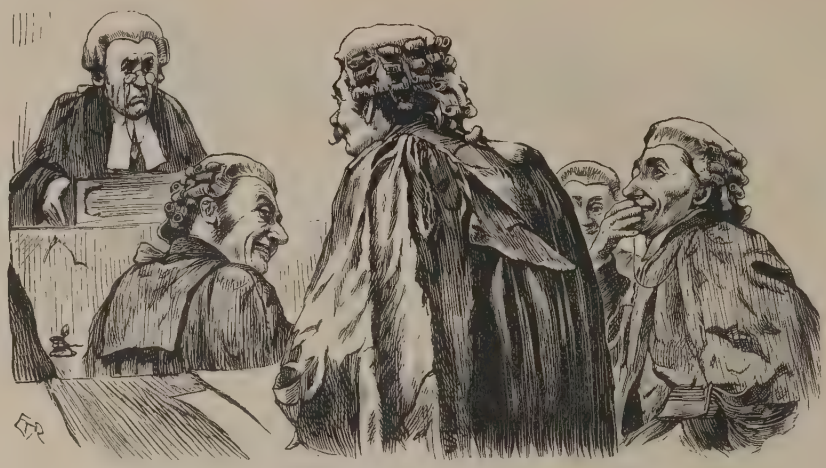
Butcher. "INDEED, MA'AM! NOW, WHAT SORT OF GAME DO THEY SEND YOU IN THE MONTH O' APRIL, MA'AM?"

"A SOUSED CHILD DREADS WATER."

"NOW, MISSY, YOU'VE SEEN ME SHAVE, SO YOU MUST JUST SKEDADDLE, PLEASE, AS I'M GOING TO TAKE MY BATH."

"I WON'T TELL IF YOU DON'T TAKE IT, UNCLE ROWLAND. LET ME STAY, PLEASE." "WON'T TELL? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, MISSY?"

"WHY, NOBODY WOULDN'T GO INTO COLD WATER, UNCLE, IF THEY WASN'T MADE TO, I SUPPOSE. NOBODY DON'T MAKE YOU, DO THEY?"



DRAWING THE LINE.

Judge. "REMOVE THOSE BARRISTERS. THEY'RE DRAWING!"

Chorus of Juniors. "MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LUDSHIP, WE'RE ONLY DRAWING—PLEADINGS."

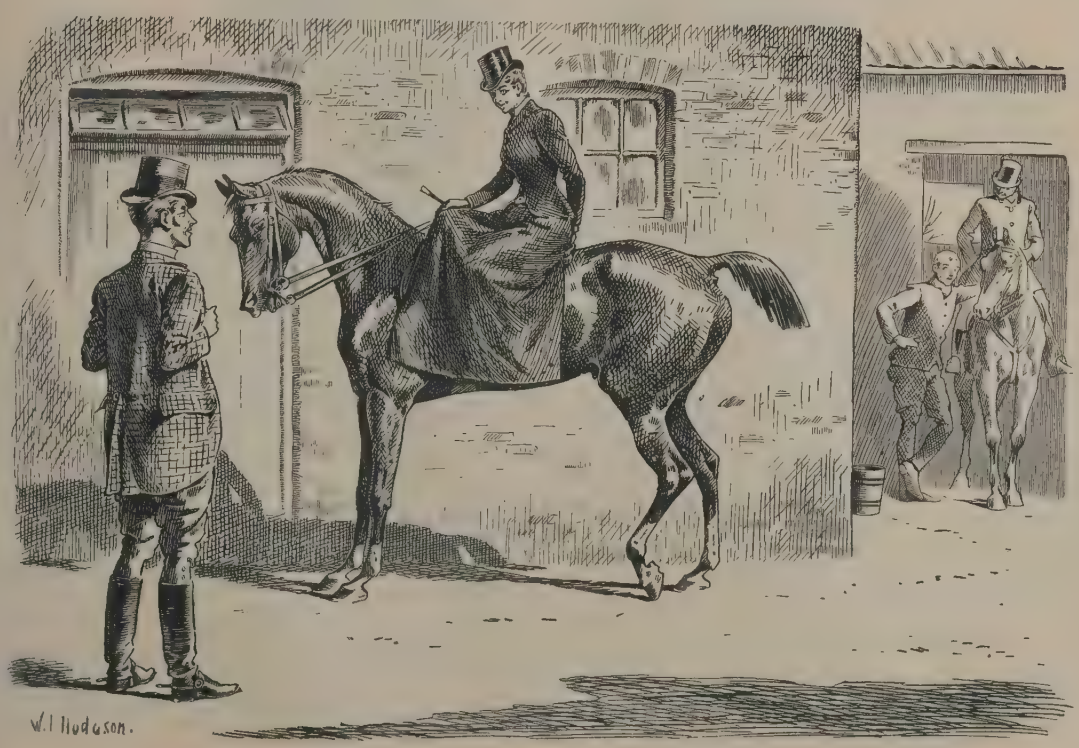
ONE FOR HIM.

Major Spooneleigh. "AND YOU RIDE SO WELL, AND—ER—YOU DRIVE SO WONDERFULLY WELL, AND—ER—YOU DANCE SO—ER—BEAUTIFULLY, AND YOU—ER—PLAY LAWN-TENNIS SO—ER—EXQUISITELY, AND—ER—OF COURSE YOU FISH ALSO?"

Mrs. Dasher. "NEVER FOR COMPLIMENTS, I ASSURE YOU; AND CERTAINLY NOT IN SHALLOW WATERS!"

"SUFFICIENT FOR THE DAY," ETC.

Old Gentleman (to Groom). "WHY, MARTIN, WHAT THE DEUCE HAVE YOU GOT THERE?"
Groom. "YOU TOLD ME YOU'D WANT SOMETHING TO GO A CANVASSING—AND I THOUGHT THE OLD 'UN 'UD DO FOR THAT!"



RATHER SMART ALL ROUND.

Lady Di. (who has been trying a Horse with a view to purchase). "AND DO YOU REALLY THINK THAT HE'S QUITE UP TO MY WEIGHT, MR. SPAVIN?"
Spavin. "LOR! MY LADY, HE'D CARRY TWO OF YOU!" *Lady Di.* "WHAT? DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT I'M ONLY HALF A HORSEWOMAN?"
Spavin. "BY NO MEANS, MY LADY. BUT ANOTHER LIKE YOUR LADYSHIP WOULD LOOK SO WELL ON THE OTHER SIDE!"

THE STATE OF THE MARKET.

Artist (to Customer, who has come to buy on behalf of a large Furnishing Firm in Tottenham Court Road). "HOW WOULD THIS SUIT YOU? 'SUMMER'!"

Customer. "H'M—'SUMMER.' WELL, SIR, THE FACT IS WE FIND THERE'S VERY LITTLE DEMAND FOR *GREEN* GOODS JUST NOW. IF YOU HAD A LINE OF *AUTUMN TINTS* NOW—THAT'S THE ARTICLE WE FIND MOST SALE FOR AMONG OUR CUSTOMERS!"

COMING OUT AS A CONVERSATIONALIST.

Young Ganderson (proudly conscious of the general attention). "OH YES, IT'S IN *SOHO*, YOU KNOW. I KNOW THE PLACE WELL. THEY GIVE YOU A CAPITAL DINNER FOR EIGHTEENPENCE—WINE INCLUDED."

Host (proud of his Cellar). "AND IS THE WINE DRINKABLE?"

Young Ganderson. "OH YES—VERY GOOD—BETTER THAN THE WINE WE'RE DRINKING NOW!"

COMPLIMENTARY.

Dreadful Old Man (who only believes in Professional Music). "I HOPE YOU AMATEUR GENTLEMEN TAKE A REAL PLEASURE IN PERFORMING?"

Chorus. "CERTAINLY WE DO!"

Dreadful Old Man. "THEN, AT LEAST, THERE IS *SOME* COMPENSATION FOR THE TORTURE YOU INFLICT!"

"A GOOD JOB OF IT!"

Optician. "AND HOW DO YOU FIND THE GLASS EYE I PUT IN FOR YOU, SIR? SATISFACTORY, I HOPE——"

Old Gent (gleefully). "SATISFACTORY! 'PO' MY LIFE, SIR, I—I FREQUENTLY CAN'T TELL WHICH IS THE GLASS ONE WITHOUT TAKING IT OUT!!"

A NATURAL OBJECTION.

Mamma. "OH! WON'T YOU KISS YOUR UNCLE, JULEY?"

Juley (unused to the Bengal Cavalry Beard). "I DON'T KNOW WHERE, MAMMA!"

"TOUCHING."

Bootmaker (affected to tears). "THEN YOU HAVEN'T HEARD O' THE DEMISE OF 'IS S'RENE 'IGHNESS *(sob)* COUNT PUMMELWITZ, SIR;—VERY OLD CUST'MER OF OURS, SIR—AND WHEN Y'UVE *(sniff)* MADE A NOBLEMAN'S BOOTS SO MANY YEARS YOU FEEL RE'LLY LIKE ONE OF THE FAM'LY!"

A DELICATE HINT.

Sentimental Young Lady (to Friend). "OH, ISN'T IT A PRETTY SIGHT TO SEE THE POOR HORSE DRINK!"
Driver (confidentially and insinuatingly). "SURE, THIN, IT WOULD BE A DALE PRETTIER SIGHT, MISS, TO SEE *ME* DRINK!"

A SWEEPING REFORM.

Crossing Sweeper. "WOT'S THIS HERE? WOT! DO AWAY WITH THE 'CLEAN-YOUR-DOOR-STEP' HAMATOOR, AND MAKE IT A PAID PURFESSION!! WHY, S'HELP ME, THEY'LL BE DOIN' AWAY WITH ME AND MY BROOM NEX', AND P'RAPS 'AVE THE CROSSIN'S SWEP' BY MASHEENERY! YAH!"

PROCEDURE.—A FACT.

Old M.P. "AW—I SAY, ROBINS. 'XTRAORDINARY THING ALL THE SEATS TAKEN AT THIS EARLY HOUR!"

Official (of many years' standing, who doesn't approve of recent changes). "YOU SEE, SIR, IT'S ALL THESE 'ERE NEW MEMBERS. EARLY IN THE DAY THEY'RE 'ERE, AND THEN, WHEN THE GENTLEMEN COMES DOWN IN THE AFTER-NOON, THERE AI'NT NO ROOM FOR THEM!"

TU QUOQUE.

Army Candidate. "AND I ONLY MUFFED ONE THING IN THE GEOGRAPHY PAPER. COULDN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME THINK WHERE THE STRAITS OF MACASSAR WERE!"

Fond Father. "OH, I SAY, YOU OUGHT TO HAVE KNOWN THAT. FANCY—THE STRAITS OF MACASSAR!"

Army Candidate. "WELL, I DIDN'T, ANYHOW. BY THE WAY, WHERE *ARE* THEY, DAD?"

Fond Father. "OH—WHERE ARE THEY? OH—ER—THEY'RE—WELL, THEY'RE—BUT DON'T YOU THINK WE'D BETTER GO TO LUNCH?"

SOCIAL AGONIES.

(Disadvantage of resembling a Celebrity.)

She. "OH, *HOW* DO YOU DO, DEAR MR. LYON? *HAVE* YOU FORGIVEN ME FOR CUTTING YOU AT MRS. LEO HUNTER'S LAST NIGHT? I WAS ACTUALLY STUPID ENOUGH TO TAKE YOU FOR THAT HORRID BORE, MR. TETTERBY THOMPSON, WHOM YOU'RE SAID TO BE SO LIKE. IT'S A HORRID LIBEL—YOU'RE NOT LIKE HIM A BIT."

He. "A—A—I *WASN'T* AT MRS. LEO HUNTER'S LAST NIGHT—A—A—A—AND MY NAME *IS* TETTERBY THOMPSON!"

SHE WAS "SORRY SHE SPOKE"!

Young Farmer (surveying the Stock). "A PRETTY TIDY LOT, MARIA."

Wife (con-siderably the senior). "AYE, BUT THEY WOULD NA BE THERE MAYBE WERN'IT NO FOR MY BRASS!"

Husband (nettled). "WHOY, LASS, GIN IT BE COOM TO THAT WI' YE, IF IT HAD NO' BEEN FOR YOUR MONEY, MAYHAP YE WID NA BEEN HERE YERSEL'!"

HYPERBOLE!

Auctioneer (selling Town Property). "WHY, GENTLEMEN, THE VERY ATMOSPHERE'S WORTH THE MONEY!"

CALLING OVER THE ROLL OF FAME.

Sergeant. "TUGAL M'TAVISH!" *Tugal (hurrying up, too late for parade).* "HERE!"

Sergeant (indignant). "HERE! WHERE? YOU'LL ALWAYS CRY 'HERE!' WHEN YOU'RE ABSENT."

"SE NON È VERO," ETC.

Old Lady. "OH, MR. HACKLES, YOU'VE STUFFED MY PARROT VERY BADLY! ALL THE FEATHERS ARE COMING OUT ALREADY!"

Taxidermist. "WHY, LOR' BLESS YER, MUM, THAT'S THE PUFFECTION O' STUFFIN'! YOU KNOW THE MOULTIN' SEASON'S NOW A COMIN' ON, MUM!!"

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Publican. "YOUR DOG'S VERY FAT, SIR. PRAY WHAT DO YOU FEED HIM ON?"

Traveller. "WELL, HE HAS NO REGULAR MEALS; BUT WHENEVER I TAKE A GLASS OF ALE, I GIVE HIM A BISCUIT, YOU KNOW!!"

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

Shipwrecked Party (who sees his way to supply "A Sketch on the Spot" to the Illustrated Papers). "BEG PARDON, BUT DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE SUCH A THING AS A PIECE OF INDIA RUBBER!?"

A CAPITAL PLACE.

Scene—Irish Steeplechase Course. Just Before the Race.

Veteran Sportsman (to Country Cousin). "BEGORRA, JACK, THIS 'UD BE OUR SPOT; WE'D BE APT TO SEE A CORPSE HERE!"

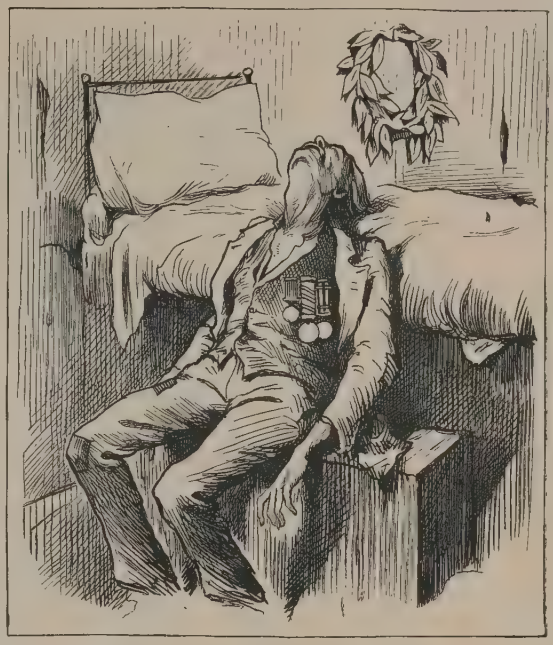
TIT FOR TAT.

Captain Pullem (having just effected a "Swop" with his Friend). "NOW, I'LL BE STRAIGHT WITH YOU, OLD MAN. THAT HORSE YOU'VE GOT FROM ME IS A BIT OF A CRIB-BITER!"

Friend. "OH, DON'T MENTION IT, OLD CHAP. YOU'LL FIND MINE TO BE A CONFIRMED RUNAWAY!"

AN INNOCENT OFFENDER.

WHAT IS ALL THIS ABOUT? WHY, IT IS AGAINST THE LAW TO CARRY PLANTS OF ANY KIND, ALIVE OR DEAD, INTO ITALY, AND THE OFFICIALS AT THE ITALIAN DOGANA (CUSTOM-HOUSE) NEAR MENTONE HAVE JUST BEEN TOLD THAT AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, WITH A ROSE IN HIS BUTTON-HOLE, HAS STROLLED BY, TOWARDS VENTIMIGLIA. SO THEY ARE AFTER THE UNSUSPECTING CRIMINAL!



ALLOWED TO STARVE.

THE SUCCESSFUL FASTING-MAN.

ONE OF THE SIX HUNDRED!!!

SO FRIVOLOUS!

Wife. "SOLOMON, I HAVE A BONE TO PICK WITH YOU."

Solomon (flippantly). "WITH PLEASURE, MY DEAR, SO LONG AS IT'S A FUNNY BONE!"

CANINE.

Patron. "WELL, BUT YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY THAT SUCH A DAWG AS THAT COULD DRAW A BADGER?"

Fancier. "NOT DRAW A BADGER? WHY, BLESS YER 'ART, IT WOULD BE A LITTLE 'OLIDAY TO HIM!"

WHAT IS IT?

First Boy (loq.). "I TELL YER ITS 'ED'S HERE!—I SEEN IT MOVE!"

Second Do. "I SAY IT'S AT THIS END, YER STOOPID!—I CAN SEE 'IS EARS!"

DRAWING IT MILD.

Customer. "LA, MISS! IF YOU WARN'T SO WEAK IN THE WRIST, WHAT A LOT MORE BEER YOU'D SELL!"

A DISTINCTION.

Noble Lord (who dabbles in the Arts). "THINK IT'S LIKE MY FATHER, TROTTER?"

Trotter (the Earl's Groom). "AH! THAT IT BE, MY LORD; BUT *(thinking of a flattering compliment)* IT'S WERY EASY TO SEE IT WARN'T DONE BY A ARTIS', MY LORD; I MEAN ONE O' THEM FELLOWS AS GETS THEIR LIVIN' BY IT!"

SOCIETY.

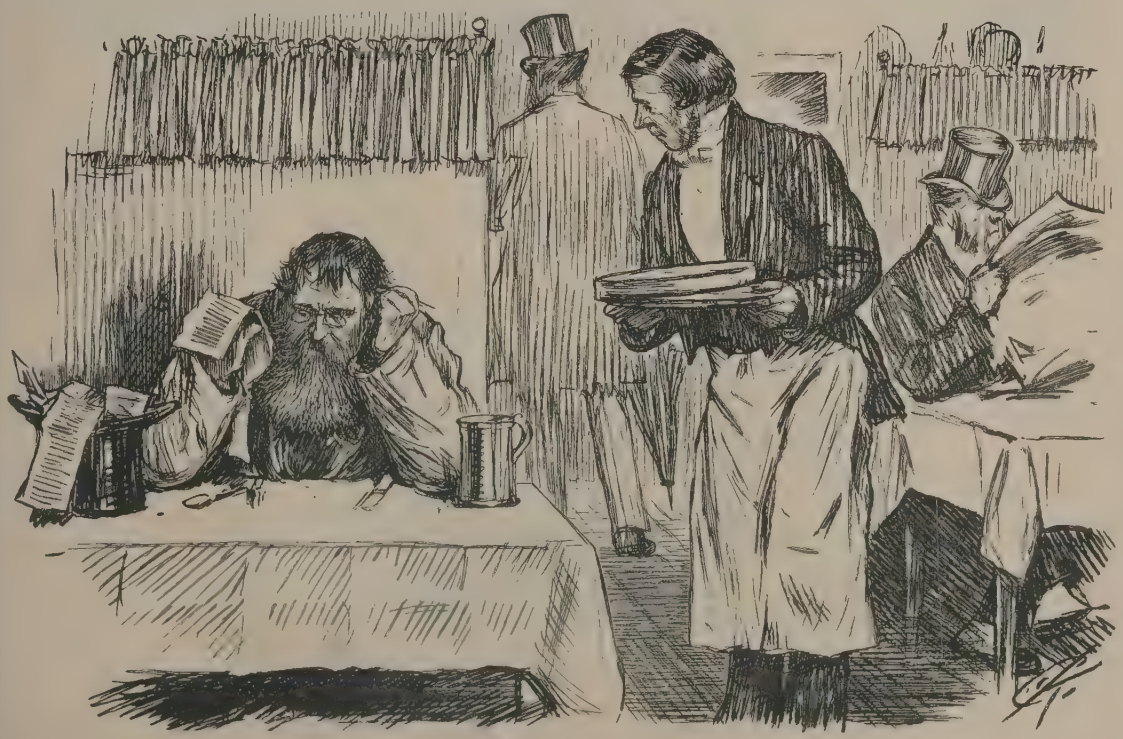
Mistress. "WELL, DICKSON, I SUPPOSE YOU ALL WANT A PARTY THIS YEAR, AS USUAL?"

Maid. "YES'M. WE SHOULD LIKE ONE IF YOU PLEASE. IT'S AWKWARD ACCEPTING OF INVITATIONS, IF WE DON'T SEND OUT NONE IN RETURN!"

"AULD EDINBRO'!"

Saxon Traveller. "THIS IS TOO BAD, WAITER! I TOLD YOU WE WANTED TO GO BY THE 9·30 TRAIN, AND HERE'S BREAKFAST NOT READY!"

Celtic Waiter. "A WEEL, SIR, FAC' IS, THE COOK TAK'S A GLESS!"



REPLETION.

Robert. "PUDDING OR CHEESE, SIR?"

Abstracted Editor. "OWING TO PRESSURE OF OTHER MATTER, 'REGRET WE ARE UNABLE TO FIND ROOM FOR IT!"

Mater (aroused by the Horse pulling up). "WHIT'S THE MATTER, GUIDMAN? ONYTHING WRANG?"

Pater (bringing his Faculties to a Focus). "LET US JUST CONSUDER THE RECENT CIRCUMSTANCES. WAS OOR JOHN IN THE GIG WHEN WE STARTET FRAE ARDRISHAIG?"

"OOR JOHN" *WAS* IN THE GIG—*WHEN THEY STARTED!*

AFTER THE PARTY.

THE WEDDING-DAY—FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

PRESENTS—BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET OF FLOWERS FROM COVENT GARDEN, AND SUCH A LOVELY BRACELET!

THE WEDDING-DAY—FOURTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.

PRESENTS—BEAUTIFUL BUNDLE OF ASPARAGUS FROM COVENT GARDEN, AND THE NICEST DOUBLE PERAMBULATOR IN THE WORLD!!

TESTAMENTARY!

Country Parson (who, in his poor old Parishioner's last illness, had charitably sent him a can of Milk every day from the Vicarage). "WELL, MRS. POWLEY, AND HOW HAVE YOU BEEN SINCE YOUR SAD LOSS——"

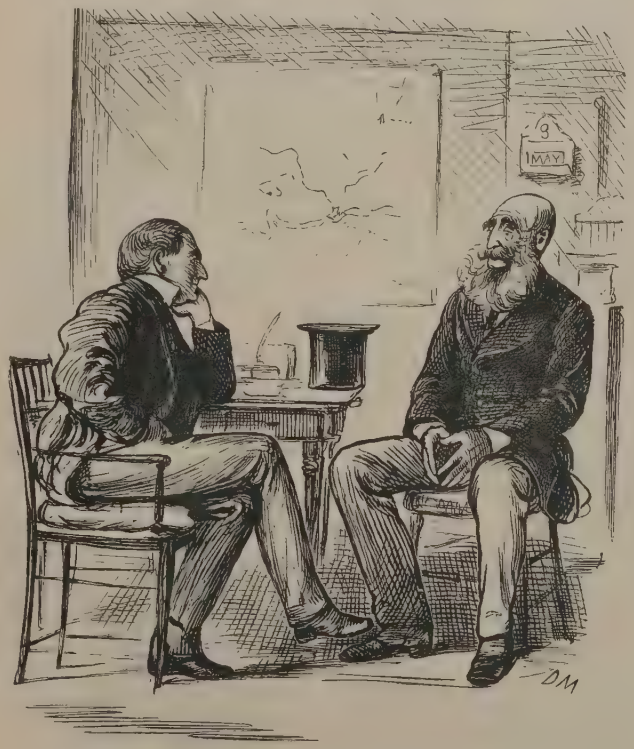
Widow. "YES, SIR—POOR IZAAK!—HE'S A GONE! BUT AFORE HE WENT, SIR, HE LEFT THE QUART O' MILK TO COME TO ME DAILY, POOR DEAR!"

ALL THERE!

"NOW, THEN, OLD FELLER, TUCK IN YER TUPPENNY—DO YOU THINK I'M A AGGROBAT?"

CONSIDERATE CRITICISM.

Rustic (to his Friend). "WA—AL, THA'S BETTER THAN DOIN' O' NAWTH'N', I S'POOS', GEARGE!!"



MISSING THE POINT.

Legal Adviser (speaking technically). "IN SHORT, YOU WANT TO MEET YOUR CREDITORS."

Innocent Client. "HANG IT, NO! WHY, THEY'RE THE VERY PEOPLE I'M MOST ANXIOUS TO AVOID!"

GOING CHEAP.

Charley (to his Country Cousin). "GOING UP TO THE DERBY THIS YEAR, TOM?"

Tom (evidently the victim of some absurd hoax). "OH, YES! ROBINSON HAS PROMISED TO GET ME A SEAT IN ONE OF THE *HUMANE SOCIETY'S DRAGS!*"

A HOPELESS CASE.

Lady (who has been studying every possible description of hat and bonnet for the last half-hour). "YES, THEY ARE ALL VERY PRETTY. AND NOW, CAN YOU HELP ME TO REMEMBER WHAT I INTENDED TO HAVE AT FIRST?"

VERY LIKELY!

Adonis. "HERE!—HI!—BOY!—JUST WUN AND FETCH MY HAT, THERE'S A GOOD FELLAH!"
Boy. "O YES—I DESSAY. AND YOU'LL WALK OFF WITH MY BARRER!"

VERY PARTICULAR.

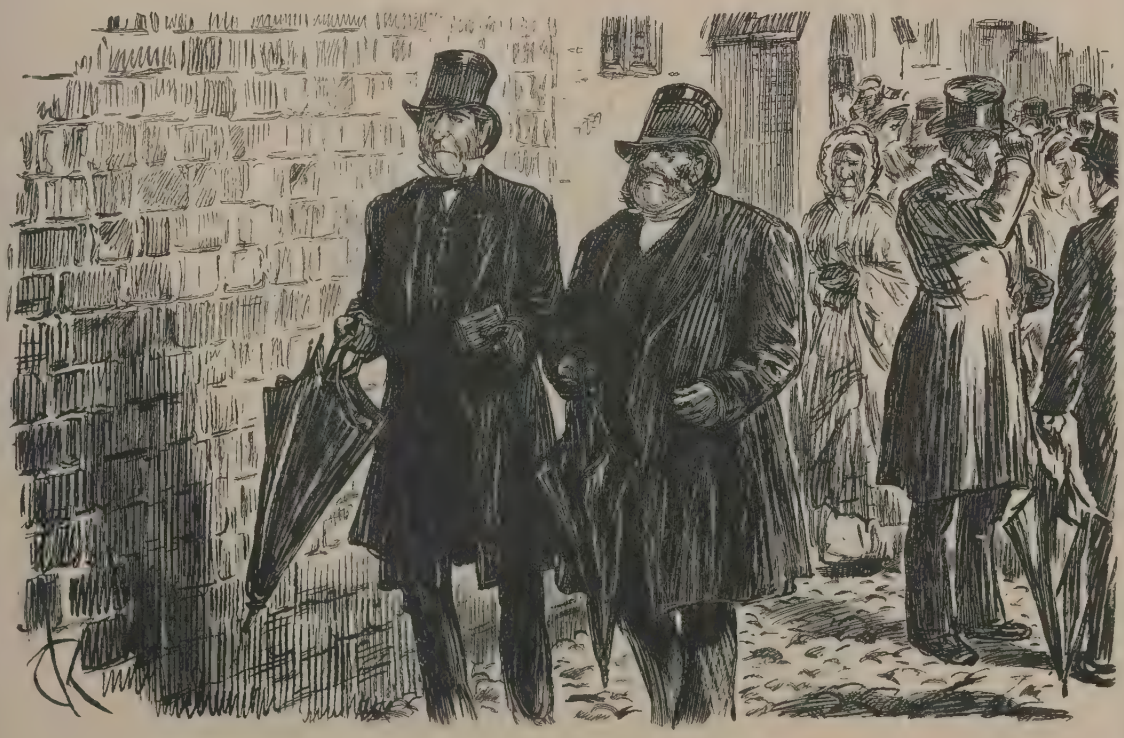
First Railway Porter. "WHAT DOES HE SAY, BILL?".

Second ditto. "WHY, HE SAYS HE MUST HAVE A COMPARTMENT TO HISSELF, BECAUSE HE CAN'T GET ON WITHOUT HIS SMOKE!"

LOOKING FORWARD.

Clara. "WHAT DOES TOMMY THINK? WHY TOMMY HAS JUST GOT A NEW LITTLE BROTHER!"

Tommy. "HAVE I, THOUGH? HOW JOLLY—THERE'LL BE SOMEBODY NOW TO WEAR MY OLD CLOTHES!"



CONSCIENCE.

U. P. Elder. "THE MEENISTER NEEDNA' 'BEEN THAT HAURD EN HES DISCOORSE. THEER 'PLANTY O' LEEARS I' PEEBLES FORBYE ME!"

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

Lady Clara Robinson (née Vere de Vere). "THANKS! HOW IS IT OMNIBUS MEN ARE SO MUCH CIVILLER THAN I'M TOLD THEY USED TO BE?"

Conductor. "YOU SEE, LADY, THERE'S SO MANY DECAYED ARISTOCRACY TRAVELS BY US NOWADAYS, THAT WE PICKS UP THEIR MANNERS!"

MONOPOLY.

First Stock Exchange Man (reading newspaper). "HULLO! POLICE RAID ON WEST-END GAMBLING CLUBS! AH—QUITE RIGHT—THERE'S TOO MUCH OF THAT SORT OF THING!"

Second S. E. M. "YES, A DEAL TOO MUCH. LOOK HERE. BET YOU SIX TO FOUR THEY GET OFF!"

First S. E. M. "DONE, WITH YOU!"

"SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS!"

Artist. "OH, SO YOU THINK THE BACKGROUND'S BEASTLY, DO YOU?! PERHAPS THE CATTLE ARE BEASTLY TOO, THOUGH I FLATTER MYSELF——"

Friendly Critic. "OH NO, MY DEAR FELLOW! THAT'S JUST WHAT THEY SHOULD BE!!"

THE AMATEURS.

Suburban Roscius. "AH, I SAW YOU WERE AT OUR 'THEATRICALS' THE OTHER NIGHT. HOW DID YOU LIKE MY ASSUMPTION OF *HAMLET?*"

Candid Friend. "MY DEAR F'LLAR—GREAT'ST PIECE OF ASSUMPTION I EVER SAW I' M' LIFE!"

SLIGHTLY MIXED.

Parson (to Candidate for Sunday School). "HAVE YOU BEEN CHRISTENED MY BOY?"

Boy. "YESH, SHIR. GOT MARKS IN THREE PLASHES ON MY LEFT ARM!"

STARTLING!

Constable (to Nervous Passenger, arrived by the Ramsgate Train). "I'VE GOT YER"—(*"Ger-acious Heavens!" thinks little Skeery with a thrill of horror. "'Takes me for somebody that's 'wanted'!"*)—"A CAB, SIR!"

IT'S A GREAT THING FOR A MAN TO KNOW WHEN HE'S WELL OFF.

IGNORANCE AND NO BLISS.

Friend. "I SEE YOU RIDE UPON THE CURB."

Young Gent (jerkily, in difficulties). "NO—DON'T.—KEEP AS FAR—FROM—PAVEMENT AS—TRAFFIC—PERMITS. WOA! STAND STILL!"

CULTURE!

Our (Reg'lar) Dustman (on first Monday in May). "NOW, BETSY, VICH IS IT TO BE, MY DEAR?—THE HAHR-HAY, OR THE GRUV'NOR?!!"

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

Hector. "NOW, THEN, YOUNG FELLER—WHO ARE YOU STARING AT?"

Hodge. "WHOY SHOULDN'T I STARE AT YER? *I PAYS YOR YER!*"

LATEST RAILWAY MARVEL.

Gent. "I SAY, PORTER, WHEN DOES THE NEXT TRAIN START?"

Irish Porter "THE NEXT TRAIN! SURE, THE NIXT TRAIN HAS GONE TIN MINUTES AGO."

NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS.

Parson. "BETTER FED THAN TAUGHT, I FANCY, BOY?"

Boy. "EES, I BE; 'COS I FEEDS MYSELF, AND YOU TEACHES ME!"

TEMPTING.

Maiden Aunt (sweetly). "RUN AWAY, HARRY, DARLING, AND GET ME MY WORK-BOX, AND *I'LL GIVE YOU A KISS!*"

Harry, Darling. "THEN I WON'T GO."

CONDESCENDING.

Master Tom (going back to School, to Fellow Passenger). "IF YOU'D LIKE TO SMOKE, YOU KNOW, GOV'NOUR, DON'T YOU MIND ME, I RATHER LIKE IT!"

"TRYING."

Country Photographer (removing Cap from the Lens). "QUITE STEADY, NOW, SIR, IF YOU PLEASE."

[Not so easy with a Lively Wasp threatening your Nose—and the Negative is a Failure.

A BAD TIME FOR JOHN THOMAS.

Rude Boy. "I SAY, JACK, AIN'T HE A FINE UN?—D'YE THINK HE'S REAL, OR ONLY STUFFED?"

A FACT.

Mistress. "I THINK, COOK, WE MUST PART THIS DAY MONTH."

Cook (in astonishment). "WHY, MA'AM? I AM SURE I'VE LET YOU 'AVE YOUR OWN WAY IN 'MOST EVERYTHINK!"

BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON.—AND HOW THEY WENT TO A BALL.

BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON, HAVING RECEIVED AN INVITATION TO A BALL, AND NOT BEING "UP" IN THE POLKA, TAKE A FEW LESSONS FROM A PROFESSOR

WISHING TO LOOK KILLING ON THE OCCASION, THEY GET THEIR HAIR DRESSED.

SENSATION AMONG THE PUBLIC ON THEIR ARRIVAL.

THE "LIBRARY" AS IT APPEARED ON THE NIGHT OF THE BALL

"MR. ROBINSON!"

MR. ROBINSON MAKES HIMSELF AGREEABLE TO THE LADIES.

UNFORTUNATE EVENT! BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON ARE ALL STRUCK WITH THE YOUNG LADY.

THIS DRAWING REPRESENTS MR. JONES AT THE MOMENT WHEN HE WAS UNDECIDED AS TO WHICH OF THAT ROW HE WOULD ASK TO DANCE.

ROBINSON IS HERE SEEN NOT ONLY AMUSING HIMSELF, BUT CAUSING AMUSEMENT TO OTHERS.

"MISS SMITH—MR. BROWN."

ROBINSON BEHOLDS BROWN POLKING, AND OH! HOW HE WISHES HE HAD THE COURAGE TO DO IT.

BROWN SITS WITH *HER* UPON THE STAIRS, BECAUSE "THE COOLNESS THERE IS SO DELICIOUS."

FRANTIC BEHAVIOUR OF ROBINSON, THIRSTING FOR ICE, AFTER EIGHT QUADRILLES.

THE PARTNER OF JONES'S AFFECTIONS BEING CARRIED OFF BY A HEAVY DRAGOON, HE (JONES) HATES THE WORLD FROM THAT MOMENT.

WE NEXT SEE HIM AT SUPPER.

WHAT THE HEAVY DRAGOON DID TO JONES IN HIS WRATH: JONES, GROWN RECKLESS WITH HATRED, JEALOUSY, AND CHAMPAGNE, HAVING INTIMATED THAT HE WAS A "PERSON."

IMPORTANT.

Little Boy. "HERE, YOUNG 'UN, JUST HOLD MY HOOP WHILE I GO AND TRANSACT A LITTLE BUSINESS."

THE GREAT TOBACCO QUESTION.

Experienced Smoker (loq.). "CIGARS? POOH!—CIGARS ARE ALL VERY WELL FOR BOYS, BUT GIVE *ME* A PIPE!"

HEART-BREAKING.

Philanthropist. "WHAT NOW, MY MAN?"

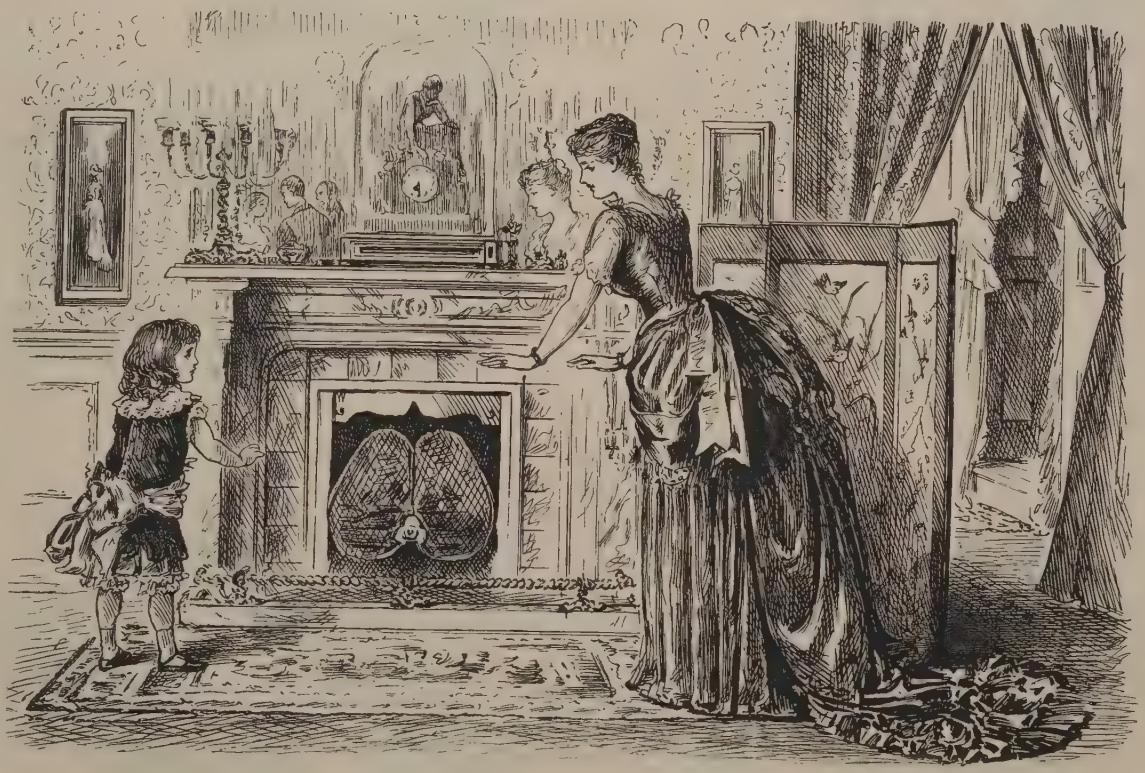
Street Boy. "THEY'VE BEEN AND GONE AND SPIKED MY PEA-SHOOTER!"

MIGHT VERSUS RIGHT.

Navigator. "WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY?"

Policeman. "WHY, I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE STATION-HOUSE, IF YOU DON'T MOVE ON."

Navigator. "*YOU* TAKE ME TO THE STATION-HOUSE? TEN ON YOU MIGHT!"



THE CHILD OF THE PERIOD.

Visitor at Country House. "BY THE BYE, YOU DIDN'T KNOW WHO I *WAS* THIS MORNING, MARGUERITE!"

Small Daughter of the House. "NO; WHO *WERE* YOU?"

NATURAL HISTORY.

"LISTEN, AUNTIE; WHAT'S THAT?"

"IT'S THE CUCKOO, DARLING. DON'T YOU KNOW THE CUCKOO?"

"OH, YES! THE CUCKOO'S THAT HORRID BIRD THAT DOESN'T LAY ITS OWN EGGS!"

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

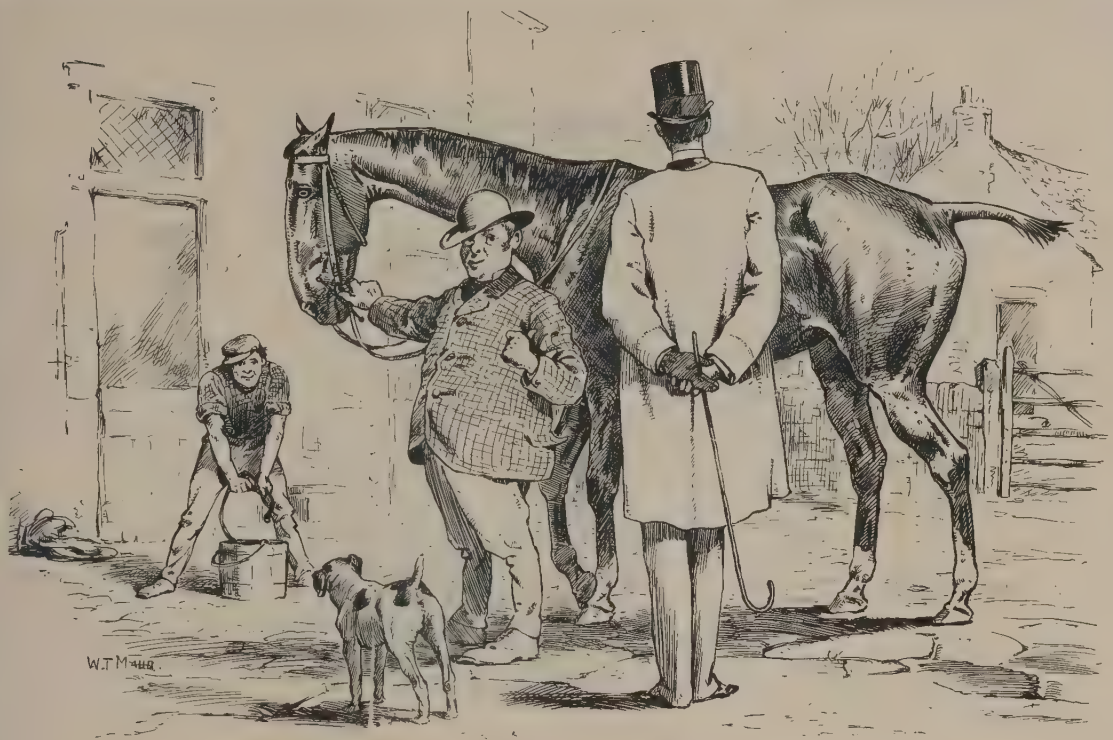
"NOW, JESSIE, SAY YOUR PRAYERS LIKE A GOOD LITTLE GIRL!"

"MAMMA, DEAR! WHY *MAYN'T I KNEEL DOWN, AND HOLD MY TONGUE,* AS PAPA DOES?"

A STUDIED INSULT.

Box-Office Keeper at the Imperial Music Hall (to Farmer Murphy, who is in Town for the Islington Horse Show). "BOX OR TWO STALLS, SIR?"

Murphy. "WHAT THE DEV'L D'YE MANE? D'YE TAKE ME AN' THE MISSUS FOR A PAIR O' PROIZE 'OSSES? OI'LL HAVE TWO SATES IN THE DHRESS CIRCLE, AND LET 'EM BE AS DHRESSY AS POSSIBLE, MOIND!"



SO CONVENIENT!

Dealer's Man (confidentially). "NICE 'OSS, SIR. JUST SUIT *YOU*, SIR. NICE PERMISCUOUS 'OSS, SIR!—*YOU CAN SIT ON HIM A'MOST ANYWHERE!*"

NICE FOR HIS BOOTS!

"OH, CAPTAIN PINKTOP, I'M AFRAID MY SADDLE'S LOOSE! WILL YOU GET DOWN AND TIGHTEN THE GIRTHS?"

RATHER 'CUTE.

Small but Sharp Passenger. "LOOK HERE! YOU DIDN'T GIVE ME THE RIGHT CHANGE JUST NOW!"

Clerk. "TOO LATE, SIR! YOU SHOULD HAVE SPOKEN WHEN YOU TOOK YOUR TICKET!"

Passenger. "*SHOULD* I? WELL, IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE TO ME; BUT YOU GAVE ME HALF-A-SOVEREIGN TOO MUCH! TA-TA!" *[Exit.*

"HA! HA! THE WOOIN' O'T!"—*Old Song.*

Young Mistress (gravely; she had seen an affectionate parting at the garden-gate). "I SEE YOU'VE GOT A YOUNG MAN, JANE!"

Jane (apologetically). "ONLY WALKED OUT WITH HIM ONCE, M'UM!"

Mistress. "O, BUT I THOUGHT I SAW—DIDN'T YOU—DIDN'T HE—TAKE A KISS, JANE?"

Jane. "O, M'M, ONLY AS A FRIEND, M'M!!"

ADJUSTMENT.

Bootmaker (who has a deal of trouble with this Customer). "I THINK, SIR, IF YOU WERE TO CUT YOUR CORNS, I COULD MORE EASILY FIND YOU A PAIR——"

Choleric Old Gentleman. "CUT MY CORNS, SIR!—I ASK YOU TO FIT ME A PAIR O' BOOTS TO MY FEET, SIR!—I'M NOT GOING TO PLANE MY FEET DOWN TO FIT YOUR BOOTS!!!"

"ON THE FACE OF IT."

Host. "I DON'T LIKE THIS LAFITTE HALF SO WELL AS THE LAST, BINNS. HAVE YOU NOTICED ANY DIFFERENCE?"

New Butler. "WELL, SIR, FOR MYSELF I DON'T DRINK CLARET; I FIND PORT AGREES WITH ME SO MUCH BETTER!!"

AT A HORSE FAIR.

Dealer. "NOW, GUV'NOR, SAY YOU'LL 'AVE 'IM FOR THIRTY-FIVE BOB. YOU CAN'T GET A GOOD SOUND YOUNG 'OSS LIKE 'IM FOR LESS!"

REFLECTED GLORY.

Visitor. "AND WHO ARE *YOU*, MY LITTLE MAN?"

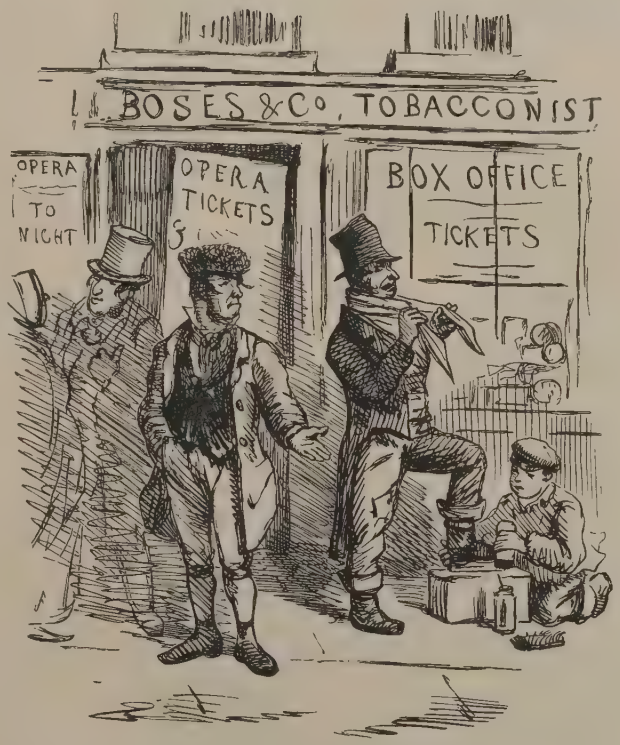
Cuthbert (with conscious pride). "I'M THE BABY'S *BROTHER!*"

A HINT FOR THE PARK.

WHY SHOULDN'T A GOOD OLD ECONOMICAL FASHION BE REVIVED IN ROTTEN ROW? WHY NOT? IT'S ENTIRELY A MATTER OF A PILLION.

"THE BLOCK SYSTEM."

Affable Old Lady (to Ticket Clerk—Morning Express just due). "NO, I'M NOT GOING UP THIS MORNING, BUT ONE OF YOUR PENNY TIME-TABLES, IF YOU PLEASE; AND CAN YOU TELL ME"—*(Shouts from the Crowd,* "NOW THEN, MUM!")—"IF THE 10·45 STOPS AT DRIBBLETHORPE JUNCTION, AND IF SHANDRY'S BUS MEETS THE TRAINS, WHICH IT ALWAYS DOES ON MARKET DAYS, I KNOW, 'CAUSE MY MARRIED SISTER'S COUSIN, AS IS A FARMER, GENERALLY GOES BY IT. BUT IF IT DON'T COME O' TOOSDAY AS WELL AS WEDNESDAY, I SHALL HAVE TO GET OUT AT SHUNTBURY AND TAKE A FLY, WHICH RUNS INTO MONEY, YOU KNOW, WHEN YOU'RE BY YOURSELF LIKE. IF YOU'LL BE GOOD ENOUGH TO LOOK OUT THE TRAINS—AND CHANGE FOR HALF A SOVEREIGN, IF YOU PLEASE. OH NO I'M IN NO HURRY, AS I AIN'T A GOIN' TILL NEXT WEEK. FINE MORN——" *[Bell rings. Position stormed*



OPERA FOR THE MILLION.

One of the Million. "NOW THEN, 'ENERY, COME ALONG! WE SHALL LOSE THE HOVERTURE!"

Another ditto. "WHY, WOT A PRECIOUS 'URRY YOU'RE IN. CAN'T YER WAIT TILL A COVE'S DRESSED?"

TOUCHING.

Groom (to Old Coachman). "WHY, GUV'N'R, WHAT HEVER'S THE MATTER?"

Old Coachman (sobbing). "AH, WILLIAM! MOST AFFECTIN' SIGHT! I'VE JUST SEEN THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB GOING DOWN TO GREENWICH! TEN ON 'EM! BEAUTIFUL TEAMS! AND DRIVEN BY REG'LAR TIP-TOP SWELLS! IT'S BIN A'MOST TOO MUCH FOR ME!"

[Is relieved by tears.

PLEASANT!

Old Party (very naturally excited). "WHY, CONFOUND YOU! YOU ARE WIPING MY PLATE WITH YOUR HANDKERCHIEF!"

Waiter (blandly). "IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE, SIR—IT'S ONLY A DIRTY ONE!"

PERIL!

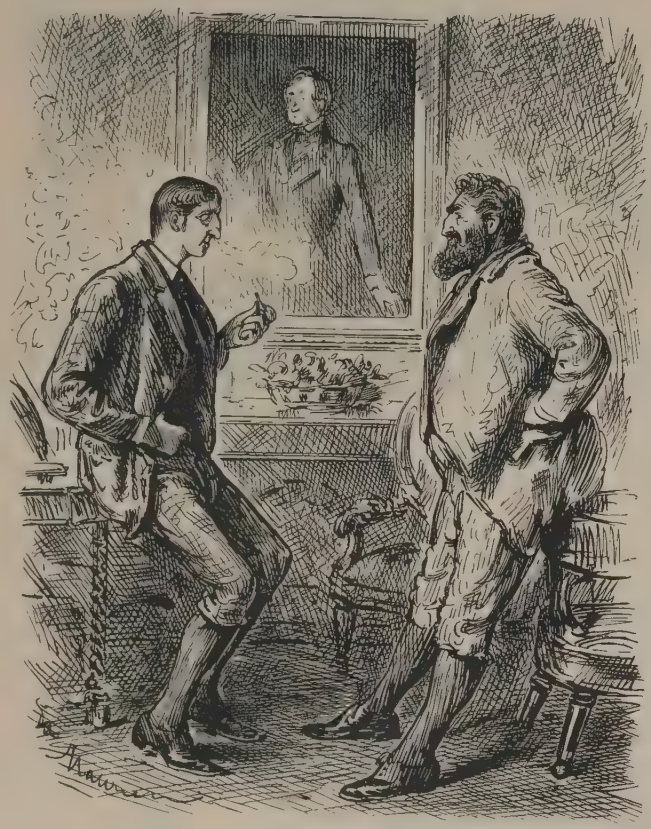
Gruff Voice (behind her—she thought she heard her own Name). "SHE'S A GETTIN' OLD, BILL, AND SHE SARTAIN'Y AIN'T NO BEAUTY! BUT YOU AND I'LL SMARTEN HER UP! GIVE HER A GOOD TARRIN' UP TO THE WAIST, AND A STREAK O' PAINT, AND THEY 'ONT KNOW HER AGAIN WHEN THE FOLKS COME DOWN A' WHITSUN'. COME ALONG, AND LET'S KETCH 'OLD OF HER, AND SHOVE HER INTO THE WATER FUST OF ALL!!"

Miss Isabella. "OH! THE HORRID WRETCHES! NO POLICEMAN IN SIGHT! NOTHING FOR IT BUT FLIGHT!" *[Is off like a Bird!*

MR. ATKINS AT HIS EASE.

ENCOURAGING, VERY!

Cockney Art-Teacher (newly arrived and nervous—after a long silence). "IF YOU *SHOULD* SEE A CHANCE O' DRORIN' ANYTHING CORRECTLY—*DO SO!!*" [*Collapse of expectant Student.*



PROGRESS.

Angry Squire (to Extravagant Son). "I CAN'T SAY I THOUGHT MUCH OF *MY* FATHER'S OPINION. BUT, BY GEORGE! *YOU* SEEM TO LOOK UPON *ME* AS SIMPLY *A BORN IDIOT!*".

CULINARY CULTURE.

New Cook. "IF YOU'RE GOING UP-STAIRS, MR. RUGGLES, YOU MIGHT JUST TELL MY LADY THAT IF SHE CAN'T WRITE THE '*MENOO*' IN FRENCH, I SHALL BE VERY 'APPY TO DO IT FOR HER!"

STANDING NO NONSENSE.

'Arry. "PHEW!"—*(the weather was warm, and they had walked over from 'Ammersmith)*—"BRING US A BOTTLE O' CHAMPAGNE, WAITER."

Waiter. "YESSIR—DRY, SIR?"

'Arry ('aughtily, to put a stop to this familiarity at once). "NEVER YOU MIND WHETHER WE'RE DRY OR WHETHER WE AIN'T!—BRING THE WINE!"

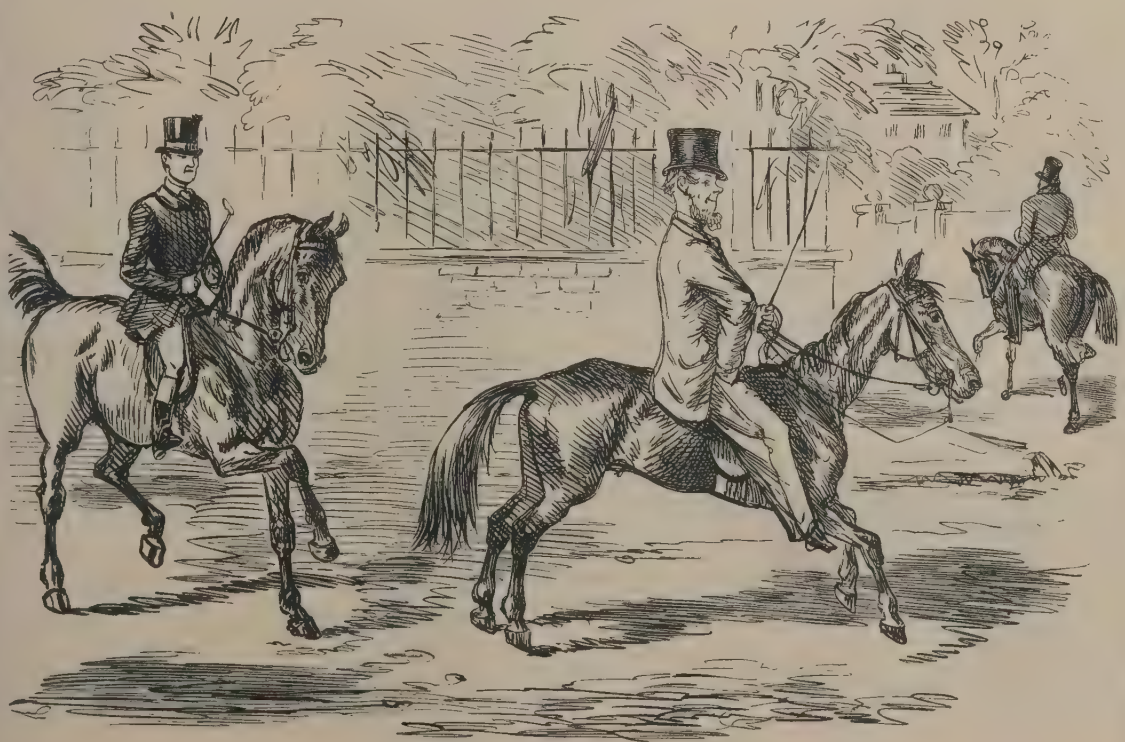
JOLLY FOR JONES.

Jones (singing his favourite Scena). "ADDIO LEON . . OR . A, AD . . DIO——" [*'Bus suddenly stops.*

Cad (with asperity). "WHAT NOW!"

Driver. "WHY, YOU HOLLERED."

Cad. "GO ALONG WITH YOU. IT WARN'T ME A-HOLLERIN'" [*Jones tacet for the rest of the journey*



STOLEN PLEASURES.

PORTRAIT OF TOMKINS, UNDER THE DELUSION THAT THE PUBLIC TAKES THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S GROOM FOR HIS.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

Todeson (who has grown his Moustache, dropped his G's, and got into Society again). "FACT IS SOCIETY'S GETTIN' MUCH TOO MIXED, DUCHESS. IT'S NOT AMUSIN', AFTER SPENDIN' A PLEASANT EVENIN', TO FIND YOU'VE BEEN HOBNOBBIN' WITH A SHOPKEEPER, OR SITTIN' NEXT HIS WIFE AT DINNER, YOU KNOW!"

Her Grace. "OH, DEAR ME! WHY, MY *HUSBAND'S* A SHOPKEEPER, MR. TODESON. HE KEEPS THAT GREAT BRIC-À-BRAC WAREHOUSE IN CONDUIT STREET!—AND THE TOY-SHOP AT THE CORNER, THAT'S MINE!—AND THE CONFECTIONER OVER THE WAY, THAT'S MY MOTHER, THE DUCHESS OF HAUTCASTEL!"

[Todeson feels he has been puttin' his foot in it.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS NOT HAPPILY SOLVED.

Husband. "OH, SIR JOHN, SO GLAD YOU HAVE CALLED!—AND SO KIND OF LADY DASHWOOD TO HAVE ASKED US TO HER PARTY!—BUT WE ARE QUITE IN A FIX WHEN TO COME, BECAUSE THE CARD SAYS 'EARLY AND LATE.'"

Sir John. "OH, I THINK I CAN TELL YOU. SEND YOUR WIFE VERY EARLY INDEED, AND YOU CAN COME AS LATE AS YOU LIKE!"

Husband (who does not quite see it). "THANKS! THANKS! VERY MANY THANKS!"

HARDLY LIKELY.

(An Incident in a "Point to Point" Race.)

Fallen Competitor (to his Bosom Friend, who now has the Race in hand). "HI, GEORGE, OLD MAN! JUST CATCH MY HORSE, THERE'S A GOOD CHAP!"

PLEASURE *v.* APPETITE.

Uncle Harry. "NOW, TOMMY, WHICH AM I TO GIVE YOU?—THE PONY, OR THE CALF?"
Tommy. "OH, I THINK I SHOULD LIKE THE PONY." *(Pause.)* "BUT, UNCLE HARRY?"
Uncle Harry. "WELL, TOMMY?" *Tommy.* "I—I'M AWFULLY FOND OF VEAL!"

"LUCUS A NON LUCENDO."

"TUGAL', HAV' YE GOT A LICHT?" "YES, TONAL', BUT IT'S OOT."

A SOFT ANSWER.

Irascible Old Gent. "WAITER! THIS PLATE IS QUITE COLD!"

Waiter. "YESSIR, BUT THE CHOP IS 'OT SIR, WHICH I THINK YOU'LL FIND IT'LL WARM UP THE PLATE NICELY, SIR!"

"DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS."

Young Housekeeper. "I'M AFRAID THOSE SOLES I BOUGHT OF YOU YESTERDAY WERE NOT FRESH. MY HUSBAND SAID THEY WERE NOT NICE AT ALL!"

Brighton Fisherman. "WELL, MARM, THAT BE YOUR FAULT—IT BEAN'T MINE. I'VE OFFERED 'EM YER EVERY DAY THIS WEEK, AND YOU MIGHT A' 'AD 'EM O' MONDAY IF YOU'D A LOIKED!"

"EXEMPLI GRATIA."

Ancient Mariner (to credulous Yachtsman). "A'MIRAL LORD NELSON! BLESS YER, I KNOWED HIM; SERVED UNDER HIM. MANY'S THE TIME I'VE AS'ED HIM FOR A BIT O' 'BACCO, AS I MIGHT BE A ASTIN' O' YOU; AND SAYS HE, 'WELL, I AIN'T GOT NO 'BACCO,' JEST AS YOU MIGHT SAY TO ME; 'BUT HERE'S A SHILLIN' FOR YER,' SAYS HE"!!

IN DIFFICULTIES.

Effie (who can't make her sum come right). "OH, I *DO* WISH I WAS A RABBIT SO!"

Maud. "WHAT FOR, DARLING?" *Effie.* "PAPA SAYS THEY *MULTIPLY* SO QUICKLY!"

REVOLTING MEANNESS!

Nurse (examining Christening Present, just received). "LOR, MA'AM, IF MR. MACSTINGY HAIN'T SENT DEAR BABY THE CUP HIS COCHIN-CHINA FOWL WON AT THE POULTRY SHOW!"

"AWEARY! AWEARY!"

Miss Certainage (who has been studying Schopenhauer, and has come to the conclusion that there is nothing but sorrow in life, sadly). "AH, MAJOR, I'M SURE I SHALL DIE YOUNG!"

Ethel. "OH NO, AUNT DEAR, I'M *CERTAIN* YOU WON'T!"

GEOLOGY.

Scientific Pedestrian. "DO YOU FIND ANY FOSSILS HERE?"
Excavator. "DUNNO WHAT YOU CALLS 'VOSSULS.' WE FINDS NOWT HERE BUT MUCK AND 'ARD WORK!"

HARD LINES.

'Bus Driver (12·30 p.m., in a hoarse whisper). "I'M LIKE THE PILGRIM O' LOVE, SIR!"
Prosaic Passenger (startled). "LIKE THE—WHAT?"
'Bus-Driver. "PILGRIM O' LOVE, SIR!—'NO REST FOR ME BUT THE GRAVE'!!"
[*And then he explained how he'd been on the Box from 9 in the Morning, with two pulling horses, and rheumatics in both shoulder-blades!*

"PLACES OF AMUSEMENT"!

Country Parson (who had been invited to Afternoon Tea with the Archbishop of Canterbury). "LAMBETH PALACE—AND I'M AFRAID I'M RATHER LA——"

Cabby. "'L'AMBRA PALAGE! WHY, TA DOON'T OOPEN TILL 'ALF-PAST EIGHT!"

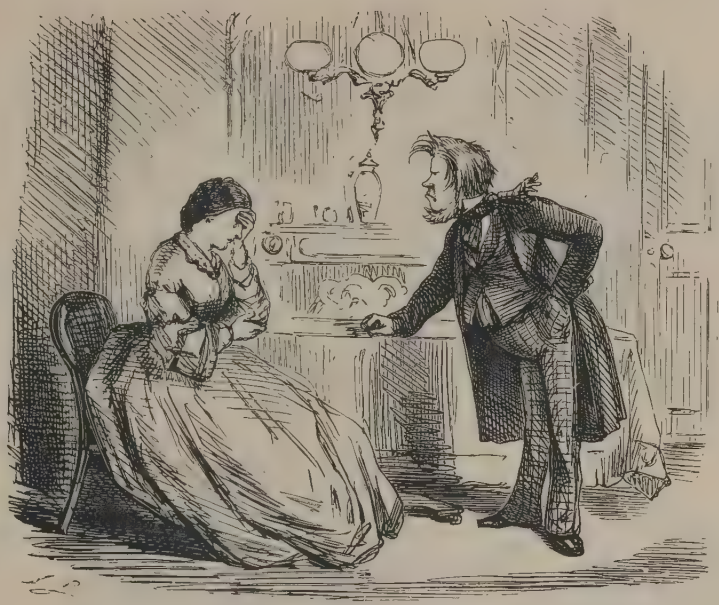
INGENIOUSLY PUT!

"NOW MASTER BOBBIE IS GOING TO BE A *GOOD BOY*, AND WATCH BABY, WHILE I GO AND HASK GREAT, BIG, FIERCE, MR. SOLDIER NOT TO *RUN AWAY* WITH MASTER BOBBIE."

IN THE SEASON.

James. "YOU DO A DEAL O' SHOPPIN', DON'T YOU, CHARLES?"

Charles. "YES, AND A GOODISH BIT O' HOPERA; BUT THE HEARLY MORNIN' CHURCH SERVICE TAKES IT OUT O' ME MOST!"



THE GREAT BOON.

Superior Being (!) "YOU'LL PLEASE TO OBSERVE, MUM, THAT A DIVORCE IS A MUCH EASIER MATTER THAN IT USED TO BE—SO NONE OF YOUR VIOLENCE!"

QUITE SUPERFLUOUS.

Stout Passenger (obstreperously). "HOY! HOY! HOY!!"

'Bus-Driver. "ALL RIGHT, SIR, WE CAN SEE YER, SIR; WE CAN SEE YER VITH THE NAKED EYE, SIR!"

AT THE ACADEMY.

Young Lady (indignant). "NOW, I TOLD YOU, PAPA, THIS WASN'T THE FASHIONABLE HOUR. WE'LL HAVE NOTHING BUT THESE HORRID PICTURES TO LOOK AT UNTIL THE PEOPLE COME!"

SIC VOS NON VOBIS.

WHAT'S THE GOOD OF POOR TOMKINS TROTTING OUT HIS BEAUTIFUL HIGH CHEST NOTES FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE PRETTY GIRLS IN THE OPPOSITE MEADOW? HIS FRIEND SMITH (BEHIND HIS BACK) IS GETTING ALL THE CREDIT FOR THEM, BY MERELY OPENING HIS MOUTH AND GESTICULATING TENDERLY WITH HIS SHOULDERS.

COMMERCIAL INSTINCT.

Dugald. "DID YE HEAR THAT SAWNEY MCNAB WAS TA'EN UP FOR STEALIN' A COO?"

Donald. "HOOT, TOOT, THE STIPIT BODIE! COULD HE NO BOCHT IT AN' NO PAID FOR'T?"

"VITA FUMUS."

Tonal. "WHAR'LL YE HAE BEEN TILL, TUGAL?"

Tugal. "AT TA MCTAVISHES' FUNERAL——"

Tonal. "AN' IS TA TAVISH DEED?"

Tugal. "DEED IS HE!!"

Tonal. "LOSH, MON! FOWK ARE AYE DEEIN' NOO THAT NEVER USED TO DEE AFORE!!"

A GOOD JUDGE.

Enthusiastic Artist. "MY DEAR SIR, KEEP THAT EXPRESSION FOR ONE MOMENT! YOU'VE GOT SUCH A SPLENDID HEAD FOR MY PICTURE OF THE 'CANTING HYPOCRITE!'"

"BLOOD'S NOT EVERYTHING."

The Gentleman riding. "THAT'S A VERY FIRST-RATE PONY OF YOURS, MY FRIEND—BROUGHT YOU UP THE HILL BEAUTIFULLY!"

The Gentleman driving. "AH, YOU'RE RIGHT THERE, MASTER. WHY, HE 'AD A GREAT GRANDFATHER AS WON THE DARBY, THAT LITTLE 'ORSE HAD! BUT THERE NOW, WHAT'S THE USE O' 'AVING GOOD BLOOD IN YER VEINS, WHEN YOU 'AS TO WORK FOR YER LIVIN'?"

GREAT ATTRACTION.

Scene—Derby Race-course.

"NOW, THEN, LADIES, HERE'S YER CHANCE! TH' WERRY 'OSS 'ER ROYAL 'IGHNESS RODE LAST DERBY!"

DERBY DAY. (TIME 11 A.M.)

Swell, from Coach (log.). "NOW, MY MAN, YOU MUST LOOK SHARP, OR YOU'LL SEE NOTHING OF THE RACE!"

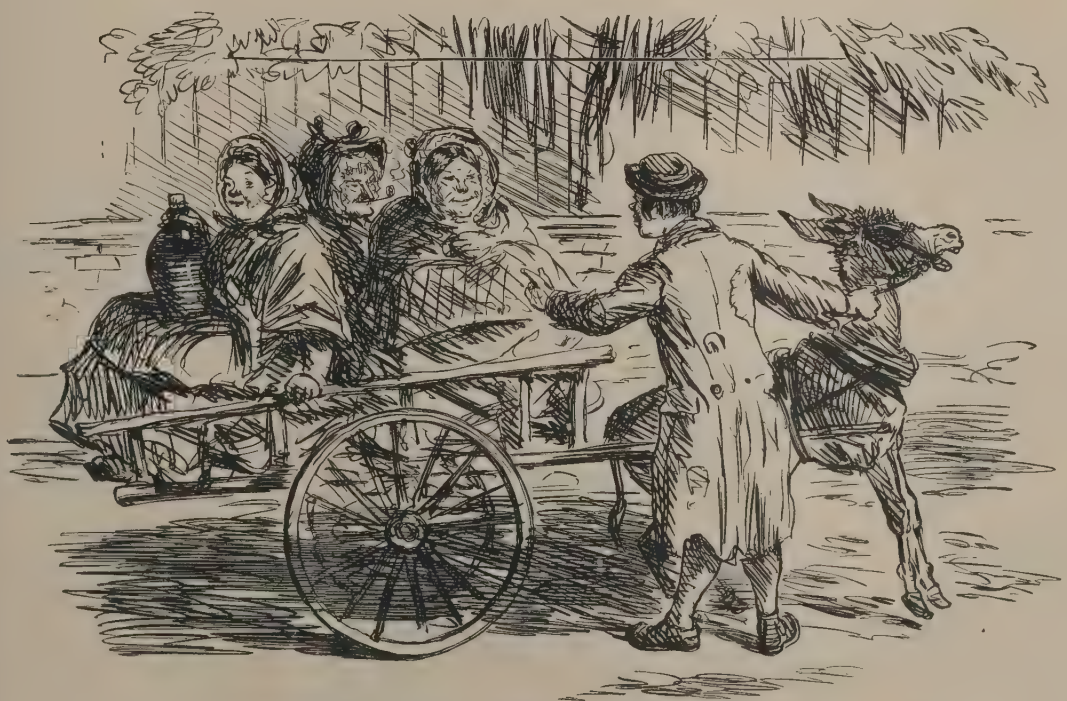
Coster. "WHO ARE YOU A-TALKING TO, MR. CRUTCH AND TOOTHPICK? HOW DO YOU KNOW BUT WHAT I HAIN'T A-GOING TO THE HOAKS?"

DAY BEFORE THE DERBY.

Costermonger (loq.). "AX YER PARDON, MISS, BUT I MUST GET YE TO TAKE A DOUBLE 'LOWANCE O' GREENS TO-DAY, AS TO-MORROW'S THE DERBY."

A FRIEND IN NEED.

"DEAREST ROSALIND, HOW DELIGHTED I AM TO MEET YOU! ONE MOMENT LATER, AND MY NEW BONNET WOULD HAVE BEEN UTTERLY RUINED."



NOTHING LIKE DOING IT THOROUGHLY.

Mrs. Buncher Greens. "DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT GOING TO HEPSOM; IT AIN'T A FIT PLACE FOR FEMALES. GIVE ME HASCOT, IN YER OWN CARRIDGE."

Mr. B. G. "WELL, I TELL YER WHAT IT IS, SARER—YOU MUST TRIM THE BARRER A BIT, OR YOU'LL NEVER BE IN TIME FOR THE CUP!"

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Our Artist. "OH! MY DEAR OLD BOY! I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU! MY MODEL HASN'T COME, AND I'M IN A REGULAR FIX; SO, P'RAPS YOU WOULDN'T MIND BEING MY DEAD ARTILLERYMAN FOR AN HOUR OR SO."

THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.

Blackguard Little Boy (to Queen's Coachman). "I SAY, COACHY, ARE YOU ENGAGED?"

TU QUOQUE.

Human. "HAH! YOU'D BE A NICE CUSTOMER TO MEET ON THE LOOSE, ANYWHERES ARTER DARK, YOU WOULD!"

A PARDONABLE MISTAKE.

Old Lady (wrathfully, but with dignity, to the Constable's scandalous suggestion). "IT'S NOTHING OF THE KIND, P'LICEMAN, THAT I CAN ASSURE YOU; BUT I HAVE UNFORTUNATELY ENTANGLED MY FOOT IN MY CRINOLINE, AND CAN'T GET IT OUT!"

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

Mistress (to applicant for situation, who has been dismissed from her last place). "SO YOU'VE JUST LEFT? DIDN'T YOUR SITUATION SUIT YOU?"

Martha. "OH YES, 'M. SITUATION SOOTED ME VERY WELL. IT WAS ME, MUM, AS DIDN'T SOOT THE SITUATION!"

CULTCHAH!

Ingenuous Youth. "MAY I—A—OFFER YOU *HAPPY THOUGHTS*, FROM *PUNCH*?"

Fair Girtonite. "A—THANKS; BUT I HAVE PROVIDED MYSELF WITH THE 'PENSÉES OF PASCAL.'"

RECIPROCAL.

Sporting Gentleman. "WELL, SIR, I'M VERY PLEASED TO HAVE MADE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, AND HAD THE OPPORTUNITY OF HEARING A CHURCHMAN'S VIEWS ON THE QUESTION OF TITHES. OF COURSE, AS A COUNTRY LANDOWNER, I'M INTERESTED IN CHURCH MATTERS, AND——"

The Parson. "QUITE SO—DELIGHTED, I'M SURE. ER—BY THE BYE, COULD YOU TELL ME *WHAT'S WON TO-DAY?*"

INTERNATIONAL COMPLIMENTS.

English Workman (to Scotch Ditto). "I SAY, SANDY, HAVE YOU HAD YOUR PHOTYGRAPH DONE YET? 'CAUSE WHEN YOU DO, MIND YOU HAVE IT TAKEN 'PLAIN,' AND NOT 'VI'NETTE,' OR ELSE I'M BLEST IF IT'LL BE LIKE YER!!"

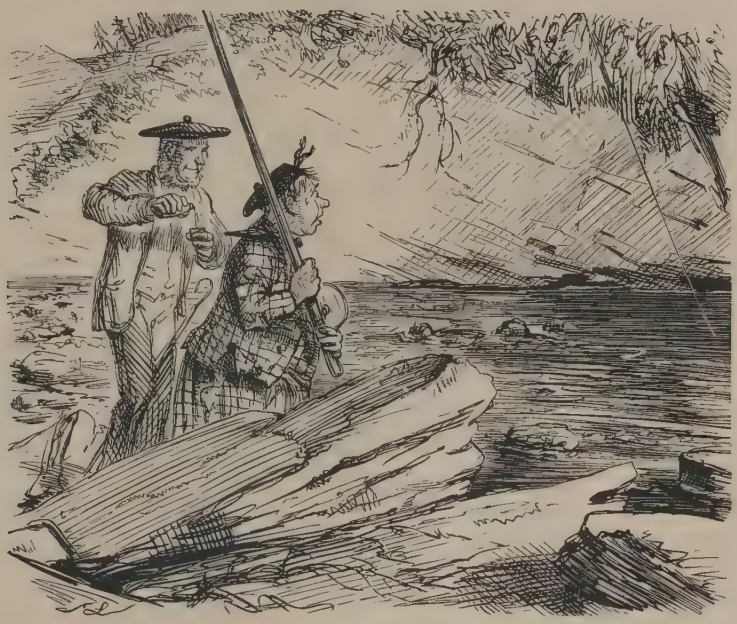
MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF FISHING.

MR. BRIGGS, ANXIOUS TO BECOME A "COMPLETE ANGLER," STUDIES THE "GENTLE ART" OF FLY-FISHING

HE IS HERE SUPPOSED TO BE GETTING HIS TACKLE IN ORDER, AND TRYING THE MANAGEMENT OF HIS LINE.

MR. B. AS HE APPEARED FROM SIX IN THE MORNING UNTIL THREE IN THE AFTERNOON, WHEN—

HAVING HOOKED A "FISH," HE IS LANDED TO PLAY IT. THE FISH RUNS AWAY WITH HIM—AND MR. B. IS DRAGGED ABOUT A MILE AND A HALF OVER WHAT HE CONSIDERS A RATHER DIFFICULT COUNTRY.

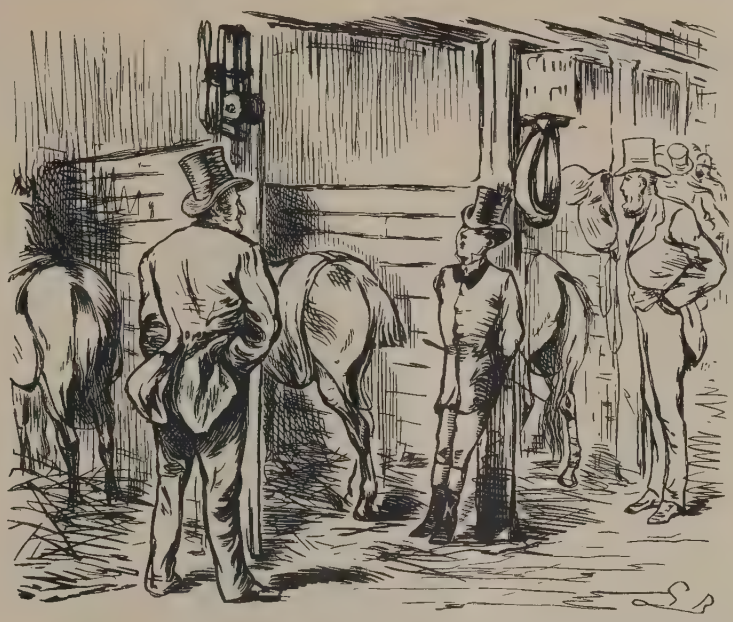


ON ARRIVING AT "HELL'S HOLE," HE IS DETAINED FOR THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR, WHILE THE FISH SULKS AT THE BOTTOM.—

THE FISH HAVING REFRESHED HIMSELF, AND RECOVERED HIS SPIRITS, BOLTS AGAIN WITH MR. B.

AFTER A LONG AND EXCITING STRUGGLE, MR. B. IS ON THE POINT OF LANDING HIS PRIZE, WHEN—THE LINE UNFORTUNATELY BREAKS!

HOWEVER, IN MUCH LESS TIME THAN IT HAS TAKEN TO MAKE THIS IMPERFECT SKETCH—ACCOUTRED AS HE IS—HE PLUNGES IN—AND AFTER A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER, HE SECURES A MAGNIFICENT SALMON, FOR WHICH HE DECLARES HE WOULD NOT TAKE A GUINEA A POUND!—AND IT IS NOW STUFFED IN THE GLASS-CASE OVER THE ONE WHICH CONTAINS HIS LATE FAVOURITE SPOTTED HUNTER.



STRICTLY ORNAMENTAL.

Farmer (at the Horse—and Man—Show). "ARE YOU HERE TO LOOK AFTER THIS PONY?"
Small Groom. "NO, ANOTHER MAN DOES THAT. I'M HERE FOR SHOW WITH THE PONY."

SHOWS HIS BREEDING.

Equestrian (to Policeman on the look-out for a Stolen Horse). "'HOW DID I COME BY 'IM?' WHY, BRED 'IM MYSELF, TO BE SURE—DOWN A A LITTLE PLACE O' MY OWN."

HAPPY THOUGHT.

Mrs. Triplets. "AND HOW IS YOUR CONCERT GETTING ON, HERR PFEIFFER?"

Eminent Violinist. "*PUDIFUL*, AS FAR AS DE *BROGRAMME* IS GONCERNED—BEETHOVEN—SCHUMANN—BRAHMS! BUT ZE *DICKETS* DON'T ZELL!! ACH! PY ZE VAY, MRS. TRIPLETS, YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO HAF ZOCH A ZING AS A *MOOZICÁLISH INFANTILE VENOMENON* APOUT YOU ZAT YOU COULD LEND ME FOR ZE OCCASION—JA? GONZERTINA!—PANTSCHO!—PONES!—GOMB!—*ANYZING* VILL BLEASE ZE PRITISH BOBLIC, *IF ZE BERFORMER IS ONTER VIFE YEARS OLT!*"

QUITE UNANSWERABLE.

Ethel. "MAMMY DEAR! WHY DO YOU POWDER YOUR FACE, AND WHY DOES THOMAS POWDER HIS HAIR? I DON'T DO EITHER!"

LUCUS A NON LUCENDO.

"I SAY, COUSIN CONSTANCE, I'VE FOUND OUT WHY YOU ALWAYS CALL YOUR MAMMA *'MATER.'*" "WHY, GUY?"

"BECAUSE SHE'S ALWAYS TRYING TO FIND A *MATE* FOR YOU GIRLS."

IN SUMMER-SHOWERY TIME.

(1) WHEN YOU ARE WALKING, AND THE SUMMER SHEDS HER TEARS,

(2) IF A FRIEND SHELTERS UNDER YOUR UMBRELLA,

(3) YOU WILL BOTH GET WET. THEREFORE—

A PRACTICAL APPLICATION.

Lecturer (on the Classical Essayists of the Last Century—most interesting). "WE TALK OF FOOD FOR THE MIND, AS WELL AS OF FOOD FOR THE BODY,—NOW A GOOD BOOK——"

Sporting Man (interrupting—he found it rather slow). "'EAR, 'EAR!—ANY GENT WANT TO DO ANYTHINK OVER THE HASCOT CUP?!"

IN SUMMER-SHOWERY TIME,

(4) BIDE YOUR TIME, AND PRESENTLY CALL TO YOU

(5) ANOTHER FRIEND; WHEN—

(6) YOUR TWO FRIENDS WILL GET WET, BUT YOU WILL KEEP DRY!

[Verbum sap. sat.

A GAME TWO CAN PLAY AT.

Guard (to Excited Passenger at the Edinburgh Station, just as the Train is Starting). "YE'RE TOO LATE, SIR. YE CANNA ENTER."
Stalwart Aberdonian. "A' MAUN!" *Guard (holding him back).* "YE CANNA!"
Aberdonian. "TELL YE A' MAUN——A' WEEL!" *(Gripping Guard.)* "IF A' MAUNNA, YE SANNA!!!"

RATHER AWKWARD!

Private and Landlord, to his Sergeant and Tenant (aside). "LOOK HERE, MR. SLANGHAM, IF YOU COME DOWN UPON ME SO SHARP AT DRILL, I'LL—BLOWED IF I DON'T RAISE YOUR RENT!"

POOR OLD THING!

Old Mrs. Jamborough (who has come up with J. to see the Exhibition). "THOSE NASTY SCROWGING UMLIBUSSES MAY BE WERY CONWENIENT; BUT LAUKS! THEY'RE RUINATION TO YOUR CRINERLINES, MY DEARS. MINE'S ALL IN KNOTS WITH 'EM."

THOROUGHLY RESPECTABLE.

"WELL, I THINK YOU WILL SUIT ME. WHAT IS YOUR NAME?"

"SHAKESPEARE, MA'AM; BUT NO RELATION TO THE PLAY-ACTOR OF THAT NAME!"

"EELS OVER HEAD."

POTTLES, WHO GOES IN FOR DEEP DIVING, HAS GOT IN A HOLE THIS TIME, AND NO MISTAKE!

"AND IF A MAN DID NEED A POISON NOW,
* * * * *
HERE LIVES A CAITIFF WRETCH WOULD SELL IT HIM."
Romeo and Juliet, Act v., Scene 1.

"WHAT ARE THESE?
SO WITHER'D, AND SO *WILD IN THEIR ATTIRE?*"
Macbeth, Act i., Scene 3.

AN ENVIOUS PARTY.

Conductor (with a sneer). "WHEN YOU A' DONE ADMIRIN' YERSELF IN THAT PLATE GLASS WINDER, P'RHAPS YOU'LL GO ON WITH THE BUS!"

REACTION.

Shortsighted Old Lady. "HI! OMLIBUS! HI!"

Hearse-Driver (unbending) "ALL RIGHT, MUM! MOST 'APPY, MUM! DI-RECTLY, MUM!"

REFINEMENTS OF MODERN SPEECH.

Scene—A Drawing-room in "Passionate Brompton."

Fair Æsthetic (suddenly, and in deepest tones, to Smith, who has just been introduced to take her in to Dinner). "ARE YOU *INTENSE?*"

WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT IT?!!

First Slender Invalid. "I SAY, OLD MAN, WHAT A BEASTLY THING THIS INFLUENZA IS, EH? I'M JUST GETTING OVER IT."

His Wasting Friend. "AH! YOU'RE RIGHT, MY BOY! I'VE HAD IT TOO, AND THE WORST OF IT IS, IT *PULLS A FELLOW DOWN* SO FEARFULLY!!"

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

He. "OH, IF I'D ONLY BEEN A 'BEAR'!" *She.* "IF YOU HAD BEEN, YOU COULDN'T GROWL WORSE THAN YOU DO!"

OVERHEARD AT BUFFALO BILL'S.

Old Buffer. "UGH! I'M TIRED TO DEATH OF BEING HUNTED! BLESSED IF I'LL RUN AWAY FROM THOSE BLANK CARTRIDGES AGAIN!"

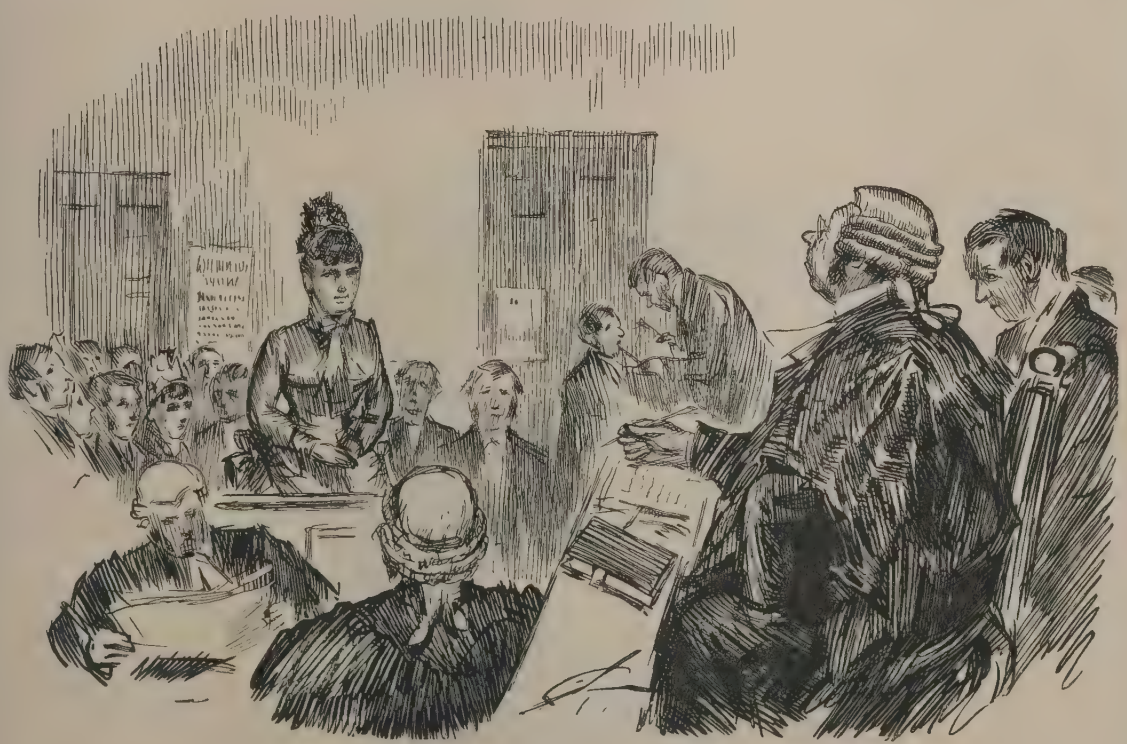
Broncho. "YES, YOU BET! AND I'VE MADE UP MY MIND TO QUIT BUCKING. IT'S PERFECTLY SICKENING HAVING TO DO IT FROM YEAR'S END TO YEAR'S END!"

HINTS FOR THE PARK.

IF YOU ARE A NERVOUS RIDER, AND RATHER AFRAID OF YOUR NEW MARE, IT'S BETTER TO LEAVE YOUR SPURS ON, THAN TO PUT THEM INTO YOUR POCKET!

MAXIMS FOR THE BAR.

"NEVER MISS A CHANCE OF INGRATIATING YOURSELF WITH THE JURY, EVEN AT THE EXPENSE OF THE JUDGE."
(AN OPPORTUNITY OFTEN OCCURS AFTER LUNCH.)



COMPLIMENTS.

The Court" (thinking aloud). "HU—M—'MARKABLY FINE YOUNG WOM——!" *The Witness (overhearing).* "EXCELLENT JUDGE!!"

TREAT AT "THE COLINDERIES."

Eton Boy. "'GLASS O' SHERRY AND BITTERS, AND SOME MILK-AN' WATER FOR THE LADY!"

TRUSTWORTHY AUTHORITY.

Host. "MICHAEL, DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO DECANT THE BEST CLARET?"
Michael. "YOU DID, SORR." *Host.* "BUT THIS ISN'T THE BEST."
Michael. "NO, SORR; BUT IT'S THE BEST YOU'VE GOT!"

UNCONSCIOUS CONFESSION.

Old Batchelor (who caters for himself). "MRS. SMITH, I DIDN'T CARE FOR THAT LEG OF MUTTON I BOUGHT YESTERDAY. IT HAD A QUEER FLAVOUR!"

Landlady. "OH, SIR, IT WAS A BEAUTY! AND SO *DELICIOUSLY TENDER!*

SONGS OF THE SUMMER.

"THE WEATHER SEEMS TO BE IMPROVING, NUPKINS!"

"YES, MISS; THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE CUCKOO IS A-'OLLERIN', EVERY NIGHT!"

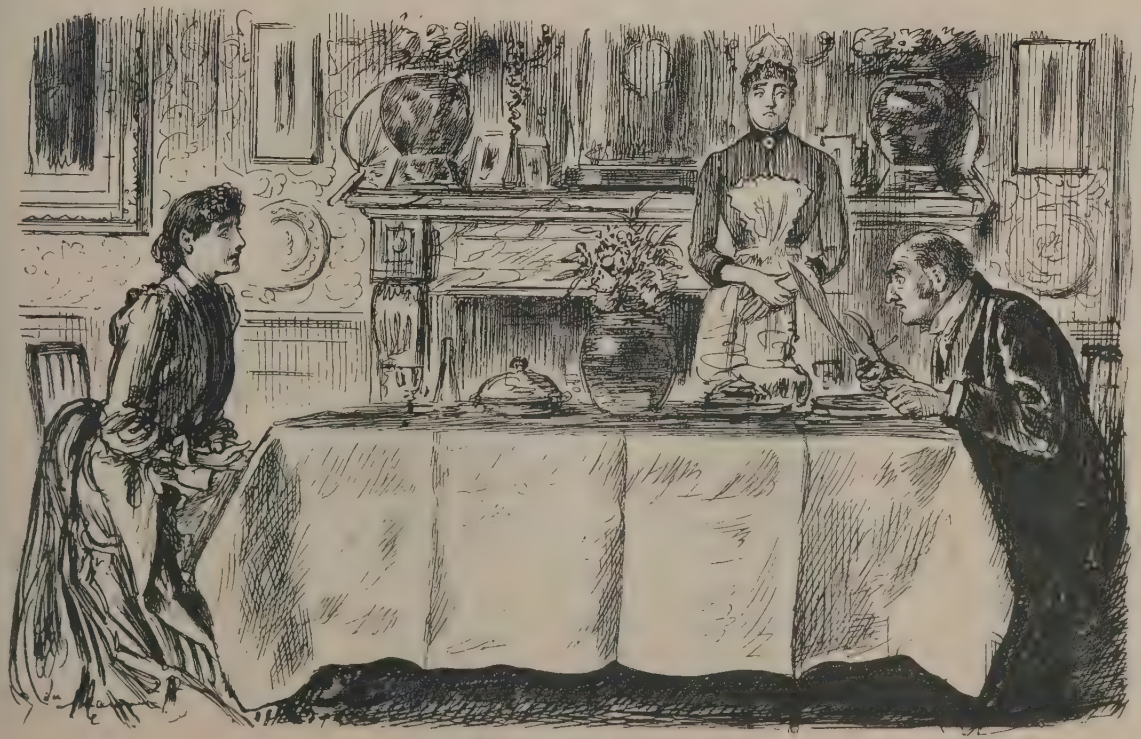
SYMPTOMS OF A BANK HOLIDAY.

METROPOLITAN PRIZE PUZZLES.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO STATION. *Puzzle*—TO FIND THE TRAIN YOU WANT, OR ANYONE ABLE TO GIVE YOU ANY INFORMATION.

A TRYING MOMENT.

Little Smuggyns. "MY DANCE!"



A SEVERE SENTENCE.

She. "YES, DEAR, I'M AFRAID COOK WANTS JUDGMENT."

He. "JUDGMENT? SHE WANTS EXECUTION!"

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

Country Parson (to hard-drinking Old Pauper). "WHY, SURELY, MUGGRIDGE, YOU WERE RELIEVED LAST WEEK FROM THE COMMUNION ALMS!"

Muggridge. "COMMUNION ARMS, SIR! 'S TRUE'S I STAND HERE, NEVER VAS INSIDE THE 'OUSE IN ALL MY LIFE, SIR! NEVER HEERD OF IT, SIR!"

"WIDE AWAKE."

Guard. "TICKETS, PLEASE!" - *Rustic.* "WHA—AT?"

Guard. "LET ME HAVE YOUR TICKET, AND LOOK SHARP!"

Rustic. "NOA, NOA, I 'BEEN AN' GIVE FOIVE BOB FOR MOY TICKUT, AN' I BEAN'T A GAWN TO GIVE UN UP TO YOU. IF THEE WANTS TO TRAVEL, WHY DOANT 'E BUY ONE YOURSEN?"!!

VERJUICE!

Farmer's Wife (whose Beer is of the smallest). "WHY, YOU HEVN'T DRUNK HALF OF IT, MAS'R GEARGE!"

Peasant (politely). "THANKY', MU'M—ALL THE SAME, MU'M. BUT I BEAN'T SO THUSTY AS I THOUGHT I WOR, MU'M!!"

A VERY SHOCKING BOY, INDEED!

Mamma. "NOW, SIR—IF YOU DON'T BEHAVE BETTER, I WILL TELL PAPA OF YOU, AND HE WILL BOX YOUR EARS!"

Shocking Boy. "WELL, THEN, GO! MARCH!! AND SHUT THE DOOR AFTER YOU!!!"

A TERRIBLE THREAT.

Master Jack. "NOW THEN, CHARLOTTE, ARE YOU GOING TO LEND ME YOUR PAINT BOX?"

Charlotte. "NO, SIR. YOU KNOW WHAT A MESS YOU MADE OF IT LAST TIME!"

Master Jack. "VERY WELL. THEN I'LL PUT MY GUINEA PIG ON YOUR NECK!"

AT THE HORSE-SHOW.

Ethel (to Papa, who has been to Luncheon). "YOU'VE NOT MISSED MUCH, PAPA. THERE HAS ONLY BEEN ONE MAN IN THE BROOK, AND TWO TUMBLES AT THE HURDLES!"

RURAL STUDIES.—YEOMANRY GOING TO DRILL.

Nurserymaid. "LOR', MARIA! DON'T THEY LOOK NOBLE?"

HABITUAL OFFENDERS.

Wagg. "I SAY IT'S A *WEASEL!*"
Grigg. "I SAY IT'S A *STOAT!*"
Wagg. "MY DEAR FELLOW, A STOAT'S SO *WEASILY* DISTINGUISHED!"
Grigg. "A WEASEL'S *STOATALLY* DIFFERENT, MY DEAR FELLOW!"
[*Proceed unabashed on their Tour.*

TRUE MODESTY.

Mr. Spinks. '"I HAD SUCH A BEAUTIFUL DREAM LAST NIGHT, MISS BRIGGS! I THOUGHT I WAS IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN——"
Miss Briggs (with simplicity). "AND DID EVE APPEAR AS SHE IS GENERALLY REPRESENTED, MR. SPINKS?"
Mr. Spinks. "I—I—I—I DIDN'T LOOK!"

"STARTLING EFFECTS!"

Peep-Showman. "ON THE RIGHT YOU OBSERVE THE 'XPRESS TRAIN A-COMIN' ALONG, AN' THE SIGNAL LIGHTS, THE GREEN AND THE RED. THE GREEN LIGHTS MEANS 'CAUTION,' AND THE RED LIGHTS SI'NIFIES 'DANGER'"—

Small Boy (with his Eye to the Aperture). "BUT WHAT'S THE YALLER LIGHT, SIR?"

Peep-Showman (slow and impressive). "THERE AIN'T NO YALLER LIGHT—BUT THE GREEN AND THE RED. THE GREEN LIGHTS MEANS 'CAUTION,' AND THE RED LIGHTS SI'NIF——"

Small Boy (persistently). "BUT WHA'S THE OTHER LIGHT, SIR?"

Peep-Showman (losing patience). "'TELL YER THERE AIN'T NO——" *(takes a look—in consternation).*—"BLOWED IF THE DARNED OLD SHOW AIN'T A-FIRE!!"

TRUTH IS GREAT.

Unsophisticated Little Girl. "NOW, YOU A' DONE, BILLY. IF YOU AIN'T QUIET DIRECTLY, I'LL GIVE YER TO THIS GREAT, BIG, HUGLY MAN!"

Immense delight of Swell in gorgeous array.

THE PHOTOGRAPH.

Mary. "WHY, TUMMAS, IT'S THE VERY MORAL OF YER!"

Tummas. "PRETTY THING, AIN'T IT? PITY THE YALLER OF THE UNIFORM COMES SO BLACK!"

OBVIOUS.

Costermonger. "NOW THEN, *YOU*—VERE ARE YOU A-DRIVING TO?"
'Bus Driver. "WHY, CAN'T YOU SEE? TO PADDINGTON—I'M SURE IT'S WRIT UP BIG ENUFF!"

ACCOMMODATING.

Cabbie. "NOW THEN, SIR! JUMP IN. DRIVE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND FOR EIGHTEEN PENCE!"

ZEAL.

Saxon Tourist. "BEEN AT THE KIRK?" *Celt.* "AYE."
Saxon T. "HOW FAR IS IT?"
Celt. "DAUR SAY IT'LL BE FOURTEEN MILE."
Saxon T. "FOURTEEN MILES!!"
Celt. "AYE, AW'M AWFU' FOND O' THE PREACHIN'!"

ACADEMY PENCILLINGS.

Affable Stranger. "THERE, SIR, MY WORK 'UNG ON THE LINE AGAIN! SIR FRANCIS *CAN* APPRECIATE A GOOD THING, SIR."

Astonished Stranger. "EH? WHAT? I THOUGHT MILLAIS PAINTED THIS——"

Affable Stranger (contemptuously). "POOH! 'E MAY HAVE PAINTED IT, BUT I MADE THE FRAME!"

HAZARDOUS!

Husband. "IF COOK ISN'T PUNCTUAL TO-DAY, LOVE, GIVE HER A GOOD—BLOW HER UP WELL!"
Wife. "MY DEAR CHARLES!—WELL, WILL YOU COME AND STAND BEHIND THE DOOR WITH YOUR LIFE-PRESERVER?"

"NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE."

Materfamilias (just arrived at Shrimpville—the Children had been down a Month before). "WELL, JANE, HAVE YOU FOUND IT DULL?"
Nurse. "IT WAS AT FUST, M'M. THERE WAS NOTHINK TO IMPROVE THE MIND, M'M, TILL THE NIGGERS COME DOWN!!"

TOTO CHEZ TATA.

"HOW YOU LAG BEHIND, CISSY!"

"WHICH TOE IS IT?"

"YES, MUMMY! MY POOR TOE IS SO BAD!"

"MY *ELDEST*, MUMMY!"

EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

Brown (Lieutenant Royal Superbs). "NOT TAKE MY *CHEQUE?* WHY, HANG IT! LOTS OF OUR FELLOWS HAVE STOPPED AT THIS HOTEL!"

Hotel Keeper. "YES, SIR, AND THEY'VE NONE OF THEM EVER PAID!"

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

Little Tommy (who has never been out of Whitechapel before). "OH! OH! OH!"

Kind Lady. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, TOMMY?"

Little Tommy. "WHY, WHAT A BIG SKY THEY'VE GOT 'ERE, MISS!"

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

(*Relieving Guard.*)

Gamin. "I SAY, LOBSTER, RUN IN, AND HAVE A LOOK AT THE PLAY. *I'LL* HOLD YER GUN FOR YER!"

VERY CRITICAL.

Captain Phiniken, from Country Quarters. "I FEAR, SMYTHERS, MY HAIR HAS NOT BEEN DONE JUSTICE TO, LATELY."

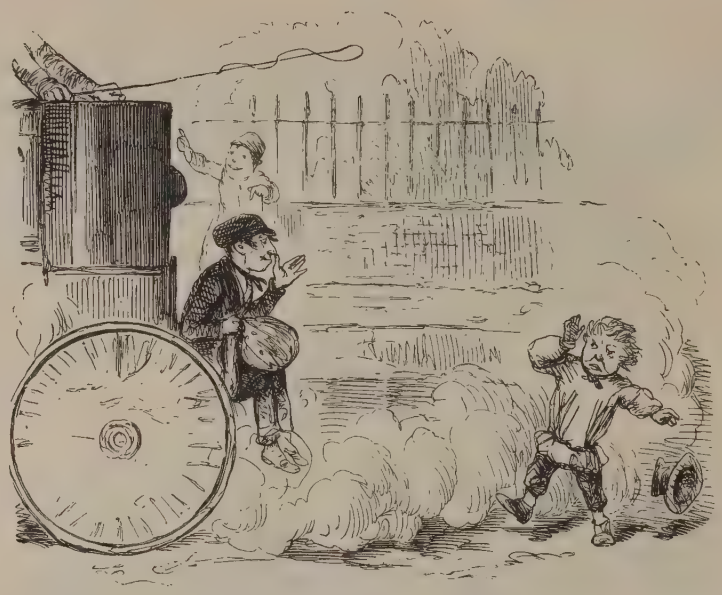
Smythers. "BEEN BIT HOFF, SIR; BIT HOFF, I SHOULD SAY!"

CANDOUR.

Dog Fancier. "GOING TO INDIA, SIR? OH, THEN I COULDN'T SELL HIM, SIR. NOT OUT O' ENGLAND, SIR. NO, SIR. WHY, I SHOULD NEVER SEE HIM AGIN, TEN TO ONE—AND HE'S A REGULAR HANNUITY TO ME!"

GROSS OUTRAGE.

"NOW, SIR, THINGS IS WERY FLAT, YOU SHALL HAVE THE TWO FOR 'ALF-A-CROWN. THERE!"



CUT HIM DOWN BEHIND!

CRUEL!

Young Swell (loq.). "I SAY, THOMPSON, DO YOU THINK I SHALL EVER HAVE ANY WHISKERS?"
Thompson (after careful examination). "WELL, SIR, I REALLY DON'T THINK AS YOU EVER WILL—LEASTWAYS NOT TO SPEAK OF!"
Young Swell. "THAT'S RATHER HARD, FOR MY PAP—I MEAN GOVERNOR—HAS PLENTY!"
Thompson (facetiously). "YES, SIR,—BUT P'R'APS YOU TAKE AFTER YOUR *MA!*" [*Total collapse of Y. S.*

PLEASURE TRIPS OF BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON.

THE VISIT TO EPSOM.—PART I.

BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON PREPARE FOR THE DERBY DAY.

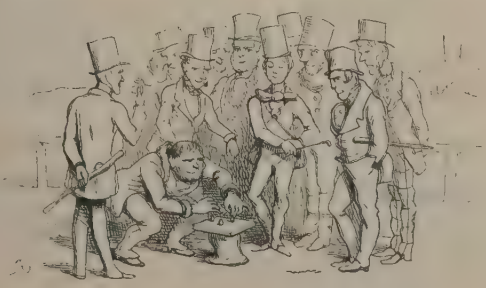
BROWN PREFERS GOING ON HORSEBACK.

THEY HAVE A HAMPER FROM FORTNUM AND MASON'S.

UNEXPECTED SITUATION OF ROBINSON.

JONES'S GREAT DIFFICULTY IS TO PREVENT THE "THING" UPSETTING.

AN ACCIDENT HAPPENS.



BROWN LOSES FIVE POUNDS AT THIMBLE-RIG, "JUST TO TRY WHAT IT IS LIKE."

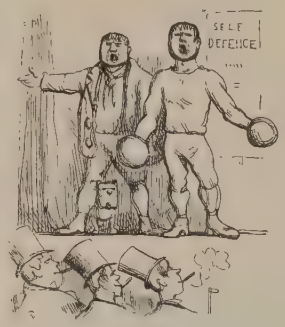
BROWN TRIES HIS HAND AT KNOCK-EM-DOWNS.

PLEASURE TRIPS OF BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON.

THE VISIT TO EPSOM.—PART II.

ROBINSON *WILL* CROSS THE COURSE

HE IS CAUGHT AND BROUGHT BACK AMID THE JEERS OF THE POPULACE.

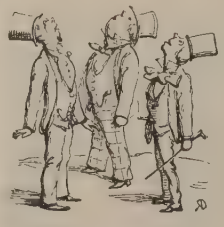


B., J., AND R. ARE INVITED INTO A BOOTH TO TAKE A TURN WITH THE "NOBBY ONE."

ON PAYMENT OF ONE SHILLING ROBINSON HEARS HIS FORTUNE.

BROWN SEES THE RACE CAPITALLY

"FOR THE FUN OF THE THING," THEY LOSE A FEW POUNDS AT ROUGE ET NOIR.



THEY SEE A FLIGHT OF PIGEONS, AND ARE SURPRISED THEREAT

PERPLEXITY OF BROWN WHEN ASKED WHICH "OF 'EM 'ERE OSSES IS 'IS."

"SOMETHING" MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO ROBINSON.

LAST APPEARANCE OF BROWN THE NIGHT AFTER THE DERBY.

IN DIFFICULTIES.

Park Keeper. "DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S AGIN THE HACT O' PARLIAMENT A FISHIN'?"

Prisoner. "PLEASE, S', AIN'T BEEN A FISHIN', S'."

Park Keeper. "BUT YOU'VE BEEN A HAIDIN' AND ABETTIN'."

Prisoner. "OH NO, S'; 'PO' M' WORD, S', AIN'T BEEN A BETTIN', S'; AIN'T GOT NO MONEY, S'!"

THE "IMPERENCE" OF THEM LOWER CLASSES.

First Bystander (British Workman) to Second Ditto (Gorgeous Flunkey). "WELL, BLOWED IF I WOULDN'T A'MOST AS SOON BE YOU, JOHNNY, AS ONE O' THEM FELLERS THIS 'OT WEATHER!!"

PROMISING!

Tourist. "HAVE YOU ANY DECENT CIGARS?"
Highland Grocer. "DECENT CIGARS? AY, HERE ARE DECENT CIGARS ENOUGH."
Tourist. "ARE THEY HAVANAHS OR MANILLAS?"
Highland Grocer. "THEY'RE JUST FROM KIRCALDY!"

SELF-DENIAL IN EXCELSIS.

Civilian. "ARE THERE MANY IRISH IN YOUR CORPS?"
Private O'Flanagan. "IS IT OIRISH YE MANE? SORRA THE ONE OV THIM WOULD BE ALLOWED IN THE RIJMINT!"

AT A SMOKING CONCERT.

Distinguished Amateur (with good Method but small Voice, suddenly jumping up from Piano). "LOOK HERE, ALGY. I DO CALL IT BEASTLY BAD FORM FOR YOU AND SIKES TO TALK WHEN I'M SINGING!"

Algy. "ALL RIGHT, OLD MAN—AWFULLY SORRY—DIDN'T KNOW YOU *WERE* SINGING, YOU KNOW!"

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

"*PLEASE* LOOK A LITTLE PLEASANT, MISS. I *KNOW* IT'S HARD; BUT IT'S *ONLY* FOR A *MOMENT!*"

OUR VILLAGE INDUSTRIAL COMPETITION.

Husband (just home from the City). "MY ANGEL!—CRYING!—WHATEVER'S THE MATTER?"
Wife. "THEY'VE—AWARDED ME—PRIZE MEDAL"—*(sobbing)*—"F' MY SPONGE CAKE!"
Husband (soothingly). "AND I'M QUITE SURE IT DESERV——"
Wife (hysterically). "OH—BUT—'T SAID—'TWAS—FOR THE BEST SPECIMEN—O' CONCRETE!"

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

Brilliant Elector (at the Polling Station). "IT'S A STOUTISH KOIND OF A MAN, WITH A BALD 'EAD, AS AR WISHES TO VOTE FOR, BUT AR'M BLESSED IF AR KNOW 'IS NAÄME!!"

"BENEFITS FORGOT!"

Old Gentleman (he had been chased across the Field by the infuriated Animal, and only just scrambled over the Gate in time—gasping for breath).
"YOU IN—FERNAL UN—GRA'FUL BEAST!—AN' ME——'BEEN VEG'TARIAN ALLM'LIFE!!"

"NO FEAR."

Fisherman. "TAKE CARE, DONALD—YOU'LL BE DROWNED!"

Donald. "TROONED!—IN A DUB LIKE THUS! IF I WAS, I'D BE ASHAMED TO SHOW MY FACE IN OBAN AGAIN!"

"GROUND GAME!"

First Sportsman. "THEY'RE FUST-RATE ROASTED!"

Second Ditto (getting hungry). "AH!—OH, I SAY, 'ARRY"—*(smacking his lips in anticipation)*—"THE CRACKLIN'!!"

GYMNASTICS.

Professor. "AND AFTER EACH PERFORMANCE, GENTLEMEN, YOU SHOULD ALWAYS PUT YOUR RIGHT 'AND TO YOUR LIPS, AND DRAW IT AWAY SMILIN', AS IF YOU WAS PULLING A 'AIR OUT OF YER MOUTH! LIKE THIS 'ERE!"

(Shows them how.

APPLIED SCIENCE.

Driver (to Conductor). "MY HEYES, BILL! SEE THAT OLD GENT: WHAT A 'EAVENLY WATERBUTT HE'D MAKE, IF HIS 'ED WAS TOOK OFF, AND HE WAS 'OLLERED OUT!"

GROUND GAME, ETC.!!

Squire (rather perplexed). "HULLO, PAT! WHERE DID YOU GET THE HARE?"
Pat. "SHURE, SURR, THE CR'ATUR' WAS WAND'RIN' ABOUT, AN' I THOUGHT I'D TAKE'T TO THE 'WANES'!"
Squire. "BUT DID THE KEEPER SEE YOU?"
Pat. "BLISS YER HONOUR, I'VE BEEN LOOKIN' FOR HIM IVER SINCE I CAUGHT IT!!"

A RUSTIC MORALIST.

Rector (going his Rounds). "AN UNCOMMONLY FINE PIG, MR. DIBBLES, I DECLARE!"

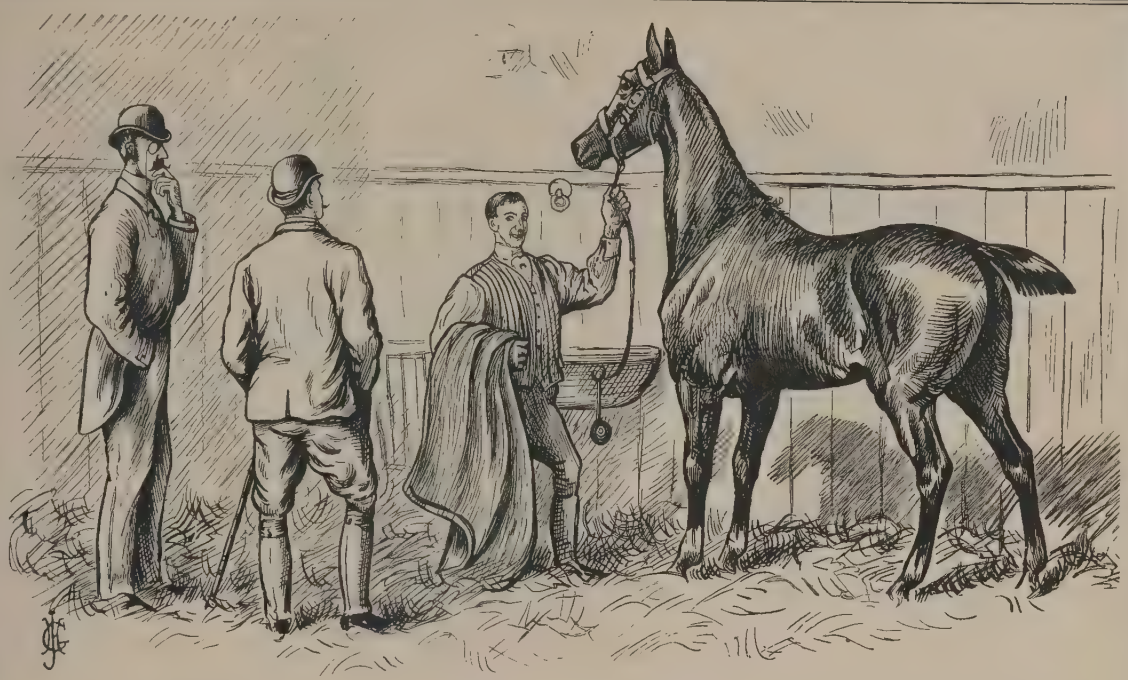
Contemplative Villager. "AH, YES, SIR, IF WE WAS ONLY, ALL OF US, AS FIT TO DIE AS HIM, SIR!!"

EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

"RUS IN URBE."

Fair Equestrian (from the Provinces, her first turn in the Row). "GOOD GRACIOUS, SAM! YOU CAN'T RIDE OUT WITH ME LIKE THAT! WHERE ARE YOUR BOOTS AND THINGS?"

Country Groom. "LOR', MUM, I DIDN'T BRING 'EM UP. BUT IT DON'T MATTER. NOBODY KNOWS ME HERE!"



A MIGHTY HUNTER.

Captain Highway (showing his Stables to Friend). "NOW THERE'S A GOOD-LOOKING ONE—CARRIED ME FOUR SEASONS—GAVE TWO HUNDRED FOR HER!" *Friend.* "CLEVER AT TIMBER?" *Captain Highway.* "ER—I—I—DON'T KNOW!" *Friend.* "GOOD AT WATER?" *Captain Highway.* "WELL—I—I—CAN'T SAY!"

LIKE HIS CHEEK.

"'OLD YER 'OSS, SIR?"

TAKING IT COOLLY.

Old Gent. "NOW THEN, CABMAN, HOW MUCH TO THE STRAND?"
Cabman. "SIX SHILLIN'!"
Old Gent. "THAT'S TOO MUCH."
Cabman. "WELL! WHAT YOU PLEASE! IT'S TOO HOT TO DISPUTE ABOUT TRIFLES!"

USED UP.

John. "NOW, THOMAS, AIN'T YOU READY? THE CARRIAGE IS WAITIN'!"
Thomas. "I AIN'T A GOING. IF *MISSIS* IS EQUAL TO CARRIAGE EXERCISE IN THIS 'OT WEATHER, I AM NOT!"

SEA-SIDE SATURDAY EVENING.—THE ARRIVAL OF THE "HUSBANDS' BOAT."

THE COURSE OF TRUE, ETC., NEVER DID, ETC.

HERE'S POOR YOUNG WIGGLES ANXIOUS TO MEET THE BEING HE ADORES, BUT CANNOT DO SO, BECAUSE THE NEWLY-PITCHED BOAT UPON WHICH HE HAS BEEN SITTING, HAS CAUGHT HIM ALIVE O!

OVER-COMBED!

Our Barber. "WHAT YOU WANT, SIR,"—*(running his fingers through his Customer's few remaining Hairs* —"IS A BOTTLE OF MY HAIR-RESTO——"

Customer (virulently). "WHAR I WANT, SIR, IS A DIVORCE!!"

[*The Conversation taking this portentous turn, our Barber drops it!*

"NEM. CON."

First Britisher, at Boulogne (shady-looking party, evidently resident—to Casual Acquaintance). "OH, I DON'T CARE TO GO BACK TO MY NATIVE COUNTRY. THEY ALL SEEMED TO BE AGAINST ME."

Second Britisher (respectable—Tourist). "GOO' GRACIOUS! WHAT, THE WHOLE TWELVE OF 'EM?!"

SUBURBAN JOYS.—HAYMAKING.

Chorus. "COME ALONG, UNCLE JACK, AND WE'LL BURY YOU!"

[Uncle Jack is stout, and no longer young. He has walked a mile and a half from the Station, in a black frock coat and under a broiling sun, along a dusty road, and the thermometer in the shade is more than we will trust ourselves to say.

OBVIOUS.

Buttons (fresh from the Country, evidently no French Scholar). "I SAY, MARY, THE GUV'NOR AND MISSUS ARE DINING OUT TO-NIGHT. BUT I CAN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME MAKE OUT WHAT A *R*, A *S*, A *V*, AND A *P* MEAN ON THIS 'ERE CARD!"

Smart Housemaid. "WHY, OF COURSE IT MEANS THEY'RE GOING TO HAVE *R*UMP *S*TEAK AND *V*EAL *P*IE!"

IN DESPERATE STRAITS.

Jones (Blue Ribbon—to abstemious Lady he has taken in to Dinner). "LOOK HERE, MADAM, WE DON'T SEEM TO BE GETTING ON A *BIT!* EITHER YOU MUST HAVE A GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE, OR, BY JOVE, *I* MUST!!"

GUSHING HOSPITALITY.

(*Time*, 3 *p.m.*)

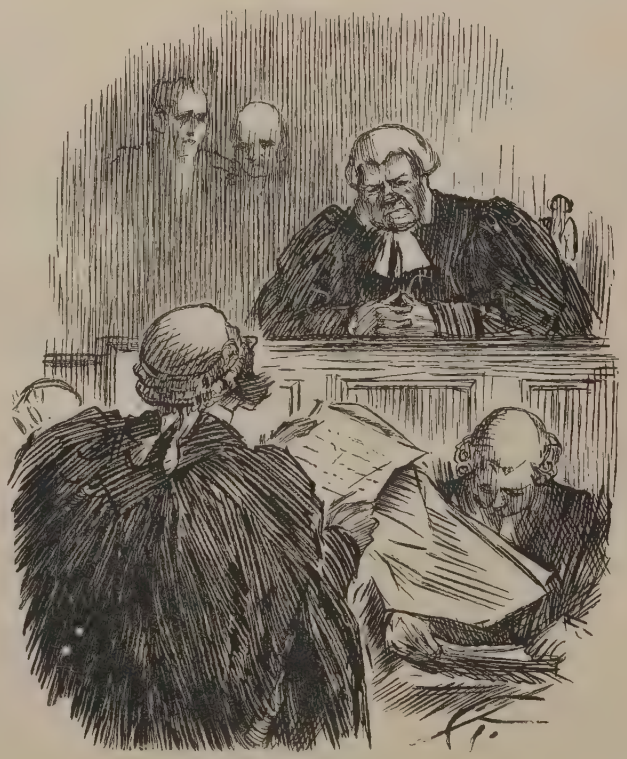
Hospitable Host. "HAVE C'GAR, OLD F'LLA?"
His Visitor. "NO—THANKS. NEVAR SMOKE 'MEJATELY AFTER BREAKFAST."

Languid Visitor. "NO—THANKS!"

H. H. "CIGARETTE, THEN?"
H. H. "CAN'T REFUSE A TOOTHPICK, THEN, OLD F'LLA?"

VERY LIKE IT.

Tutor. "WHAT, WHAT, MUMBLES? HOW DO YOU TRANSLATE *SEMETIPSUM?*"
Master Mumbles (with some slight hesitation). "HALF TIPSY, SIR?"



"COUNSEL'S OPINION."

Judge (testily, to persistent Junior). "SIR, IF YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO BEHAVE AS A GENTLEMAN IN COURT, I CAN'T TEACH YOU!"
Junior (pointedly). "QUITE SO, MY LUD, QUITE SO!" [*Proceeds.*

AN AWFUL CRAMMER.

Proprietor of Boarding-house (taking stout Guest aside). "YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, MR. SHARPSET, BUT YOUR APPETITE IS SO LARGE THAT I SHALL BE COMPELLED TO CHARGE YOU A SHILLING EXTRA. IT CAN'T BE DONE AT TWO SHILLINGS!"

Diner. "NO! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE DON'T DO THAT! I CAN EAT TWO SHILLINGS'-WORTH EASY; BUT IF I HAVE TO DO THREE—I REALLY—'AFRAID I SHOULD—BUT I'LL TRY!!"

DELICATE HOSPITALITY ABUSED.

Jemimer. "COME, NOW, BETSY, WHAT'S YER LITTLE GAME? AIN'TCHER GOIN' TO STAND SOMETHIN' 'OT AFORE WE SAYS FAREWELL? . . . ."

Betsy. "NO, JEMIMER! . . . . I'VE STOOD PORTER, AN' I'VE STOOD RUM, AN' I'VE STOOD KIDNEY PIES AND WELKS, AND MILD HALE AN' GINGER BEER . . . . AN' I'VE STOOD GIN AND HORINGES, WITH HOYSTERS AND HICES TO FOLLER, NOT TO MENTION ALL MANNER OF SWEET STUFF . . . . AN' I'M BLOWED IF I'M A GOIN' TO STAND ANY MORE . . . . THAT'S MY LITTLE GAME!"

RIVER PUZZLE.

YOUR PUNT-POLE STICKS—YOU LOSE YOUR GRASP OF IT. WHAT *ARE* YOU TO DO?

A CERTAIN PREVENTIVE.

Bishop (who has been assisting at a recent Lambeth Conference). "I AM OPPOSED TO SPORT BECAUSE I THINK IT LEADS TO RACING AND GAMBLING. BY THE WAY, COULD YOU SUGGEST ANYTHING THAT WOULD BE LIKELY TO STOP THE CLERGY IN YOUR NEIGHBOURHOOD HUNTING TO SUCH EXCESS?"

Hunting Man. "YES, MY LORD! GOOD HARD FROST!!"

HIS FIRST ACHE.

"OH, MAMMY! I'VE GOT SUCH A PAIN IN FRONT OF ME!"

A PRACTICAL MEMENTO.

Sir James. "AND WERE YOU IN ROME?" *American Lady.* "I GUESS NOT." *(To her Daughter.)* "SAY, BELLA, DID WE VISIT ROME?"
Fair Daughter. "WHY, MA, CERT'NLY! DON'T YOU REMEMBER? IT WAS IN ROME WE BOUGHT THE LISLE-THREAD STOCKINGS!"
[American Lady is convinced.

ADVANTAGES OF MARSUPIALISM.

"I'M SO TIRED, MUMMY. I WISH YOU WERE A KANGAROO!"

"WHY, DARLING?"

"TO CARRY ME HOME IN YOUR POCKET!"

"SED REVOCARE GRADUM."

Beauty (with cool candour). "OH YES, INDEED, I FREQUENTLY MAKE BETS; BUT I AM SO UNLUCKY!"

Sporting Youth (trying to be sympathetic). "REALLY? BUT I SUPPOSE YOU NEVER HAVE MUCH ON—THAT IS—I MEAN——"

[Collapse.

APPEARANCES.

Hairdresser. "TREMENDIOUS 'ED OF 'AIR, SIR! BETTER LET ME CUT THE 'OLE OF IT HORF!"

Eminent Violinist. "WHY?"

Hairdresser. "WELL, YOU'LL EXCUSE MY SAYIN' SO, BUT IT MAKES YOU LOOK LIKE ONE OF THEM *FIDDLER* CHAPS, YOU KNOW!"

PARLIAMENTARY PRIVILEGE.

Wife of the Late Member for Tooting. "ARCHIBALD, WHY WERE YOU SO GRUMPY AT THE BIGGE BOOTHBYS' TO-NIGHT?"

L. M. for T. "SUCH PEOPLE, SUCH A DINNER, FOR A MAN WHO HAS JUST LOST HIS SEAT!"

Wife. "I'M SURE PARLIAMENT DIDN'T DO ANYTHING FOR YOU!"

L. M. for T. "AT LEAST IT SPARED ME THIS SORT OF THING HAPPENING SIX TIMES A WEEK!"

TRAVELLER'S LUGGAGE.

Elderly Passenger. "GOING OUT FISHING, I PRESUME, YOUNG GENTLEMAN!"

Young do. "NO! IT AIN'T FISHING RODS—IT'S SKY ROCKETS I'M TAKING DOWN FOR MY COUSIN'S BIRTHDAY. HAVE A WEED?"

IT'S A WAY WE HAVE IN THE ARMY.

Mild Civilian to Military Fellow Traveller. "KNOW THAT OFFICER JUST GOT OUT, SIR? SEEMS TO HAVE SEEN AN IMMENSITY OF SERVICE."

Military Fellow Traveller. "DON'T KNOW, I'M SHAW; B'LONGS TO THE OTHER BWANCH OF THE SAWVICE, PWABABLY."

[N.B. M. F. T. belongs to the Mounted Branch.

OYSTERS.

Itinerant Oyster Man. "NOW, THEN—HAVE ANOTHER DOZEN, IF YOU'VE GOT ANY MORE MONEY!!"

A QUIET REBUKE.

Fare (who has driven rather a hard bargain and is settling). "BUT WHY, MY GOOD MAN, DO YOU PUT THAT CLOTH OVER THE HORSE'S HEAD?"
Cab-Driver. "SHURE, YER HONOUR, THIN—I SHOULDN'T LIKE HIM TO SEE HOW LITTLE YE PAY FOR SUCH A HARD DAY'S WORRK!"

BAD GRAMMAR, BUT GOOD PLUCK.

"NOW, THEN, FATHER, JUST LET ME *KETCH* YER A 'ITTIN' O' MOTHER, THAT'S ALL!"
"I AIN'T A 'ITTIN' OF HER, DRAT YER!"
"NO; BUT YER WAS JUST AGOIN' TO! LET ME *KETCH* YER, THAT'S ALL!"

[Seen and heard by ye Artist.

TASTE.

Shop-girl (who has been expected to possess Tennyson's "Miller's Daughter"). "NO, MISS! WE'VE NOT GOT THE MILLER'S—BUT HERE'S THE RATCATCHER'S DAUGHTER, JUST PUBLISHED!!"

A COMMON INTEREST.

Rector's Daughter (invited to Tenants' Ball at Big House). "I SAY, MISS TUCKER, WHEN *ARE* YOU COMING TO TRY ON OUR DRESSES? I SUPPOSE YOU ARE VERY BUSY?"

Miss Tucker. "YES, MISS, SO BUSY I HAVE NOT HAD TIME YET EVEN TO THINK OF MY OWN DRESS!"

A ROUGH CALCULATION.

Facetious Conductor. "WILL TWO OR THREE GEN'LEMEN GIT OUTSIDE TO OBLIGE A LADY?"

BACHELOR HOUSEKEEPING.

Mr. Brown. "PRAY, JANE, WHAT ON EARTH IS THE REASON I AM KEPT WAITING FOR MY BREAKFAST IN THIS WAY?"

Jane. "PLEASE, SIR, THE ROLLS ISN'T COME, AND THERE'S NO BREAD IN THE HOUSE!"

Mr. Brown. "NOW, UPON MY WORD! HOW CAN YOU ANNOY ME WITH SUCH TRIFLES? NO *BREAD*, THEN BRING ME SOME *TOAST*." *[Exit Jane in dismay.*

PRODIGIOUS!

School-mistress. "YOU SEE, MY LOVE—IF I PUNCTURE THIS INDIA-RUBBER BALL, IT WILL COLLAPSE. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?"

Child. "O YES, I UNDERSTAND—IF YOU PRICK IT, IT WILL GO SQUASH."

TOO POPULAR BY HALF.

Boy (singing). "LOVER-LY LUCY NEAL, OH LOVER-LY LUCY NEAL, HIF I 'AD YOU BY MY SI-I-HIDE, 'OW 'APPY I SHOULD FEEL!"

THE HEIGHT OF BLISS.

Highland Shepherd. "FINE TOON, GLASCO', I PELIEVE, AND LOTS O' COOT MEAT THERE." *Tourist.* "OH, YES, LOTS."

Highland Shepherd. 'AN' DRINK, TOO?" *Tourist.* "OH, YES."

Highland Shepherd (doubtingly). "YE'LL GET PORTER TAE YIR PARRICH?"

Tourist. "YES, IF WE LIKE."

Highland Shepherd. "CRA-CI-OUS!" *[Speechless with admiration.*

TANTALUS.

Old Party. "I SAY, MY LAD, COULD YOU EAT ONE OF THOSE KIDNEY-PIES, IF YOU WERE OFFERED ONE?"

Vulgar Boy. "EAT ONE OF THEM KIDNEY-PIES? WHY, I COULD SWOLLER THE 'OLE BLESSED LOT!"

Old Party "COULD YOU, REALLY! NOW, *I* COULDN'T EAT ONE IF I WERE *PAID* FOR IT!"

[Exit Old Party.

AN EXCELLENT EXCUSE.

THIS IS JACK SPARKLES, WHO USED TO BE SUCH A THOROUGH PRERAPHAELITE, AS WE CAME UPON HIM "AT WORK" THE OTHER DAY—AT LEAST HE CALLED IT SO. HE SAID HE HAD COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT "PAINTING WAS, AFTER ALL, MORE OR LESS A MATTER OF MEMORY, AND THAT HE WAS STUDYING SKIES!!"

LINGUA EAST ANGLIA.

First Angler (to Country Boy). "I SAY, MY LAD, JUST GO TO MY FRIEND ON THE BRIDGE THERE, AND SAY I SHOULD BE MUCH OBLIGED TO HIM IF HE'D SEND ME SOME BAIT."

Country Boy (to Second Angler, in the Eastern Counties language). "THA' THERE BO' SAHY HE WANT A WURRUM!!"

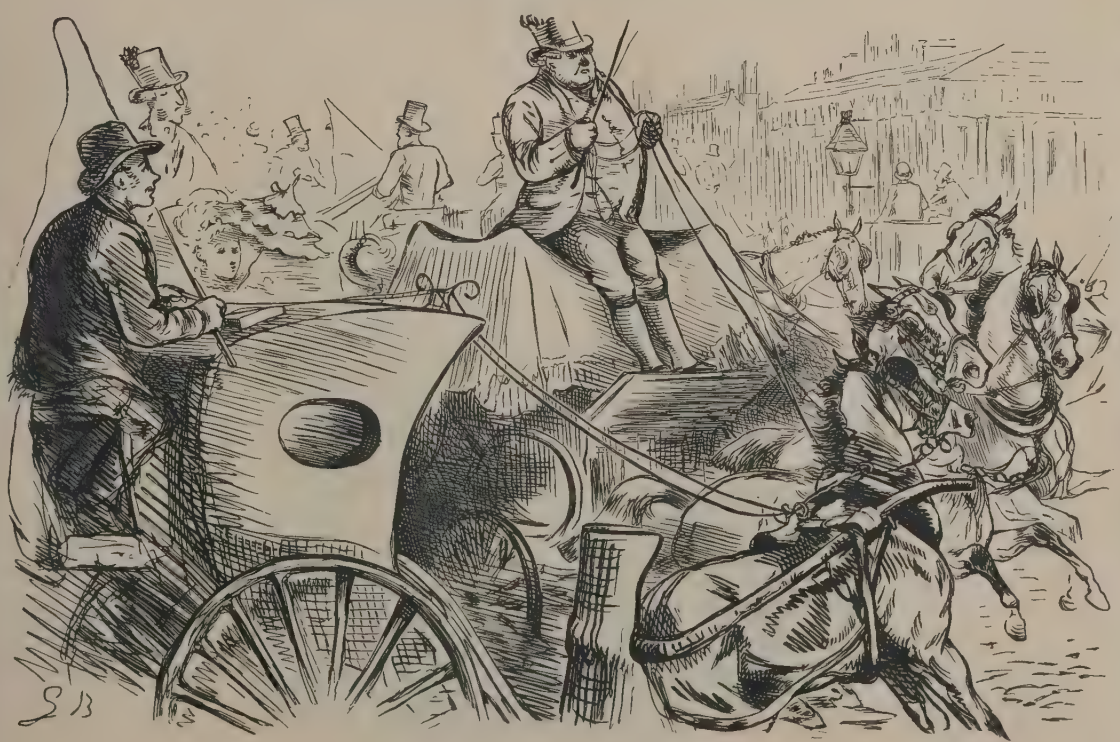
A DISCREET HINT.

Matilda (star-gazing). "HOW I WISH I COULD CATCH A FALLING STAR!"

Young Dobbs (whose Picture has been so successful at the Academy this Year). "THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, MISS MATILDA. BUT—A—MIGHT I SUGGEST THAT YOU NEEDN'T GO FAR FOR A *RISING* ONE?"

"WHERE, AND OH WHERE!"

Stout Party (loq.). "DEAR! DEAR! DEAR! WHERE CAN THAT STUPID DOG HAVE GOT TO?"



IRREVERENT.

Cabby. "NOW THEN, GOVE'NOR, WHEN YOU'VE DONE PLAYIN' WITH THEM ROCKIN' 'ORSES, PERHAPS YOU'LL GET ON?"

A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE.

Aunt. "CANDIDLY, DON'T YOU THINK YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH, ETHEL?"
Ethel. "I MAY *THINK* SO, AUNTY, BUT I DON'T *FEEL* SO!"

A LITTLE MISTAKE.

Hairdresser. "SOUTH MIDDLESEX OR KEVEENS, SIR? *(Customer looks bewildered.)*—WHY, SIR, MANY CORPSES, SIR, 'AS A REKIONISED STYLE OF 'AIR, SIR, ACCORDIN' TO THE REG— *(Customer storms.)* NOT A WOLUNTEER, SIR?—JUS SO, SIR.—THOUGHT NOT, SIR; LEASTWAYS I WAS A WONDERIN' TO MYSELF D'RECTLY I SEE YOU, SIR, WHAT CORPSE YOU COULD A BELONGED TO, SIR!"

CRICKET—THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE.

"GOOD MATCH, OLD FELLOW?" "OH, YES; AWFULLY JOLLY!"

"WHAT DID YOU DO?"

"I 'AD A HOVER OF JACKSON; THE FIRST BALL 'IT ME ON THE 'AND, THE SECOND 'AD ME ON THE KNEE; THE THIRD WAS IN MY EYE; AND THE FOURTH BOWLED ME OUT!"

[Jolly Game.

FROM THE SISTER ISLE.

"MASTER'S AWAY FROM HOME, SIR. WOULD YOU PLEASE TO LEAVE YOUR NAME?"

"FAIX, AN' WHAT SHOULD I BE LAVIN' ME NAME FORR, BEDAD! WHEN HE KNOWS ME QUITE WELL?"

CAUTION TO PEOPLE ABOUT TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE SANDS AT THE SEASIDE.

A BANK HOLIDAY STUDY.

"NOW, GOVERNOR, SING OUT 'TALLYO!' AND 'E'LL THINK IT'S THE 'OUNDS."

CLUB SKETCHES.—CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"WHY DOES BROOKS SNUB SNOOKS?"—"BECAUSE SNOOKS TOADIES BROOKS."

"WHY DOES SNOOKS TOADY BROOKS?"—"BECAUSE BROOKS SNUBS SNOOKS."

REFLECTED GLORY.

Shopman. "HERE! HI! ARE YOU HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BAYSWATER?"

Magnificent Flunkey. "I HAM!"

"PRO AND CON."

Prosaic Uncle. "LIKE TO BE A SMUGGLER! DON'T TALK NONSENSE, GEORGE!"

George. "WELL! I'D RATHER LIVE IN A NICE CAVE LIKE THIS ONE HERE, 'STEAD O' THOSE BEASTLY HOT LODGINGS!"

THAMES FISHING.

Fisherman (to Old Gentleman). "THEY'RE A' BITIN' AWAY OVER 'ERE, SIR! JUST STEP ACROSS THAT THERE BIT O' WOOD, SIR, AND YOU'LL HAVE A CAPITAL PITCH, SIR!"

Old Gentleman. "ACROSS THAT BIT OF WOOD! DOES THE MAN THINK I'M A ROPE-DANCER?"

A LITTLE FAMILY BREEZE.

Mrs. T. "WHAT A WRETCH YOU MUST BE, T.; WHY DON'T YOU TAKE ME OFF? DON'T YOU SEE I'M OVERTOOK WITH THE TIDE, AND I SHALL BE DROWNDED!"

T. "WELL, THEN—WILL YOU PROMISE NOT TO KICK UP SUCH A ROW WHEN I STOP OUT LATE OF A SATURDAY?"

"GROUSE DRIVING."

THIS IS WHAT SHE IMAGINED IT TO BE IN HER DREAM OF THE 12TH OF AUGUST.

SUBURBAN PUZZLE.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH. WHERE TO FIND A PLEASANT RIDE.

SO MATTER-OF-FACT.

Jones (who prides himself on his French). "DÉSOLÉ, MON CHER, NOT TO BE ABLE TO ACCEPT YOUR HOSPITALITY, BUT TO-NIGHT I AM DINING *EN VILLE*."

Brown (who is so matter-of-fact, and never will understand Jones's French). "DINING 'ON VEAL,' ARE YOU? WELL, THERE'S NOT MUCH DIFFERENCE; IF YOU COME TO *ME*, YOU'LL HAVE A LEG O' MUTTON!"

NEVER SATISFIED.

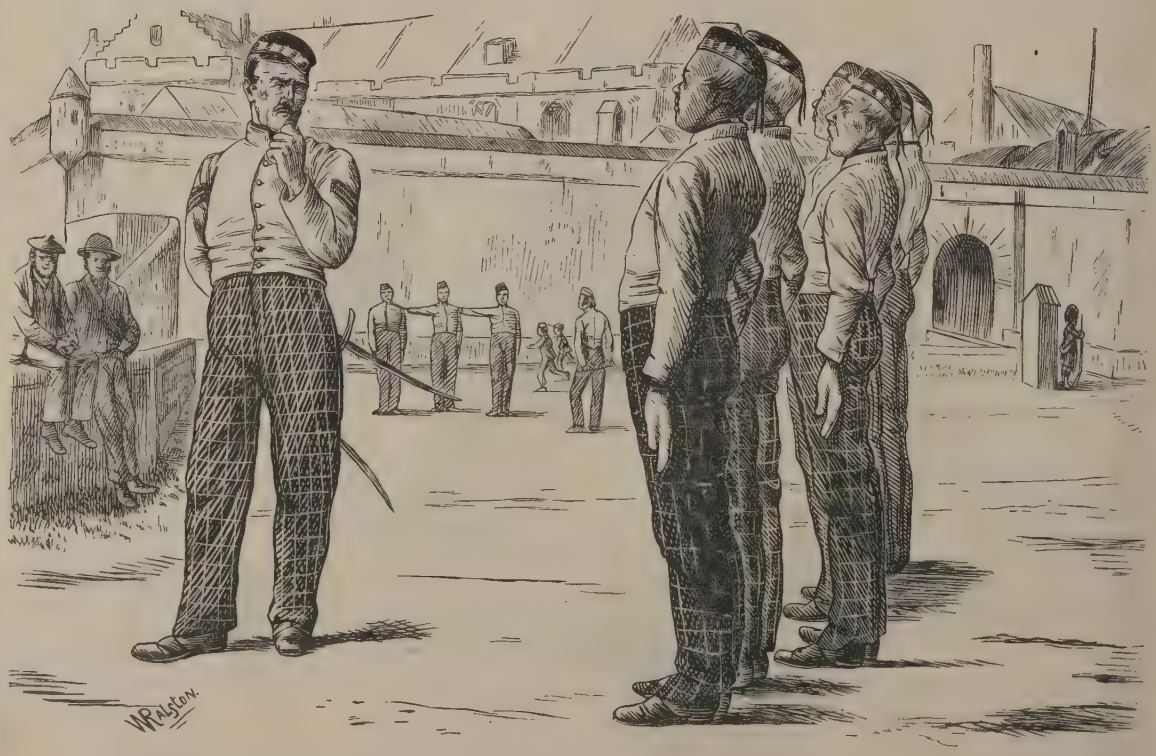
Grumpy Husband. "HOW BADLY INFORMED NEWSPAPERS ARE! WHY, HERE THEY SAY, 'SIR THOMAS GRIMSBY ENTERTAINED US AND A NUMBER OF OTHERS AT DINNER LAST NIGHT!' ENTERTAINED! WHY, I NEVER WAS SO BORED IN MY LIFE!"

A BYE-LAW.

Guard. "SMOKING NOT ALLOWED, GENTS."

Swell. "O! AH! WHAT'S THE FINE?"

Guard. "A SHILLING, READY MONEY, TO THE GUARD, SIR. FORTY SHILLINGS TO THE COMPANY, PAYABLE BY INSTALMENTS AND AT YOUR OWN CONVENIENCE."



AWARE OF THE CRISIS.

Sairgeant Mucklewham (more in sorrow than anger). "HALT! O MAN NUMMER THREE, I WUNNER TAE SEE YE! HOO CAN YE THINK FOREIGN POWERS CAN EVER RESPECT YE, IF YE WULL PERSIST IN STEPPIN' THREE INCHES LESS THAN THE REGELATION!"

IN FLAGRANTE DELICTO.

NOT SUCH DISAGREEABLE WEATHER FOR THE HAYMAKERS
AS SOME PEOPLE THINK.

RETROSPECTION.

Scene—Æsthetic Neighbourhood.

Converted Betting Man (plays First Concertina in Salvation Army Band). "POOTY 'OUSES THEY BUILDS IN THESE SUBU'BS, MR. SWAGGET."

Mr. S. (Reformed Burglar and Banner-Bearer in the same). "AH! AND HOW 'ANDY THEM LITTLE BAL-CO-NIES WOULD 'A' BEEN IN FORMER——"

[A warning flourish on the Concertina, and Mr. S. drops the subject.

"DE GUSTIBUS," ETC.

Darby. "BUT, MY DEAR, THERE ARE NO MICROBES IN TOBACCO."
Joan. "UM—SHOWS THEIR SENSE!" [*Subject dropped.*

ALTRUISM.

Affable Stranger. "AND ARE YOU THE *ONLY* ONE?" *Small Boy.* "OH, NO! THERE'S PAPA AND MAMMA, YOU KNOW!"

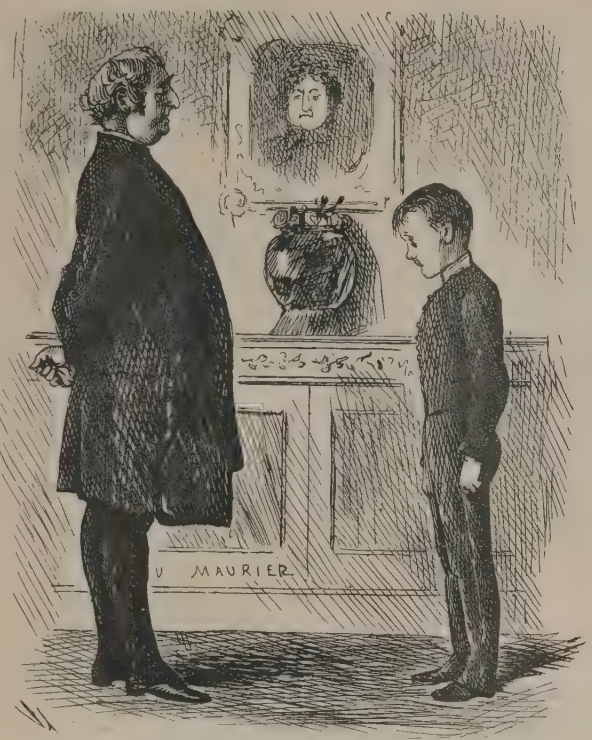
"THE GARB OF OLD GAUL."

Young Laird (to newly-appointed Footman). "WELL, DONALD, HOW DO YOU LIKE TROUSERS?"

Donald (heretofore a Gillie, who had never worn anything but Kilts). "AWEEL, SIR, I FIND 'EM VERA 'NCOMFORTABLE ABOOT THE SLEEVES!!"

PRACTICAL.

Fond Father. "I SEE YE'VE PUT MY SON INTIL GRAUMMER AN' JOGRAPHY, NOO, AS I NEITHER MEAN HIM TAE BE A MINISTER OR A SEA-CAPTAIN, IT'S O' NAE USE. GIE HIM A PLAIN BIZNESS EDDICATION."



NATURAL RELIGION.

Bishop (reproving delinquent Page). "WRETCHED BOY! *WHO* IS IT THAT SEES AND HEARS ALL WE DO, AND BEFORE WHOM *EVEN I* AM BUT AS A CRUSHED WORM?"

Page. "THE MISSUS, MY LORD!

A HINT.

Sir Pompey Bedell. "OH—ER—MR. GRIGSBY, I THINK! HOW D'YE DO?"

Grigsby. "I HOPE I SEE YOU WELL, SIR POMPEY. AND NEXT TIME YOU GIVE ME TWO FINGERS, I'M BLEST IF I DON'T PULL 'EM OFF!"

"THE CHURCH-GOING BELL."

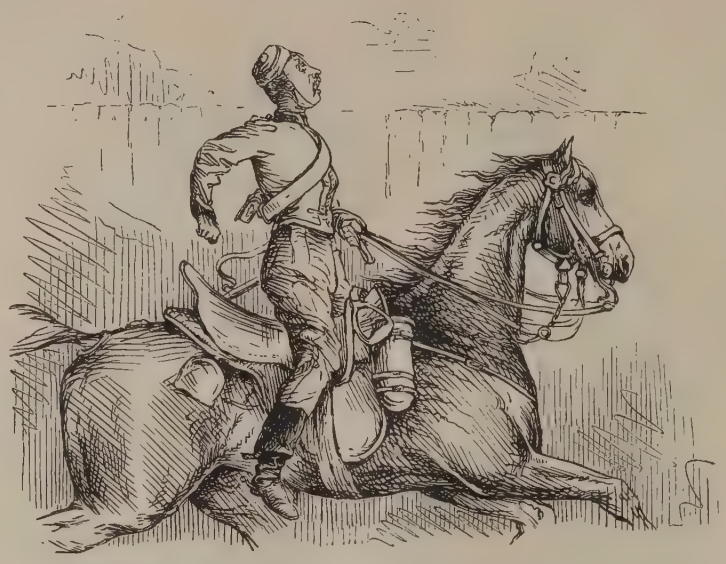
SUNDAY MORNING, COAST OF NORWAY.

CONFIDENCES OF A MATURE SIREN.

"I ADMIT I'M NOT AS HANDSOME AS I USED TO BE; BUT I'M TWICE AS DANGEROUS!"

LONGING FOR A NEW SENSATION.

Jack (a Naughty Boy, who is always in disgrace, and most deservedly). "I SAY, EFFIE, DO YOU KNOW WHAT I SHOULD LIKE? I SHOULD LIKE TO BE ACCUSED OF SOMETHING I'D NEVER DONE!"



PLEASURES OF A MILITARY RIDING-SCHOOL.

"NOW THEN, SIR! SIT WELL BACK, AND LET HIM BUMP YOU, SIR."

A TIT-BIT.

Omnibus Driver (in the distance). "HOLLOA JOE, NOW YOU'VE GOT YOUR DUCK, I'LL SEND YOU THE PEAS!"

THE UBIQUITOUS.

Alf. "'ULLO, 'ARRY! 'OW DID YOU COME DOWN?"

'Arry. "'OW? THIRD-CLASS TICKET—SECOND-CLASS CARRIAGE—AN' FUS'-CLASS CO'P'NY! YAH-HA-HA!!"

JUST IN TIME.

Veteran Piscator. "HECH! BUT YON'S A MUCKLE FESH LOUPIN' AHINT ME!"— *(It was lucky he looked round!—his friend from London had preferred Sketching on the Banks, had stumbled over a Boulder, and "Gone a Header" into a deep hole. He was gaffed at his last kick!)*

THE SHOOTING OF THE LAST GROUSE.

AN ALARMIST'S VISION

ONE FOR HIM.

Sporting Uncle. "WHEN YOU GALLOP YOUR PONY LIKE THAT, CHARLIE, YOU SHOULD TAKE HIM ON THE TURF."
Charlie. "BUT, UNCLE BOB,—I HEARD PAPA SAY HE HOPES I'LL NEVER GO ON THE TURF,—LIKE *YOU*"

A "SCENE" IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Ill-used Husband (under the Bed). "AYE! YE MAY CRACK ME, AND YE MAY THRASH ME, BUT YE CANNA BREAK MY MANLY SPERRIT. I'LL NA COME OOT!!"

REPRISALS!

Tradesman (to Old Gentleman, who has purchased Lawn-Mower). "YES, SIR, I'LL OIL IT, AND SEND IT OVER IMM——"

Customer (imperatively). "NO, NO, NO!—IT MUSTN'T BE OILED! I WON'T HAVE IT OILED! MIND THAT! I WANT NOISE! AND, LOOK HERE—PICK ME OUT A NICE RUSTY ONE. MY NEIGHBOUR'S CHILDREN HOOT AND YELL TILL TEN O'CLOOK EVERY NIGHT, SO"—*(viciously)*—"I MEAN TO CUT MY GRASS FROM FOUR TILL SIX EVERY MORNING!!"

FILIAL FRANKNESS.

Patronising Neighbour. "GIVE THIS NOTE TO YOUR MAMMA, CECIL, AND SAY WE SHALL BE QUITE A SMALL PARTY—ONLY OURSELVES AND THE RECTOR."

Cecil. "OH, THEN, I'M SURE SHE WON'T COME!"

A NORFOLK DUMPLING.

Young Hodge (in expectation of a Copper). "OI'LL OPEN THE GATE."
Lady. "YOU ARE A VERY CIVIL LAD. YOU DON'T COME FROM THESE PARTS?"
Young Hodge. "YOW'RE A LIAR. I DEW!"

THE EXHAUSTED STUDENT.

Fond Parient. "BLESS HIS HEART—ALWAYS STUDYING! READ HIMSELF ASLEEP —GEOGRAPHY NOW, OR SOMETHING OF THAT SORT, I'LL BE BOUND!"

[No. It's the Cookery Book.

A GRIEVANCE.

Testy Old Gent. (to Butler). "CLARET! YES! YES! PUT IT DOWN; AND PRAY, SIMPSON DON'T BLOW UPON MY HEAD SO!"

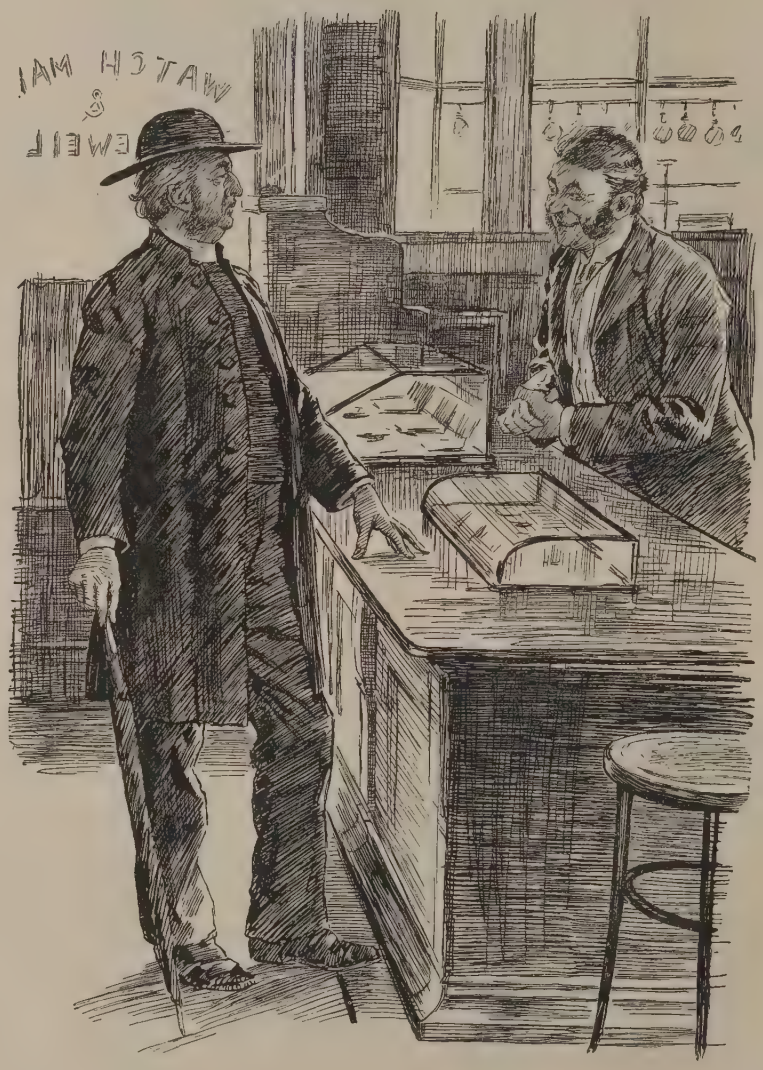
MAKING THINGS PLEASANT.

Irishman (to English Sportsman). "IS IT THROUTS? BE JABERS, THE WATTHER'S STIFF WID 'EM!!!"

["Regardless of strict truth, in his love of hyperbole and generous desire to please," as our Friend recorded in his Diary after a blank day.

MENACE.

Little Angler (to her refractory Bait). "KEEP STILL, YOU TIRESOME LITTLE THING! IF YOU DON'T LEAVE OFF SKRIGGLING, I'LL THROW YOU AWAY, AND TAKE ANOTHER!"



TROP DE ZÈLE.

Clerical Customer. "I WANT TO BUY A NICE DIAMOND BROOCH FOR MY BETTER HALF."

Over-anxious Shopkeeper. "CERTAINLY, SIR. WE HAVE JUST THE VERY THING. WE CAN ACCOMMODATE YOU ALSO FOR YOUR OTHER HALF, IF YOU WISH." [*They did not trade.*

FROM THE PARTICULAR TO THE GENERAL.

"I SAY, OLD CHAPPIE—WHAT TREMENDOUS HIGH CHAIRS YOU'VE GOT—ONE'S FEET POSITIVELY DANGLE!"

AWKWARD REVELATIONS.

Effie. "GEORGIE AND I HAVE BEEN DOWN-STAIRS IN THE DINING-ROOM, MR. MITCHAM. WE'VE BEEN PLAYING HUSBAND AND WIFE!"

Mr. Mitcham. "HOW DID YOU DO THAT, MY DEAR?"

Effie. "WHY, GEORGY SAT AT ONE END OF THE TABLE, AND I SAT AT THE OTHER; AND GEORGY SAID, 'THIS FOOD ISN'T FIT TO EAT!' AND I SAID, 'IT'S ALL YOU'LL GET!' AND GEORGY SAID 'DAM!' AND I GOT UP AND LEFT THE ROOM!"

SOMETHING LIKE SPORT.

Jolly Angler. "HOORAY, TOM! I'VE GOT ONE—AND MY WORD! DIDN'T HE PULL?"

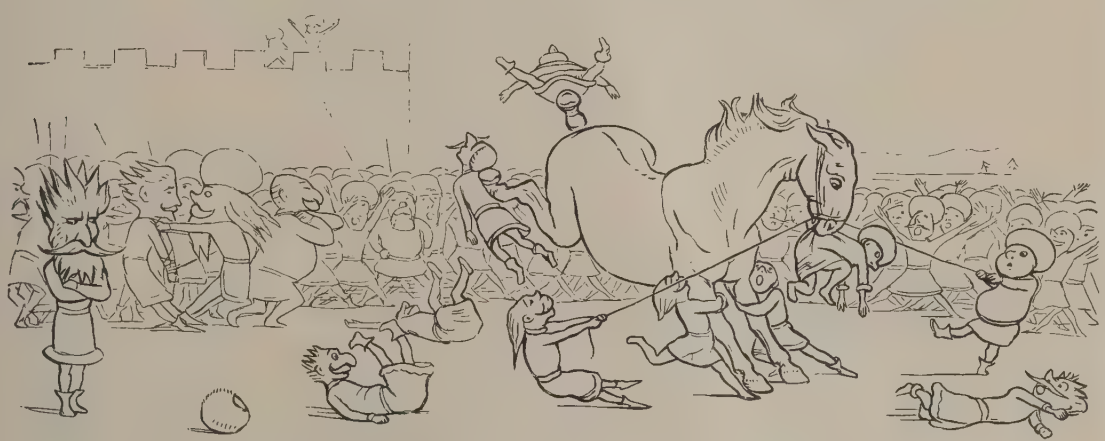
THE CONTEMPLATIVE MAN'S RECREATION.

Brown (excited). "HI, JONES!—NET! NET! NET!—MAKE HASTE, OR I SHALL LOSE HIM!"

Jones (who is rather giddy and nervous). "EH!—AH!—RIGHT!—TO BE SURE!—YES!—I—I—I—I'M COMING—AS FAST—AS—OH! DEAR—AS POSSIBLE!"

MAZEPPA.—PART THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—THE HALL OF THE CASTLE. MAZEPPA AND OLINSKA ARE SURPRISED IN A TÊTE-À-TÊTE BY THE JEALOUS COUNT AND HIS ATTENDANTS.



SCENE II.—COURTYARD OF THE CASTLE. AFTER SOME SLIGHT RESTIVENESS ON THE PART OF THE WILD HORSE OF THE UKRAINE, MAZEPPA IS BOUND UPON IT, AND AWAY THEY GO.

SCENE III.—A DARK AND DREARY FOREST. TIME: SUNSET. MAZEPPA AND THE WILD HORSE PURSUED BY WOLVES AND BIRDS OF PREY.

MAZEPPA.—PART THE SECOND.

SCENE I.—A WIDE PLAIN. SOUND OF HOOFS HEARD IN THE DISTANCE. MAZEPPA AND THE WILD HORSE HAVING JUST PASSED BY.

SCENE II.—A DREARY WASTE. IN THE FOREGROUND LIES THE DEAD BODY OF THE WILD HORSE OF THE UKRAINE, WITH MAZEPPA SITTING UPON IT. AROUND THEM HOVER THE RAVENS.

SCENE III.—GRAND TABLEAU. ENTRANCE OF A BAND OF COSSACKS, WHO ARE SO FASCINATED BY THE HANDSOME FORM AND ANIMATED APPEARANCE OF MAZEPPA, THAT THEY OFFER HIM THE CROWN OF THE COSSACKS, AND MAKE HIM THEIR HETMAN.

DELIGHTFUL OUT-DOOR EXERCISE IN WARM WEATHER.

RUNNING AFTER "ANOTHER FOUR!" AT CRICKET, AMIDST DERISIVE SHOUTS OF "NOW THEN, BUTTER-FINGERS!"—"OH! OH!"—"THROW IT IN! LOOK SHARP!"—"QUICK! IN WITH IT!" &c., &c.

TEMPTING!

Ancient Mariner (to Browne, who has just arrived by the Steamer and had quite enough of it). "NICE ROW OR SAIL THIS EVENING, SIR?"

THE LABOUR QUESTION.

Mechanic. "HULLO, JEM! NOT AT WORK! WHAT'S UP?"
Collier. "OH, WE'RE OUT ON STRIKE." *Mechanic.* "WHAT FOR, THEN?"
Collier. "AW DIVEN' KNAW, BUT WE'LL NOT GIVE IN TILL WE GET IT!"

A COLLISION.

Baker (with indignation). "NOW, THEN! WHO ARE YOU A-SHOVIN' OF? SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO MY BASKET!"
Sweep (with scorn). "YOUR BASKET!—LOOK AT MY BAG!"

VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRES.

Sergeant. "CAN I DO ANYTHING FOR YOU, CAPTAIN?"

Captain. "WHY, THANKY, SERGEANT. IF YOU WOULDN'T MIND GIVING MY OTHER LEG A HITCH OVER!"

FROM THE SUMMER MANŒUVRES.

General (to Colonel of Cavalry—slightly inclining to embonpoint). "NOW, SIR! UNDERSTAND THAT YOU ARE NOT CAVALRY AT ALL. YOU ARE A SKELETON ENEMY!"

[Stout Colonel does not feel the right man in the right place.

"OVERDOING IT."

Minister (to one of his flock). "I'M SHOCKED, JAMES, TO SEE YOU'VE BROKEN YOUR PROMISE AND HAVE BEEN INDULGING AGAIN." *(James hangs his head.)* "YOU REALLY SHOULD GIVE IT UP. IT DOES YOU GREAT HARM—MAKES YOU UNFIT FOR WORK—SPOILS YOUR APPEARANCE—YE CANNA TAK' YER BREAKFAST—YE'VE A BAD TASTE I' YER MOOTH—'GIVES YE A SPLETTIN' HEADACHE——"

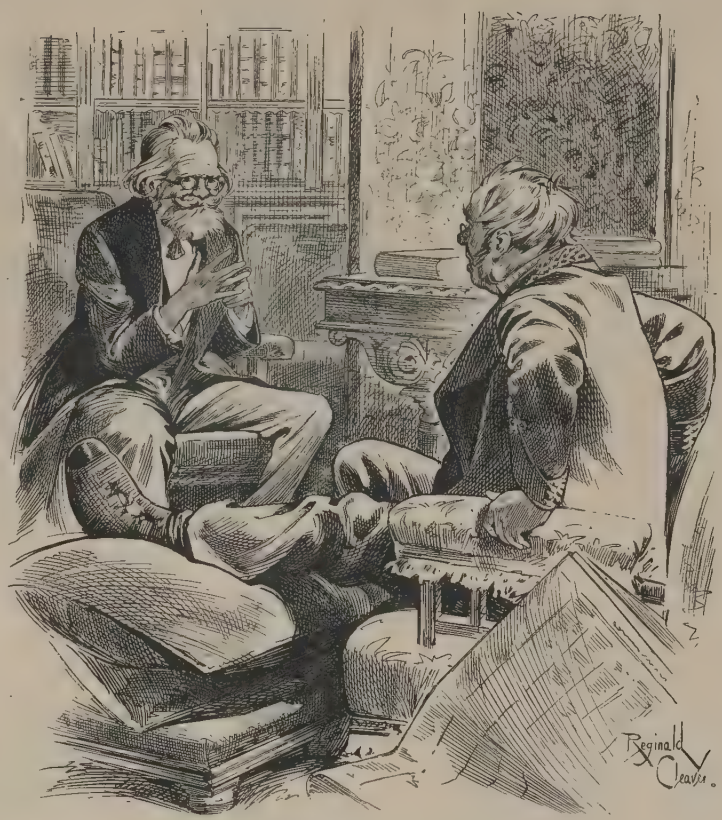
James. "A-YE, MENESTER! BUT YE HAE SUFFERED YERSEL'!"

DISTRIBUTION.

Robert (to stingy Old Gent, who had given him a Halfpenny). "YOU'LL 'XCUSE ME, SIR—BUT—WOULD YOU MIND—AH—MAKIN' IT A PENNY, SIR—WHICH WE HAS TO DIVIDE IT—'MONGST THE OTHER WAITERS, SIR!"

HOSPITALITY.

"BY THE BYE, MR. JONES, THEY'VE ELECTED YE AT THE DINATHERIUM, I'M HAPPY TO OBSAIRVE. WILL YE DO ME THE PLEASURE OF DINING WITH ME THERE NEXT THURSDAY?—THAT IS, *ALONGSIDE* OF ME, YE KNOW!"



A MATTER OF "COURSE."

Eminent German Specialist. "VAT VATERS 'AVE YOU BEEN IN ZE 'ABIT OF TAKING?

English Gouty Patient. "WATER! HAVEN'T TOUCHED A DROP, EXCEPT WITH MY TEA, FOR THE LAST THIRTY YEARS!" *[Upon which a mild course of Homburg, Kissengen, Marienbad, and Karlsbad is at once prescribed.*

TROPICAL.

Maid (to Irish Milkman). "MISSIS SAYS SHE'S SURE THERE'S BEEN A GREAT DEAL O' WATER IN THE MILK LATELY, AND THAT IF——"

Pat. "AN' CAN YE WANDER AT IT, MY DEAR? SMALL BLAME TO THE COWS THIS THUR-RSTY WEATHER, POOR CRATURS!"

THE PET YOUNG BACHELOR PARSON.

Scene—A Suburban Evening Party. Time—10·30 P.M.

Hostess (to little rustic Maid, who has opened the drawing-room door, and is staring vacantly round). "WHAT IS IT, SARAH?"

Sarah. "OH, NOTHING, MA'AM, IT'S ONLY MISS WALKER'S MAID, AND MISS RICHARDSON'S PAGE, AND THE FOOTMAN FOR MISS TOMPKINS, AND THE CARRIAGE FOR THE MISS CLARKSONS. BUT THEY WAS NONE OF THEM TO WAIT, AS THE REV. MR. SAINTLEY'S HERE!"

SKIRMISHING IN PERSPECTIVE.

"A GOOD SKIRMISHER, IF THERE IS NO COVER, SHOULD HIDE BEHIND HIS BOOTS!"

OUR MANŒUVRES.

Captain of Skirmishers (rushing in to seize Picket Sentries of the Enemy). "HULLO! HE-AR! YOU SURRENDER TO THIS COMPANY!"
Opposition Lance-Corporal. "BEG PARDON, SIR! IT'S THE OTHER WAY, SIR WE'RE A BRIGADE, SIR!!!"

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Country Magistrate. "PRISONER, YOU'RE DISCHARGED THIS TIME WITH A CAUTION; BUT IF WE SEE YOU HERE AGAIN, YOU'LL GET TWICE AS MUCH!!"

NOT TO BE MADE A FOOL OF.

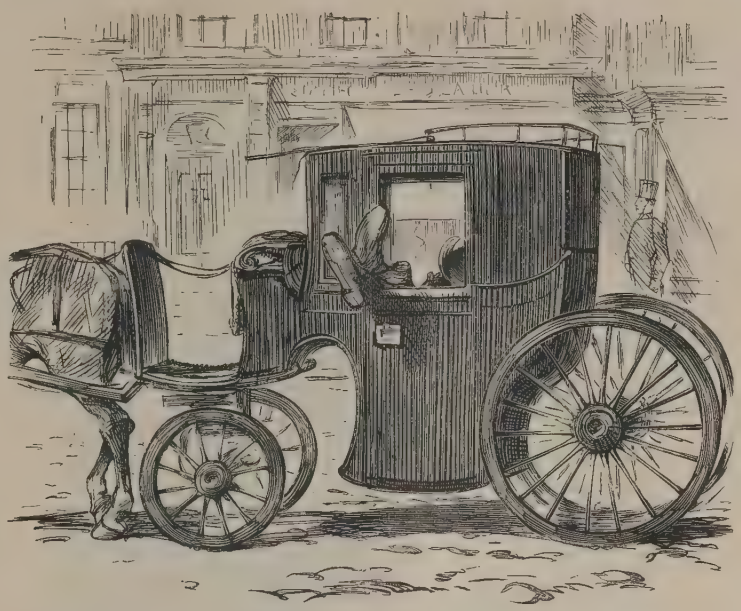
Farmer. "NOO, IF IT'S A FAIR QUESTION, HOO MUCH WULL YE GET FOR THAE KYE WHEN YE'VE FEENISHED THEM?"
Artist. "O, PERHAPS SIXTY GUINEAS, OR SO."
Farmer. "WHA-A-T! DINNA TEL'. ME, MAN; A'L NO GET THAT FOR THEM LEEVIN'."

REAL ENJOYMENT.

Charley (who is wet through for the ninth time). "OH, MA! WE'VE BEEN *SO* JOLLY! WE'VE BEEN FILLING ONE ANOTHER'S HAIR WITH SAND AND MAKING BOATS OF OUR BOOTS, AND HAVING SUCH FUN!"

THE GOOD LITTLE BOY.

Bathing Woman. "MASTER FRANKY WOULDN'T CRY! NO! NOT HE!—HE'LL COME TO HIS MARTHA, AND BATHE LIKE A MAN!"



"OTIUM CUM DIG."

THE ONLY MAN OF RANK IN TOWN, "AND HE DON'T SEE WHY HE SHOULDN'T JINE THE MISSUS AT MARGATE, FOR ANY BUSINESS THERE'S A DOIN'."

THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

Paterfamilias (who is just beginning to feel himself at home in his delightfully new suburban residence) interrupts the wife of his bosom. "'SEASIDE!' 'CHANGE OF AIR!!' 'OUT OF TOWN!!!' WHAT NONSENSE, ANNA MARIA! WHY, GOOD GRACIOUS ME! WHAT ON EARTH CAN YOU WANT TO BE GOING *'OUT OF TOWN'* FOR, WHEN YOU'VE GOT SUCH A GARDEN AS *THIS!*"

A FAIR OFFER.

Athletic Barman. "NOW, IF YOU DON'T TAKE YOURSELF OFF, I'LL PRECIOUS SOON TURN YOU OUT!"

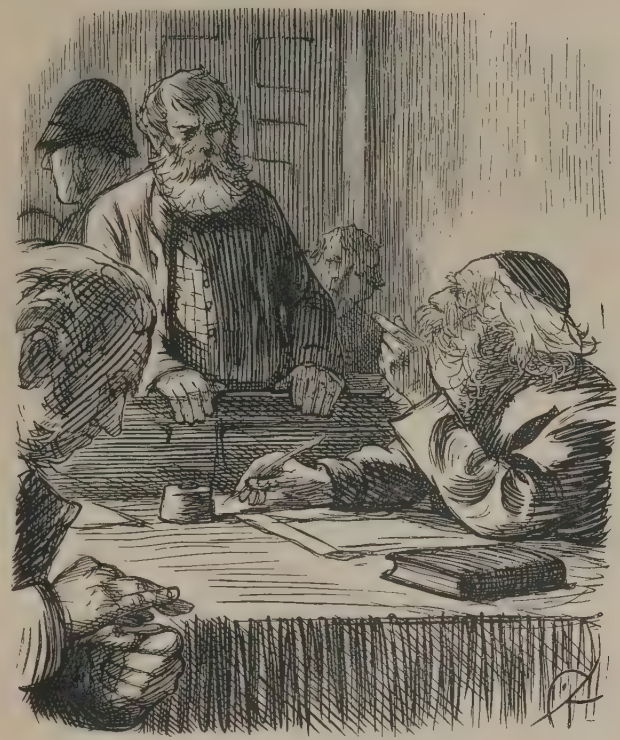
Pat (with a yell). "TUR-R-RN ME OUT! IS IT TUR-R-RN ME OUT! THIN, BEDAD! COME OUTSIDE, AN' TUR-R-RN ME OUT!!"

"LET THE TOAST GO ROUND."

Good Templar. "VERY WARM, COACHMAN. HAVE A DROP?"

Coachman. "THANK YE, SIR. *(Drinks.)* AUCH! O, MURDER! 'AM POISONED —WHAT'S THAT?"

Good Templar. "ONLY TOAST-AND-WATER!"



DRACONIAN.

Scene—Police Court, North Highlands.

Accused. "PUT, PAILIE, IT'S NA PROVIT!"

Bailie. "HOOT TOOTS, TONAL, AND HEAR ME SPEAK! AW'LL ONLY FINE YE HA'F-A-CROON THE DAY, BECAUSE ET'S NO VARRA WELL PROVIT. BUT IF EVER YE COME BEFORE ME AGAIN, YE'LL NO GET AFF UNDER FIVE SHILLIN'S, WHETHER ET'S PROVIT OR NO!!"

(LOCH) FYNE GRAMMAR.

(A Sad Fact for the School Board.)

Tugal. "DUD YE'LL EVER SEE THE *I-OO-NA* ANY MORE BEFORE?"

Tonal. "SURELY I WAS."

Tugal. "AY, AY! MAYBE YOU WAS NEVER ON POARD TOO, AFTER THUS——"

Tonal. "I DUD."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"MY LITTLE BOY, SIR, DIED WHEN HE WAS ONLY TWO MONTHS OLD, JUST AFTER HE HAD BEEN VACCINATED." "HOW VERY SAD! HAD HE BEEN BAPTISED?"

"YES, SIR; BUT IT WAS THE *VACCINATION* AS CARRIED HIM OFF, SIR!"

COMFORTING!

Mossoo—cheerfully (he has just blown a hole through the Squire's hat). "AHA, MON AMI! VOILA COMMENT DES ACCIDENTS ARRIVENT!"

A MERE PREJUDICE.

Tourist. "I SEE YOU EMPLOY A GOOD MANY WOMEN ABOUT HERE, FARMER.'

Farmer. "HAVE TO DO, HARVEST-TIME, SIR; BUT FOR MYSELF I MUCH PREFER MANUAL LABOUR!"

A REAL CONVERT.

Local Preacher (giving an account to the Vicar of the Parish of a dispute he has had with the Leading Lights of his Sect). "YES, SIR, AFTER TREATMENT THE LIKES O' THAT, I SAYS TO 'EM, 'FOR THE FUTURE,' SAYS I, 'I CHUCKS UP ALL RELIGION, AND I GOES TO CHURCH!''

TENDER PASSAGES.

He (tenderly). "YES: WHEN IT'S DONE AGAIN, YOU MUST REALLY SEE THE BLONDIN DONKEY!"

She (sincerely). "I WILL. I'LL LOOK OUT FOR IT, AND WHEN I DO SEE IT, I WILL THINK OF *YOU!!*"

MONSIEUR, MADAME, ET BÉBÉ.

A GENTLE HINT.

Groom. "BEG PARDON, MISS! BUT IF YOU WAS TO 'IT THE SADDLE A LITTLE LESS 'ARD, IT 'UD BE BETTER FOR BOTH YOU AND THE 'OSS!"

VESTMENTS!

(*Our New Incumbent was disposed to be "High."*)

Younger Countryman. "I ZAY, GEARGE, WHAT WUR THAT PARSON HAD ACROST HIS SHOUDDERS 'SUNDAY? 'LOOKED LIKE SOME O' HIS WIFE'S THINGS."

Elder Countryman. "CA-ANT ZAY 'M ZHEWER. I HEERED UN ZAY A WUR 'STOLE.'"

Younger Countryman. "STOLE! NA, NA; I WOULDN' THINK THAT O' 'PARSON! MORE LIKE SOME O' THESE 'ERE NEW 'ARVEST DICK'RATIONS!!"

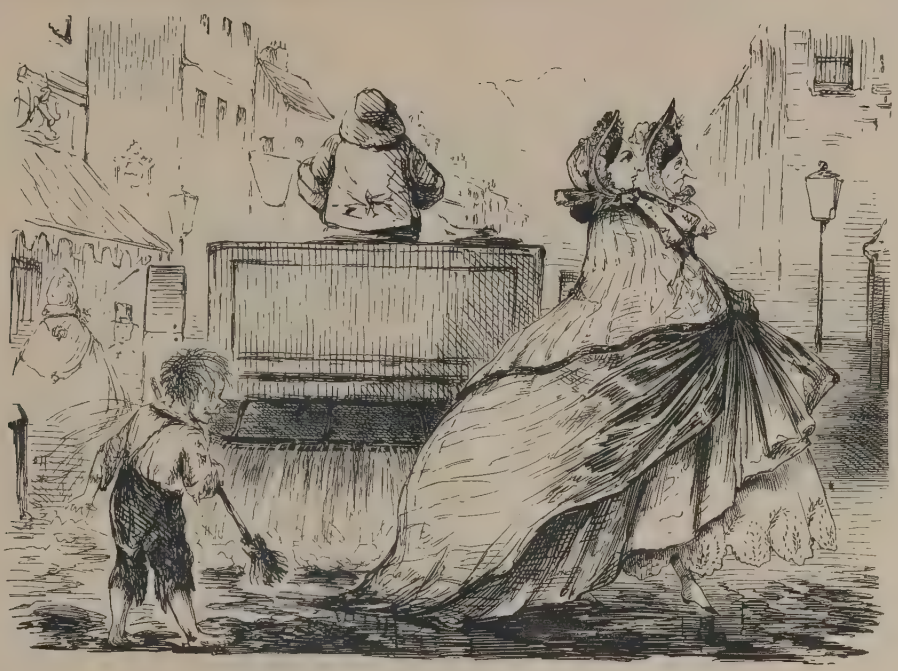
MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF SHOOTING.

MR BRIGGS IS OFF TO THE MOORS.

9 A.M. HIS ARRIVAL ON THE MOOR. MR. BRIGGS SAYS THAT THE FINE BRACING AIR MAKES HIM SO VIGOROUS THAT HE SHALL NEVER BE BEAT. HE ALSO FACETIOUSLY REMARKS THAT HE IS ON "HIS NATIVE HEATH," AND THAT HIS "NAME IS MACGREGOR!"

11 A.M. MR. BRIGGS BEGINS TO SHOW SYMPTOMS OF DISTRESS. HE FINDS HIS "NATIVE HEATH" A VERY DIFFERENT THING TO HIS "NATIVE FLAGSTONES."

12 A.M. TOTAL PROSTRATION OF MR. BRIGGS.



AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

"WELL, IF THEM TWO'D PROMISE TO COME REGLAR HEVERY MORNIN', I'D TAKE A HEXTRER ARF HOUR IN BED, WHILE THEY SWEP' MY CROSSIN'."

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

Nurse. "OH! MISS NELLY! WHATEVER *ARE* YOU ABOUT?"

Miss Nelly. "I'M ONLY DIPPING DOLLY, LIKE THE BATHING WOMAN DIPS ME!"

REVENGE!

North Country Labourer (who has been engaged to dig). "'THEY THAT EAT ALANE MAY HOWK ALANE!' THESE ARCHI'LOGICAL CHAPS NEVER SO MUCH AS ASKED ME IF AH'D TAK' ANYTHING, AND WHILE THEY'RE HAVIN' THEIR DENNERS AH'VE FOUND THE 'BURYIN'"—*(Pockets Urn and several Flint Arrow-heads)*—"AND THEY MAY WHUSTLE FOR'T!!"

"SILENCE IS GOLDEN."

Chatty Old Gent "HAVE YOU LONG HOURS HE-AR, PORTAR?"

Railway Porter (whose Temper has been spoilt). "SAME AS ANYWHERES ELSE, I S'POSE—SIXTY MINUTES!"—— *(Bell rings, Railway Porter touches up Old Gent's favourite corn, and rushes off!)*

Old Gent. "PH—O—O—O—O!"

A FILIAL REBUKE.

Squire Quiverful (who has a large family, to his eldest Son). "THESE ARE UNCOMMONLY GOOD CIGARS OF YOURS, FRED! WHAT DO THEY COST YOU?"

Fred. "SIXTY SHILLINGS A HUNDRED."

Squire Quiverful. "GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT EXTRAVAGANCE! DO YOU KNOW, SIR, THAT I NEVER GIVE MORE THAN *THREEPENCE* FOR A CIGAR?"

Fred. "AND A VERY GOOD PRICE, TOO! BY GEORGE, GOVERNOR, IF I HAD AS MANY CHILDREN TO PROVIDE FOR AS *YOU* HAVE, I WOULDN'T SMOKE AT ALL!"

AN APPETITE FOR INFORMATION.

Arthur (who has been listening with breathless interest to one of Grandpapa's Bible Stories). "AND WERE *YOU* IN THE ARK, GRANDPA, ALONG O' NOAH AND ALL THE REST OF 'EM?"

Grandpapa (indignantly) "NO, SIR *CERTAINLY* NOT!"

Arthur. "THEN HOW IS IT *YOU* WASN'T DROWNDED?"

PRETTY MANNERS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

Gallant Scavenger. "VERY MUCH THE GOOD DAY, MADAME! AND HOW FARES MISTER YOUR HUSBAND, THIS FINE WEATHER?"

Polite Applewoman. "MUCH BETTER, I THANK YOU, MONSIEUR! RECALL ME, I PRAY YOU, TO THE AMIABLE RECOLLECTION OF MADAME YOUR SPOUSE!"

Gallant Scavenger. "WITH PLEASURE, MADAME. VERY MUCH THE GOOD EVENING!"

Polite Applewoman. "GOOD EVENING, MONSIEUR, AND GOOD NIGHT!"

PROMPT.

Old Party. "REALLY, SIR,—I AM THE MANAGER OF THE LINE, SIR—I MUST INFORM YOU THAT IF YOU PERSIST IN SMOKING, YOU WILL BE FINED FORTY SHILLINGS, SIR."

Fast Etonian. "WELL, OLD BOY, I MUST HAVE MY SMOKE; SO YOU MAY AS WELL TAKE YOUR FORTY SHILLINGS NOW."

MYSTIFICATION.

Our Young Landscape Painter's Preparations are regarded with Intense Interest by the Village Juveniles, who evidently expect a Gymnastic Entertainment—

(he frames an Imaginary Picture with his Hands).

Omnes. "HE'S A GOIN' TO SAY HIS PRAYERS FUST!"

ARTFUL—VERY!

Mary. "DON'T KEEP A SCREOUGIN' O' ME, JOHN!"

John. "WH'OI BEAN'T A SCREOUGIN' ON YER!"

Mary (ingenuously) "WELL, Y' CAN I' Y' LIKE, JOHN!"

A DAMPER.

London Guest (who had let fly into "the Brown" at Eighty Yards, and knocked down a Brace). "GOOD SHOT THAT, WITH ONE BARREL, JENKINS! SHOULD THINK IT MUST HAVE BEEN A HUNDRED YARDS!"

Keeper. "YESSIR—MASTER REMARKED AS IT WERE A WERY LONG SHOT."

Londoner (gratified). "AH—OH, HE NOTICED IT, DID HE?"

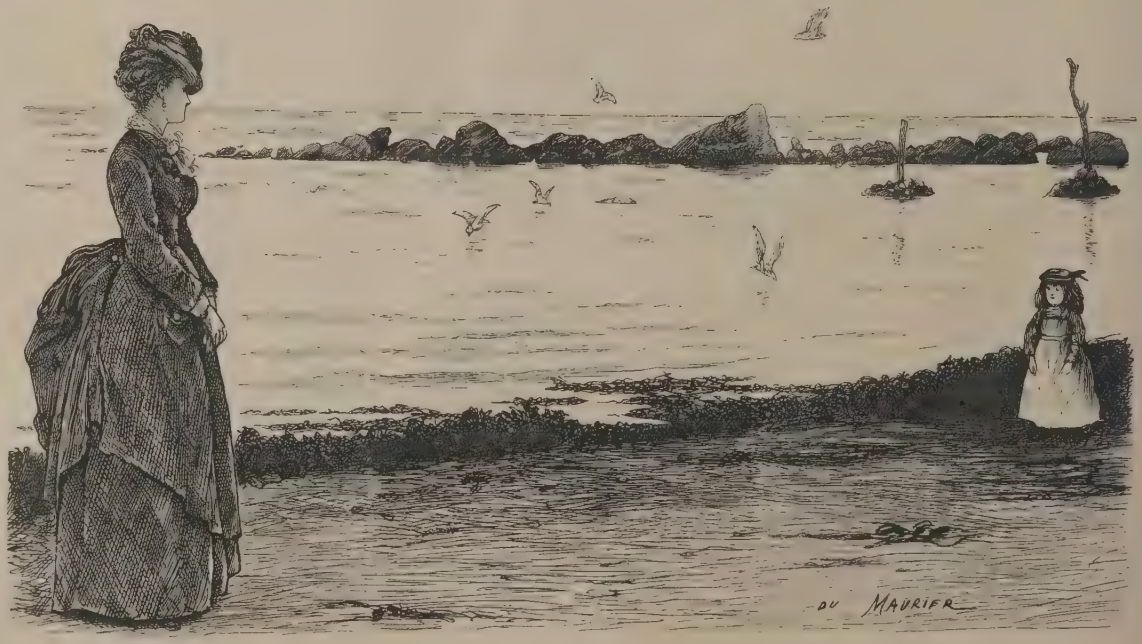
Keeper. "YESSIR, MASTER ALLUS NOTICES WHEN GEN'LEMEN MAKES WERY LONG SHOTS. THEY DON'T GET ASKED AGAIN!"

ON THE BOULOGNE PIER.

(*Two Asides.*)

Young England. "RUMMY STYLE OF AT!"

La Jeune France. "DRÔLE DE CHAPEAU!"



Q. E. D.

"MAMMA!"—"YES, DARLING."—"AM I A BIG GIRL?"—"NO, DARLING!"—"THEN CARRY ME!"

SKETCHING FROM NATURE.

MISS RAPHAEL MAKES A STUDY FOR HER GRAND PICTURE, "THE DAY AFTER THE DELUGE."

THE GENTLE CRAFT.

Contemplative Man (in punt). "I DON'T SO MUCH CARE ABOUT THE SPORT, IT'S THE DELICIOUS REPOSE I ENJOY SO."

A DAY AT THE CAMP.

Sentinel. "WHO COMES THERE?"
Sentinel. "ADVANCE, FRIEND!"

Ebriosus. "FRIEND!"
Ebriosus. "ADVANSH! COME, THATSH A GOOD UN!"

HOW MR. PETER PIPER WAS INDUCED TO JOIN IN A BEAR-HUNT NEAR BURHAMPOOR, BENGAL.

MR. PETER PIPER TAKES UP WHAT HE CONSIDERS TO BE A "FIRST-RATE POSITION." THE FIREWORK IS ABOUT TO BE THROWN INTO THE DEN OF THE BEAR—MOMENT OF INTENSE EXCITEMENT.

SUDDEN AND UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE OF A BEAR IN THE WRONG DIRECTION. MR. PETER PIPER BEGINS TO THINK HIS POSITION RATHER INFERIOR THAN OTHERWISE;

BUT—NOTHING DAUNTED—HE GRAPPLES MANFULLY WITH HIS FEROCIOUS ANTAGONIST, AND A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE ENSUES.

IN DUE COURSE OF TIME MR PETER PIPER AND THE FEROCIOUS ANTAGONIST ARRIVE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RAVINE, IN A VERY DILAPIDATED AND EXHAUSTED CONDITION.

HAVING COLLECTED HIS SCATTERED SENSES, MR. PETER PIPER IS DETERMINED TO SUBDUE THE MONSTER OR "PERISH IN THE ATTEMPT" HE PREPARES TO RENEW THE CONFLICT.

A DESPERATE STRUGGLE ENSUES, AND MR PETER PIPER IS ON THE POINT OF "PERISHING IN THE ATTEMPT," WHEN A TIMELY SHOT FROM HIS TRUSTY SYCE ALTERS THE POSITION OF AFFAIRS.

MR. PETER PIPER RETURNS TO BURHAMPOOR IN A TRIUMPHANT MANNER, AND BEGINS TO LOOK UPON HIMSELF IN THE LIGHT OF A HERO.

YOUNG, BUT ARTFUL.

Frank. "I SAY, ARTHUR, I WISH YOU'D GO AND KISS MY SISTER! THERE SHE IS."
Arthur. "ALL RIGHT—WHAT FOR?"
Frank. "WHY, BECAUSE *THEN*, I COULD KISS *YOURS*."

"CLOVER!"

Landlady (to Old Gustleton, who has come down to that nice quiet place, Wobbleswick, for the sea-air). "GOOD CLARET, SIR? OH, YES, SIR, WE'VE EXCELLENT CLARET, SIR, OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, FROM 'VANG ORDINAIRE,' SIR, AT NINE SHILLINGS THE DOZEN, TO SHATTERLERFEET, AT EIGHTEENPENCE A BOTTLE, SIR!!!"

FOREIGNERS IN FRANCE.

First Foreigner. "M'SIEU, VOOLEY-VOUS ME DIRIGAY LE CHEMENG—A—POUR—DE—OÙ EST LE BEWROW DE POST?"

Second Foreigner (on a tour with his girls). "WE, WE, M'SIEU, VOUS GARDEZ TOO DRWAW PAR LE COTAY DE PLACE OÙ LES—LES OMNIBOOS ARRYTAY—" *(Here he gets flustered by violent nudges from both Daughters.)* "ET ALORS VOUS PRENAY LE—VOUS TOURNAY EN BAS—LE—LE DOOZ— 'N FACT KEEP STRAIGHT ON, SECOND TURNING T' TH' RIGHT, FUST T' THE LEFT, AND THERE IT IS, JUST OPPOSITE THE CHURCH—"

First Foreigner (enlightened). "OH! THANKY, SIR, MUCH OBLIGED; GOOD MORNING."

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY.

"I SAY, BROWN, LET'S TRY AND GET INTO THE SAME MOURNING-COACH AS MAJOR BARDOLPH. HE ALWAYS COMES OUT SO JOLLY ON THESE OCCASIONS!"

"TWO'S COMPANY."

Newspaper Boy (suddenly, at Window). "WANT AN *OBSERVER*, CAPTAIN?"
Mathilde (on Honeymoon Trip). "OH, FREDDIE, DEAR! NO! NO!! *DO* LET US BE QUITE ALONE!"

A LITTLE VAGUE!

Affable Landlady (to her new Artist Lodger). "AND I SUPPOSE, SIR, YOU COMES FROM ABROAD?"

Foreign Lodger. "SO! I GOME VROM AUSTRIA."

A. L. "DO YOU HINDEED, SIR? FROM HOSTRIA! AH! NOW THAT'S WHERE THE HOSTRICHES COMES FROM, I SUPPOSE?!!"

TRULY CONSCIENTIOUS.

Toyshopman. "BEG PARDON, MISS, BUT HERE'S YOUR CHANGE, WHICH YOU'D FORGOTTEN—ONE-AND-NINEPENCE!"

Little Maid. "OH, THANK YOU VERY MUCH! BUT WE'RE NOT ALLOWED TO TAKE MONEY FROM ANYBODY BUT GRANDPAPA!"

IRRESISTIBLE.

Our Robert (on duty in the Provinces, offering dish to neglected Spinster). "LITTLE DUCK!"

[In such a tone of voice, that, at the risk of the sage and —— she accepts!

SEASONABLE LUXURY.

Old Gent (disgusted). "HERE, WAITER! HERE'S A—HERE'S A—A-CATERPILLAR IN THIS CHOP!"

Waiter (flippantly). "YESSIR. ABOUT THE TIME O' YEAR FOR 'EM JUST NOW, SIR!"

NOTHING NEW.

Absent Old Gentleman. "OH! AH! POSTMAN, EH? MY NAME IS—ER—IS—ER—"

Rural Postman. "ALL RIGHT, SIR! MR. ROBINSON. NO LETTER FOR YOU, THIS MORNING, SIR!"

Absent Old Gentleman. "DEEEAR ME! DO YOU THINK THERE WILL BE ONE —THIS AFTERNOON?"

GENTLE IRONY.

Crossing-Sweeper. "REMEMBER THE CROSSING-SWEEPER, SIR!"

Fiendishly Irritable Person. "O, GET OUT, AND BE HANGED TO YOU! AND DON'T KICK UP SUCH A DUST!"

Crossing-Sweeper. "LOR' NOW! THERE! IF YOU'D A SENT ME WORD AS *YOU* WAS A COMIN', I'D A HAD SOME TEA-LEAVES LAID DOWN!"

BRIC À BRAC.

Lady Crœsus. "OH, WHAT A SWEET TABLE! WHERE DID YOU GET IT, MY DEAR? OH, I SEE HERE'S THE MAN'S CARD." *(Spelling the label.)* "'TABLE—LOUIS QUINZE.' LOUIS QUINZE! WHAT A HORRID NAME! AND WHY HASN'T HE PUT HIS ADDRESS?"

"TEACH YEER GRAN'MITHER," ETC.

Englishman (to Highland Friend, who is on a visit South, and "fir-rst acquaint" with Asparagus). "MAC! MAC!"—*(in a whisper)*—"YOU'RE EATING IT AT THE WRONG END!"

Mac (who is not for learning anything from a "gowk of a Saxon"). "AH, BUT YE DINNA KEN, MAN, AH PR-RUFFUR-R-R'T!!"

TECHNICALITIES.

First Amateur Water-Colourist. "DO YOU *WASH* MUCH?"

Second Ditto Ditto. "NO; I *SCRATCH* A GOOD DEAL!"

DRAWING-ROOM INANITIES.

She. "NO, DON'T SIT THERE, MR. SPLOSHER—THAT'S MY UGLY SIDE!"

He (wishing to please). "WELL—A—REALLY—I DON'T SEE ANY DIFFERENCE!"

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